The House of Weeping:

OR,

MANS last PROGRESS TO HIS LONG HOME:

Fully Represented in several

FUNERAL DISCOURSES,

With many Pertinent

EJACULATIONS

under each Head, to remind us of our Mortality and Fading State.

By *JOHN DUNTON*, M. A. late Minister of *Aston Clinton* near *Aylsbury* in the County of *Bucks*.

Illustrated with a Lively Emblem of a FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

He cometh forth like a Flower, and is cut down. Job 14. 2.

Recommended as the most Proper Book yet extant to be given on *Funeral Occasions*.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Dunton* at the *Black Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1682.

The: Houſe of Weeping



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John: Gaye his Book

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND

Truly Pious and Religious Lady,

THE

Lady *BRIDGET ROBERTS*,
the Virtuous Relict of Sir *Howland Roberts* Baronett, late of *Glastenbury* in *Kent*.

May it please your Ladyship,

SO usual is the Custom of *Dedicating* Books of this nature to Persons of *pi-* and *vertuous* Inclinations, that

very rarely find any venture in to the World without it.

The Juſt and deſerved *Fame* of your *Ladiſhips* unparallel'd and Exemplary Piety, and your having embraced the *Power* as well as the *Form* of Godlineſs, (whileſt moſt in this wicked and profligate Age not only content themſelves with the *Form*, but take a Liberty to be licentious and prophane) together with your *Ladyſhips* having upon all occaſions manifeſted an Extraordinary Zeal and forwardneſs for the encouraging any thing that tends towards the promoting of *Piety* and *Religion*; is all the *Apology*

ſhall make for preſuming to ay this *ſmall Treatiſe* at your *Ladyſhips* feet.

The Subſtance of theſe *Diſcourſes*, were *Sermons* preached by my *Father* (now in his Grave) upon ſeveral *Funeral Occaſions*, and never intended by him for the *Preſs*, but having peruſed them ſince his Death, and finding them more *ſuitable* and *pertinent* for a *Funeral Gift* (for which they are chiefly intended) than any Book yet *extant* in ſo ſmall a *Tract*: I do therefore humbly implore your *Ladiſhips* favour and Protection to them; aſſuring my ſelf, that if they ſhall find Acceptance with your

Ladyſhip, and have the *Honou*
of your approbation, it will ve
ry much influence and *facilitat*
their *paſſage* into the World, t
which I hope they will be ve
ry uſeful: For *certainly* there
can be nothing more prope
than the frequent and ſeriou
reading ſuch Diſcourſes as theſe
when moſt are ſo apt to baniſh
from them the thoughts of thei
Dying Hour, notwithſtanding the
many *Objects of Mortality* that are
daily repreſented to their view,
and their frequent Invitation to
the Houſe of Weeping.

MADAM,

Here in this *ſmall Book* (pro-
perly

perly ſtyled *the Houſe of Weeping* for its ſuitableneſs for a *Funeral Preſent*) is fully and impartially related,

1. *The Certainty of a Dying Hour*; and how ſuddenly it may come, we know not: for this *Evening* Sun may ſee us *dead*, and its *Morning* Rays may light us to be *buried* in that cold Earth which now moſt ſo negligently tread upon: And that indefatigable *Harbinger* the Sun (whoſe conſtituted place is to Irradiate the lower World) is gone out early this *Morning* on its *winged ſpeed*, to *ſcore* us out the Lodging of a *Tomb*:

for ſo many *Minutes* that are ſince its ſetting out *this Day*, ſo many *Minutes* are as ſo many *points deducted* from our Life; and ſo ſhort a *Date* hath every *Mortal Frame*, that before Heavens *nimble Traveller* hath run Ten or Twelve Millions of Leagues, (his daily task) our forward Sands may have poſted us to the *Hour of Death*.

2. *The Frailty of the Life of Man*: under which Diſcourſe is ſhewn the ſhortneſs of Humane Life; and here under this Head, the *Life of Man* is compared to a *Running* Hour, to a fine *Summers Day*, Poſting to the *Night* of Death, and

and Vaniſhing away; to a *Fly-ing Cloud*; to a *periſhing Breath*, to a Sweet (but Fading) *Flower*, to a *Blooming Spring* (which oft Deaths *froſt* Nips in its *Sweeteſt* Prime) haſting to a *withering Autumn*.

3. *That the Grave is Mans laſt Home*: under which *Sermon* thoſe are *Reproved*, who Live as though they had *Imbibed* (as an *Article* of their Faith) one of thoſe abſurd and deſtructive *Principles*, that all Men come into the World by *Accident* and *Chance*, and are to Live in it for ever, and that to no other end, than to *Pamper* the Fleſh, and In-

dulge their *ſenſual Appetites* with all manner of *carnal* delights and pleaſures. Here is likewiſe ſhown, that when *the black Attire of our Funeral is over*, and our ſurviving Friends returned again to their own houſes and homes, (after *paſſionately* following our *Hearſe* to the Grave) we ſhall be *lodged* in a State uncapable of Alteration for ever; and likewiſe what care we ought to take upon that *Conſideration*, to ſecure our *Everlaſting welfare* in the other World. Here is *likewiſe* ſhown how *poorly* and *meanly* Clad we muſt enter into our *Coffins*, and how that a *Winding-ſheet* and one *poor Shrowd*,

is

is all our Weeping Friends can beſtow upon us, when they take of us their laſt *Adieu.* And here thoſe are ſeaſonably *Reproved*, who ſpend their *precious Time* (one *Sand* of which is worth ten Thouſand Worlds) in *haughty Deckings*, in over *Curious* Trimmings, when ſuddainly their *Pampered* Bodyes may be Sacrificed to the *gaping* Grave, and be made a Feaſt for Worms; nay, and if not Strewed with fragrant Flowers (before their very Interment) may become a ſight enough to nauſeate the Spectators.

4. *That there is no Returning from*

from the Grave: under which Diſcourſe is ſhown, that when once we are carried (upon the Shoulders of *Weeping* Friends) to our *long Homes*, that then there is no *Returning* again for us, to Live with them upon *Earth*, but muſt there rot under ground, till the *bright Morning Day* of the Reſurrection.

5. *That it is the Duty of all to prepare for their laſt Change*: under which *Sermon* are reproved thoſe who Repent not of ſin, till they are deprived of a Power to commit it; who Live as if their Souls were not *Immortal*, but did dye with their Bodies, and were

were not obliged to appear at any Tribunal, to render an account of any thing done in this Life; who live as if there were no ſuch thing as *Hell* or *Heaven*, Rewards for *Vertues*, or Puniſhments for *Vices* in the *other* Life; who Live as if the Brutal and momentary Pleaſures of this preſent world were more ſweet and pleaſant, and to be choſen before thoſe Eternal Rivers of Pleaſures that run at *Gods right hand* for *evermore*; who Live as if *Repentance* were not neceſſary for *Pardon*, or as thoſe who care not whether they are *Sav'd* or *Damn'd* when they Depart this Life.

6. *That*

6. *That all, both Good and Bad, muſt ariſe to Judgment*: under which Sermon is ſhown, that all men (when the laſt *Trump* ſhall ſound at the end of the World) muſt make their Appearance (to receive their *Laſt Doom*,) before that *Judge*, whoſe *Sentence* they cannot Reverſe, whoſe *Wiſdom* they cannot deceive, whoſe *Equity* they cannot bow, whoſe *Severity* they cannot withſtand, whoſe *Indignation* they cannot Appeaſe, whoſe *Determination* they cannot alter, and from whoſe *Preſence* they cannot fly.

7. *That*

7. *That there will be a glorious Reſurrection for them that ſleep in Jeſus*: under which Diſcourſe is ſhown, that at the laſt day, thoſe who were *Heirs of Glory*, ſhall ariſe out of their Graves, to ſhine as ſo many *Reſplendent* Suns in the *Empirean Heavens*, to *Chaunt* forth Eternal *Hallelujahs* in that *upper World*; where they ſhall be ever Guarded with the Noble and *Innumerable* Train of *Angels*, where they ſhall ever have the Honourable Society of *Patriarchs* and *Apoſtles*, where they ſhall ever have the whole Army of Triumphant *Martyrs*, and a thouſand times ten Thouſand

ſand times ten Thouſand bleſſed Saints for their *Glorious Attendants*, with whom they ſhall be to Eternity Happy in a *Tranſcendent* manner, above *Expreſſion*, above *Conception*.

8. *Eightly* and *Laſtly*, In this ſmall *Treatiſe* is *faithfully* related, what is *the Swan-like Note of a Dying Chriſtian*; (being my Fathers *laſt* Sermon, &c.) under which *Diſcourſe* is ſhown, that one *Glance* of Heaven, one *Grape* of *Canaan*, one *Glimpſe* of the Crown of Glory, is that which is able to ſet a *Gloſs* upon the Face of *Death*, and to make it really *Lovely* in the Eyes of an *Expiring*

ring Saint, filling him with ſo much Joy, that he can chearfully *Smile* at the Thoughts of the *near* Approaches of Death, and *Triumph* at the ſight of a *Tomb*, *Death* being more *Welcome* to him, than a joyful Trumpet ſounding out to a glorious *Jubilee*.

MADAM,

Now if this *Weeping Houſe* may be any wayes uſeful to your *Ladyſhip* or any *Other*, I ſhall have attained my *chief* and *principal* end of its *Publication*; and with *comfortable Hopes* that it may, I *Humbly* beg the *Honour* to *Subſcribe* (aſſuring my

ſelf

ſelf and all the *World*, that when the *Diſmal Ewe-tree* and *flattering Ivy* ſhall grow about your *Mournful Grave*, that the *longeſt* Date of Time ſhall not be able to *Puffe away* the ſweet Remembrance of your *Vertuous Deeds*, but that afterwards to the end of the World your *Honourable* Name ſhall be a *Rival* with Time, for the *Victory* of Perpetuity;)

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dunton.

In praiſe of the Author of the Houſe of Weeping, *with the Explanation of the Frontiſpiece annext to his Book.*

WIth ſighs and groans, and plunged Eyes attend
The *doleful Map* of every Mortals End.
Enter the Sable *Houſe of Weeping*, ſee
The lively *Scene* of Humane miſerie.
Our *reverend Author* could not ſtop a *ſtream*
Of tears; when treating on ſo *ſad a Theme:*
Survey theſe pious Lines, and there you'll find
The lively *Pourtraict* of the Authors Mind.
In *tears* he preacht, with *tears* he ſeem'd to write,
And may be tearm'd the Chriſtian *Heraclite:*
He wrote, he ſpoke 'em; thus whoever ſayes,
Needs not another word to ſpeak their praiſe.
Since all muſt follow him, or ſoon, or late,
His pattern let us ſtrive to imitate.
Our *Entrance* and our *Exit* ſeem to meet,
Our *ſwadling* Bands almoſt our *Winding* Sheet.
Poor man from *Mother Earth* does juſt ariſe,
Then looks abroad, returns again, and dyes.
Some *forty years* perhaps with much ado
He has prolong'd his tedious life unto,
Then under Griefs and Cares he ſinks away,
His Carkaſs mouldring into *native Clay.*
See where his Friends ſurround the *ſacred Urn*,
Where all his fond Relations *fondly* mourn;

And

And when the *ſolemn Bell* does ſadly call,
The drooping Pomp attends his *Funerall*,
How he from *Fortunes ſtore* can only have
A *Narrow Coffin*, and a *ſcanty Grave*.
Happy, thrice happy they who had the grace
To fix their Treaſures in a better place:
Who, e're from hence they did their *Lodgings* move,
Were careful to lay in a Stock above:
Thoſe Death may wound, but never can deſtroy,
Their *Houſe of Weeping* proves an *Houſe of Joy*.

W. S.

Another on the Frontiſpiece.

SEeſt thou, frail man, the *Emblem* of thy State?
Th' exact Idea of thy *haſting* Fate?
The *Figure*'s drawn to th' life, yea ev'ry part
Is grac'd and deckt with more than *Zeuxian* Art:
The *firſt* Scene ſhowes when Man's layd out for dead,
When th' ſprightly Soul from th' Body's gone & fled;
His mournful Friends no longer can endure
The lifeleſs Corps, therefore they do immure
And ſhut it cloſe up in a *Sable Hearſe*,
As totally unfit for all Commerce;
O're which they ſhowre ſuch ſtore of *tears* that they
Mourning, exhauſt their Moiſture and decay.
With ſorrow-wounded hearts they ſob and cry
Themſelves to death, they take their turns to dye.
Becauſe one's death from th' other draws ſuch grief,
As kills the Soul in ſpight of all relief:

Next

Next is he brought on *ſhoulders* of his Friends
Along the Streets, where diſmally attends
A *Croud of Mourners* to the *Church*, where they
Are twice fore-told, and warn'd they are but Clay;
Firſt by the words of th' *Preacher*, and then next
The *Corps* (tho' tacitly) repeats the *Text:*
But lo the End's more diſmal than the reſt,
Which brings the final *Conſummatum eſt:*
Earth now is layd to *Earth*, and *duſt* to *duſt*,
Earth ope's its mouth, the *Coffin* ſtop it muſt.
This is the Lot of all, none can it flee:
Earth's not quite full, there's room yet left for *thee.*

Sic raptim ſcripſit H. C.

An *Acroſtick* on the Name of the *Reverend* Author of the *Houſe of Weeping.*

I n the cold houſe *of Mother Earth muſt lye*
O ur mortal Bodies, *Holy Souls will fly*
H ome to their God, *their* King, *their Native* Lands,
N ot th' weeping Houſe, *but th' Houſe not made with hands.*
D eath then, thou King of Terrors, *do thy worſt,*
U nto Chriſts choſen Ones His only Truſt,
N ow, now, thou raging Hector, *'tis too late,*
T o turn them out This Houſe, *this bleſſed ſtate*
O f Eliſſe; Therefore, thou Tyrant, *I reply,*
N ow dolor's exil'd, and a Weeping Eye.

S. S.

Upon

Upon the Houſe of Weeping, *made by the Reverend Mr.* John Dunton, *late Miniſter of* Aſton Clinton *in the County of* Bucks.

ITs *Frontiſpiece* appalls the Ruddy Cheek:
Its *ſable Inſide* flinty hearts doth break.
Unerring Marks of deepeſt Grief abound
Thro' each *Storie from th' Battlements to th' Ground.*
Its *mourning Garb* forbids *Sol's* fulgent Rays,
Into dark Nights converts the Chryſtal Days.
Thence *Joy's* exil'd, and there the Grateful'ſt *Gueſt*
Is that Swolne *Weeping Eye* exceeds the reſt.
The Houſe of Weeping it is juſtly nam'd,
Cauſe for *ſad Funerals* it's greatly fam'd.
What! nought but *Monuments* of Death's dire Rage,
Which Mortals fiercely hurls off this wide Stage!
Who can withhold from mingling *Tears* with *Grief,*
To ſee this *Tyrant* reign as *Monarch* chief?
Sad Havock makes *Deaths Sythe!* for oh! alas!
It cuts down *Myriads* like to *Piles of Graſs,*
And Earths cold Bowels doth their *Manſion* make,
Till they to endleſs Bliſs or Woe awake:
And e're theſe Crumbled into Atoms are,
Makes *Thouſands* more of this dread Lot to ſhare.
No ſooner is one *Corps entomb'd in Duſt,*
But *King of Terrours* to his boundleſs Luſt
Offers a *ſecond*; and e're from Bright Eyes
Mourners caſt off *their doleful Red Diſguiſe,*

With

With dying Breath th' *laſt Boon* crave of their Friends,
Which *Rites* diſcharg'd, their lives *Death* quickly ends.
Thus the *Supporters* of the Dead Mans *Pall*
Return them *home*, then in the *Grave* do fall.
What Marble Eyes diſtill not ſhowr's of *Tears?*
What Stoick Heart is not harraſt with Fears
To ken this *Embleme*, to revolve this *Book*,
Where *Death*'s *Memento*'s ſtand where e're you look?
Your Eyes being fed with th' *Limners* skilful Art,
Impreſs this *Preachers Eccho* on your Heart,
Which will unſting this ghaſtly *Scorpions Tail*,
Tranſport you with ſound Joy, when others *wail:*
Adapt you to aſcend on *Cherubs* Wings,
To th' Higheſt Orb, where th' Chore of Angels ſings,
Where you to *Jah* ſhall with ſweet Symphony
Carol *Hoſannahs* to Eternity.

J. S.

Books

Books Printed for John Dunton *at the* Black Raven *in the* Poultrey.

1. MR. *Doolitel* on the *Sufferings of Chriſt*, from the Garden to the Grave; being a Second Part to a former Treatiſe on the Sacrament.

2. Mr. *Jayes* Sermon on the Lord Preſidents Impriſonment and Miraculous deliverance, entituled *Daniel in the Den.*

3. Mr. *Showers* Sermon at Madam *Barnardiſtons* Funeral, with an Account of her Life and Death.

4. *The Houſe of Weeping*, or Mans laſt Progreſs to his Long home, in ſeveral Funeral Diſcourſes: By Mr. *John Dunton*, M. A. Illuſtrated with a lively Emblem of a Funeral Solemnity, and recommended as the beſt Book yet extant for a Funeral Gift.

To

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

I *Remember a while ago, there was a Question proposed to the* Athenian Society; Whether Books are not more proper to be given at Funerals, than Bisquets, Gloves, Rings, *&c. The Answer they returned was*: That undoubtedly a Book would be a far more convenient, more durable, and more valuable a Present, than what are generally given, as much exceeding them, as the Soul does the Body; and besides, will much better, and more profitably preserve the Memory of a Deceased Friend; if good, teaching him how to follow him; if bad, to avoid his Exam-

ple, that they may escape his End; and the Truths contained therein, we should think, would make a more lasting Impression, even than a Sermon it self, much more than a Dull Deaths-head; for having always before our Eyes, the Idea of those for whom 'twas given; they'll still (as it were) Preach from the Dead unto us. *Thus far you have the Opinion of the* Athenian Society, *in this Matter. And certainly nothing can more conduce to our eternal Well-fare, and to put us in mind of Mortality, than* Books of this kind; *and to the end they may be more Profitable and Useful to Christians, it were to be wished that this* Mourning-Ring, *which is so Entituled, that it might be given at Funerals, instead of* Gloves, Bisquets, Wine. *And those that think it proper, may Print in a Sheet of Paper, the most Material Passages, in the Life of their* Dead Friend, *and bind it up with those* Mourning-Rings, *they give away at his Funeral; and for the more effectually perpetuating the Memory of the* Party Deceased. *There is room left in the Title of this Book, for inserting his* Name and Place of Burial. *And indeed, all serious practical Books are proper for this Design, and if Bound in* Black, *with a* Cypher

of

of Mortality, (*as this* Mourning-Ring, *should be when given at Funerals*) *will be very decent and proper for such a* Solemn Occasion; *to make the* serious Impressions *of our Frailty more strong, was I suppose the first Original of* Funeral Sermons, *and for this purpose they are still Printed, that the* consideration of the Dead *may further the* Holyness *and* Salvation *of the Living. And doubtless, Reading and Meditation would be much more decent at such Solemnities, than Eating and Drinking, and putting on* Gay Attire. *Books of this Subject would make the People mind the* present instance of Mortality, *and affect them with devout Meditations thereon. How sad is it to consider the unsuitable Carriage, of a great many Persons at Funerals; those opportunities are usually spent in* idle Chat, *in Eating and Drinking, and that sometimes to Excess, so that the* House of Weeping is turned into a House of Mirth and Feasting. *Many have put in Practice this useful Design of giving Books at the Interment of Friends, which if it were more general, the good Effect thereof would be soon discerned. in the Lives of Christians; for it may be fitly be said of a Book, given at* Funerals, *as Divine* Herbert *says of a Verse,* viz.

A Book may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn a Gift into a Sacrifice.

When Chriſtians attend at Funerals, *and ſit over Graves, and are amuſed with the doleful* Paſſing-Bell, *and look upon Skulls, and dead Bones, and Ghaſtly Spectacles, upon the dropping Eyes and deſpondent* **Looks of Mourners**, *they have, if ever, ſome ſuitable ſelf-humbling Apprehenſions of their own Mortality, which wou'd abide with 'em by a frequent peruſal of ſuch a Treatiſe as this which, puts them in mind of their* departed Friends, *and ſerves as* King *Philip's* Boy, *who ſaluted him every Morning with a* **Remember Sir you are a Man.**

There are no Ingredients in the Shop of Nature that are a ſufficient Cordial to fortifie the Heart againſt this King of Terrors or his Harbingers: The Velvet ſlipper cannot fence the Foot from the Gout, nor the Gold Ring the Finger from a Fellon; the richeſt Diadem cannot quit the Head-ach nor the purple Robe prevent a Fever; Beauty, Strength, Riches, Honour, Friends, nor any, nor all

can

can repeal that Sentence, Dust thou art, and to Dust thou shalt return. *Every Fit of an Ague, and every Distemper of this frail Constitution being as a light Skirmish before the main Battle of Death, wherein weak Man being vanquished, is led Captive to his* long home: *And when once the Lines of Mortality are drawn upon the* Face of the fairest Mortal, *he becomes a ghastly* Spectacle *(how lovely soever before) and the conclusion is,* Bury my Dead out of my sight. *This inevitable necessity, however it be confessed and acknowledged of all; yet lamentable experience teacheth that in the Christian World most Men so live as though they should never die.*

Now, That we may be fitted to encounter with this last Enemy (besides the manifold helps which God hath reached to us in his Word, in the Passages of his Providence, in the frequent Examples of Mortality before us continually, and in our own sensible Approaches to the Gates of Death: *I say, besides these and infinite more,*) *this* Mourning-Ring, *by Gods blessing, and our endeavours, may prove no small furtherance in our Pilgrimage. The*

whole

whole Work being the most Comprehensive history of Death, *and* Funeral Monuments, *yet extant; each* Sermon *and* Meditation *therein is as a* several Legacy, *bequeathed by those upon the Occasion of whose* Deaths *they were written, as by so many Testators, who themselves have made* a real Experiment of Mortality, *and left these for our Instruction that survive ve them. It is true, the dayly* Examples *of Mortality are so many* real Lectures *that by a kind of* Dumb Oratory, *perswade us to expect our* End, *but as they are Transcient, so our Thoughts of them Vanish. Therefore, it can be no small Advantage to have always before us, this* Mourning Ring, *which will abundantly furnish us with Meditations in this kind, and be still constantly putting of us in Mind of our* Departed Friend.

It was a Custom *in former times for* Great Men *to make them Sepulchres in their Gardens, to mind them of Death, in the midst of the Pleasures of this Life. This* present Work *may not unfitly be termed a Garden, wherein whosoever takes a* dayly walk, *will find that Titles of Honour are written in Dust,*

and

and that Princes *and Great Men muſt Die; that their very* Monuments *are* Mortal; *and will in time be found as* Archemedes *his* Tomb (*by* Cicero) in vepretis, *overgrown with* Thorns and Briars: *And that even* Poor Men *too, (who have no Comet, Prodigy, or Earthquake to Toll the Knell of their Departure.) But who do as it were ſteal into their ſilent Graves with no* greater noiſe *than can be made by a* Branch of Roſemary, Sprig of Lawrel, or a Black Ribband, *have Precious and Immortal Souls to ſave as well as they* with the Methods and Courſes *both ſhould take to get Saving Grace, and the Knowledge of Chriſt, which will prove a Poſſeſſion for them to Eternity:*

In a word, be thy Eſtate and Condition what it will be, here thou maiſt have both Directions *to guide thee, and* Comforts *to ſupport thee in thy Journey on Earth, till thou arrive at thy Heavenly Countrey.*

The Author of this Mourning-Ring, *ſpent a great part of his Time in Holy and Devout Contemplations upon the things of another Life as this Excellent Piece of his ſufficiently ſhews.*

Miſſenden

Miſſenden gave him Breath,
And *Cambridge* Education;
His Studies are of Death,
Of Heaven his Meditation.

His great Care was ſo to fit and prepare himſelf for a Happy Death whilſt in the World, that after this Life ended he might enjoy Eternal Happineſs in that which is to come. Let us then imitate ſo great a pattern of Piety; *that ſo when we come to Die,* **we may have nothing to do but to Die,** *and willingly to reſign up our Souls into the Hands of Almighty God.*

And now being refreſhed with theſe Fragrant Leaves, *what ſhall I ſay?* Bleſſed Author, art thou yet Alive? *Breathe longer in this* Fruitful Air, *and extract more out of this ſo* Rich a Stock. *A* Scribe *ſo well Inſtructed cannot have ſpent all, but muſt have new or old to bring out of his Treaſury.* Do not hide, but improve thy Talent; *be not only a* good *and* wiſe, *but a* faithful Steward, *and yield us more of thy pleaſant* Fruits. Thou haſt begun well, who, what ſhall hinder thee? *Thy*

preſent

preſent (were there no ſucceeding) Reward is Spur enough to future Work. Religion *is* Recreation, *and* Heaven *is the* way *to* Heaven: *Good Men are there on* this ſide the Grave. *Thy* longing Soul *was ſtill* peeping into it, *and ſending thy* Thoughts *as* Spies, *to view this* Promiſed Land. *But art thou at* Reſt from thy Labours? *This (among others) thy* Work follows thee, *and hath here erected thy* laſting Monument. *Where ever thou wer't Buried,* Obſcurity ſhall not ſwallow thee. *Every* good Heart *that knew thee is thy* Tomb, *and every* Tongue writes thee an Epitaph. *Good Men ſpeak well of thee, but above all,* God delights in thee. *Thy Thoughts were ſtill fluttering upwards, richly* fraught with Divine Meditations, *and ever aſpiring, till* unlading themſelves in the Boſom of thy Beloved. *We are hugely thankful that a few dropt from thee for the Comfort and Example of fainting weeping Mortals below. Thou lived'ſt* in deed, *whilſt others live* only in ſhew; *and haſt changed thy* Place, *but not thy* Company.

But

But my Paper is ſhort, and my time ſhorter, *I muſt therefore conclude, for the Book is wholly Printed, and ſtops only until I have told thee that I am*

Thy Friend

and Servant

till Death, *&c.*

In

In Praiſe of the Author of the Mourning-Ring, *with the Explanation of the Frontiſpiece Annext to his Book.*

With ſighs and groans, and plunged Eyes attend
The doleful Map of every Mortal's End.
Enter the Sable Houſe of Weeping, ſee
The lively Scene of Humane Miſery.

Our Reverend Author could not ſtop a ſtream
Of tears, when treating on ſo ſad a Theme:
Survey theſe pious Lines, and there you'l find
The lively Pourtraict of the Authors Mind.
In tears he preacht, with tears he ſeem'd to write,
And may be term'd the Chriſtian Heraclite:
He wrote, he ſpoke 'em: thus whoever ſays,
Needs not another word to ſpeak their praiſe.
Since all muſt follow him, or ſoon, or late,
His pattern let us ſtrive to imitate.
Our Entrance and our Exit ſeem to meet,
Our Swadling Bands almoſt our Winding-ſheet.

Poor

Poor Man from Mother Earth does just arise,
Then looks abroad, returns again, and dies.
Some forty years perhaps with much ado
He has prolong'd his tedious Life unto,
Then under Griefs and Cares he sinks away,
His Carkass mouldring into native Clay.
(Urn,
See where his Friends surround the Sacred
Where all his fond Relations fondly Mourn:
And when the Solemn Bell *does sadly call,*
The drooping Pomp attends his Funeral,
How he from Fortunes store can only have
A narrow Coffin, and a scanty Grave.
Happy, thrice happy they who had the Grace
To fix their Treasures in a better place:
Who, e're from hence they did their Lodgings
(move,
Were careful to lay in a Stock above:
Those Death may wound, but never can destroy,
Their House of Weeping proves an House of
(Joy.

W. S.

Another

Another on the Frontiſpiece.

SEeſt thou, frail Man, the Emblem of thy (State?
Th' exact Idea of thy haſting Fate?
The Figure's drawn to th' Life, yea ev'ry part
Is grac'd and deckt with more than Zeuxian *(Art:*
The firſt Scene ſhows when Man's laid out for (dead,
When th' ſprightly Soul from the Body's gone (and fled:
His mournful Friends no longer can endure
The lifeleſs Corps, therefore they do immure
And ſhut it cloſe up in a Sable Hearſe,
As totally unfit for all Commerce:
O're which they ſhowre ſuch ſtore of tears (that they
Mourning, exhauſt their Moiſture and decay.
With ſorrow-wounded Hearts they ſob and cry
Themſelves to death, they take their turns to (die
Becauſe one's death from th' other draws ſuch (grief,
As kills the Soul in ſpight of all relief:

Next

Next is he brought on Shoulders of his friends
Along the Streets, where diſmally attends
A Croud of Mourners to the Church, where
(they
Are twice fore-told, and warn'd they are but
(Clay:
Firſt by the words of th' Preacher, and then
(next
The Corps tho' tacitly) repeats the Text:
But lo the End's more diſmal than the reſt,
Which brings the final Conſummatum eſt:
Earth now is laid to Earth, and Duſt to Duſt,
Earth ope's its Mouth, the Coffin ſtop it muſt.
This is the Lot of all, none can it flee:
Earth's not quite full, there's room yet left
(for thee.

Sic raptim Scripſit

H. C.

A N

AN ACROSTICK.

In the cold House of Mother Earth must lye
Our Mortal Bodies, Holy Souls will fly (Lands,
Home to their God, their King, their Native
Not th' weeping House, but th' House not made (with hands.
Death then, thou King of Terrors, do thy worst,
Unto Christs chosen Ones his only Trust,
Now, now, thou raging Hector, 'tis too late,
To turn them out this House, this blessed state
Of Bliss: Therefore, thou Tyrant, I reply,
Now dolor's exil'd, and a Weeping Eye.

S. S.

THE

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An

An Account of the Death and last Sayings *of the most Eminent Persons from the Crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour down to this present time: To which will be added (in the second part of the* Mourning-Ring) *all the Remarkable Deaths omitted in the First Part.*

THE

THE CONTENTS OF THE Second Part OF THE Mourning-Ring.

Which ſaid Book, is now going to the Preſs, to ſupply what was wanting in the Firſt Part, and to *compleat this Funeral Gift.*

A Dvice to thoſe that are Diſeaſed either in Body or Mind.

The ſolemn Wiſhes of a Perſon giving up the Ghoſt.

The

The Death watch.
The Sick-man's *Passing-Bell.*
A Conference between the Mourners.
The Hiſtory of thoſe that have died ſuddenly, &c.
Obſervations on the weekly Bills of Mortality.
The Author's Tears, or Meditations on his own Sickneſs, *Death and Funeral.*
The Danger of a Death-bed Repentance.
A walk among the Tombs; or, a Diſcourſe of Funeral Monuments, of the ſeveral Cuſtoms of Burials from Adam *to this time of* Epitaphs, *and other* Funeral Honours.
The Pilgrim's Guide from his Cradle to his Grave.
A Diſcourſe of the Four laſt Things, *compoſed chiefly of the Authors own Experiences during his late Illneſs.*

☞ This Second Part will be Publiſhed in a few Weeks.

E R R A T A.

IN Page 216. Of *the Houſe of Weeping, or Dying Chriſtian,* read *The Swan-like Note of a Dying Chriſtian.*

THE

THE Introduction TO THE HOUSE OF Weeping.

Upon first hearing of the Death of a Neighbour, or of a House-weeping for the loss of a Friend, think with thy self, and say,

HOW, is my Neighbour Dead? Then surely the Bell rings out, and tells me in him, that I am Dead also. The Soul of my Neighbour is gone out; and as a Man who had a Lease of 1000 years after the expiration of a short one, or an Inheritance after the Life of a Man, in a *Consumption*, he is now entred into the possession of his *better Estate*.

Time was his Race, but newly was begun,
Whose Glass is run.
He in the troubled Sea was heretofore,
Though now on Shore:
And 'tis not long before it will be said
Of me, as 'tis of him, alas! he's Dead.

His *Soul* is gone; *whither?* Who saw it *come in*, or who saw it *go out? No body*; yet every body is sure, he *had one*, and *hath none*.

If I will ask, not a *few Men*, but almost *whole Bodies*, *whole Churches*, What becomes of the *Souls* of the *Righteous*, at the departing thereof from the *Body?* I shall be told by some, *That they attend an expiation, a purification in a place of torment*; by some, that *they attend the fruition of the sight of God, in a place of rest*; *but yet, but of expectation*; by some, *That they pass to an immediate possession of the presence of God.* Saint *Augustine* studied the *nature* of the *Soul*, as much as any thing, but the *salvation of the Soul*; and he sent an express *Messenger* to Saint *Hierome*, to consult of some things concerning the *Soul*: But he satisfies himself with this: *Let the departure of my Soul to Salvation, be evident to my Faith, and I care the less, how dark the entrance of my Soul into my Body be to my Reason.* It is the *going out*, more than the *coming in*, that concerns us. *The Soul of my Neighbour, this* Bell *tells me, is gone out; Whither? Who shall tell me that: I know not who it is; much less what he was:* The condition of the Man, and the course of his Life, which should tell me *whither* he is gone, I know not. I was not there in *his sickness*, nor at *his death*; I saw not *his way*, nor *his end*, nor can ask them who did, thereby to

conclude

conclude or argue, whither he is gone. But yet I have one nearer me than all these, mine own charity; I ask that, and that tells me, *he is gone to everlasting rest*: I owe him a good *opinion*, it is but *thankful Charity* in me, because I received *benefit* and *instruction* from him when his *Bell* tolled: But for his *Body*, How poor a wretched thing is *that?* We cannot express it so *fast*, as it grows *worse* and *worse*. That *Body*, which scarce *three minutes* since was such a *House*, as that that *Soul*, which made but one step from thence to *Heaven*, was scarce throughly content, to leave that for *Heaven*. That *Body* which had all the parts built up, and knit by a lovely *Soul*, now is but a *Statue* of *Clay*; and now these Limbs melted off, as if that *Clay* were but *Snow*; and now, the whole *House* is but a *handful* of *Sand*, so much *Dust*, and but a *speck of Rubbidge*, so much *Bone*. If *he*, who this *Bell* tells me, is gone now, were some excellent *Artificer*, who comes to him for a *Cloak*, or for a *Garment* now? or for *Counsel*, if he were a *Lawyer?* if a *Magistrate*, for *Justice*.

O my God, thou dost certainly allow, that we should do *Offices* of *Piety* to the *dead*, and that we should draw *instructions* to *Piety*, from the *dead*. Is not this, O my God, a holy kind of *raising up seed to my dead brother*, If I, by the meditation of his *death*, produce a better *life* in myself? It is the blessing upon *Reuben*; *Let Reuben live, and not dye, and let not his men be few*: Deut. 33.6. Let him *propagate many*. And it is a *malediction*, *That that dyeth, let it dye*, Zechar. 11.9. Let it do no good in dying, for *Trees without fruit*, thou by thy Apostle calleſt, *Twice dead*, Jud. 12. It is a second *death*, if none live

the better, by me, after my *death*, by the *manner* of my *death*. Therefore may I justly think that thou madest that a way to convey to the *Egyptians*, a *fear* of *thee*, and a *fear* of *death*, that *there was not a house, where there was not one dead*, Ex. 12. 30. For thereupon the *Egyptians* said, *We are all dead men*: The *death* of others, should *catechise* us to *death*, Thy *Son Christ Jesus* is the *first-begotten of the dead*, Apoc. 1. 5. He rises first, the *eldest Brother*, and he is my *Master* in this *science* of *death*: But yet for *me*, I am a *younger brother* too, to this *man*, who dyed now, and to every man whom I see, or hear to die before *me*, and all they are *ushers* to me in this *School* of *death*. I take therefore that which thy servant *David's* Wife said to *him*, to be said to *me*; *If thou save not thy life to night, to morrow thou shalt be slain*, 1 Sam. 16. 11. If the death of this man work not upon me now, I shall die worse, than if thou hadst not afforded me this help: For thou hast sent *him* in this *Bell* to me, as thou didst send to the *Angel* of *Sardis*, with *Commission to strengthen the things that remain, and that are ready to die*, Apoc. 3. 2. That in this weakness of *body*, I might receive spiritual strength by these occasions. If I mistake thy Voice herein, if I over-run thy pace, and prevent thy Hand, and imagin Death more instant upon me than thou hast bid him be, yet the Voice belongs to me? *I am dead*, I *was born dead*, and from the first laying of these *mud-walls* in my *conception*, they have *moldred* away, and the whole Course of Life is but an *active death*. Whether this *voice instruct* me, that I am a dead Man now, or *remember* me, that I have been a *dead Man* all this while, I humbly thank thee, O Lord, for speaking in this *Voice* to my *Soul*

When Invited to the House of Weeping, *Reflect and ſay,*

DUty obliging me to perform the *laſt Office of Love* to my Friend; I will ſurely follow his *Corps to the Grave*, that in ſuch a Spectacle (as in a Glaſs) I may behold my own *Mortality*; for tho I always carry about me the Symptoms of Mortality, and the marks of Death; yet have hitherto lived as if I ſhould never die. In ſmall *Villages* where Inſtances of *Mortality* are very rare, there the inward thoughts of their hearts ſeem to be, that they and their Houſes ſhall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all Generations. In *Populous Towns and Cities*, there the commonneſs takes away the ſenſe of *Mortality*: And oh how ſad is it to behold the unſuitable Carriage of the generality of Chriſtians at *Funerals*, thoſe opportunities are uſually ſpent in *unprofitable Chat*, in Mirth, in Eating and Drinking, and that ſometimes to Exceſs, and thus the *Houſe of Mourning is turned into the Houſe of Mirth* and Feaſting. But Lord, grant that this may not be my practice, when I come to the *Houſe of Mourning*, where my Friend now lyes dead: Let my Eyes affect my Heart, that I may ſeriouſly mind the *preſent inſtance of Mortality*, and be affected with ſuch Meditations as theſe.

Lord, this Tragedy that is now acting on my deceaſed friend, muſt ere long (God knows how ſoon) be acted on me, my Breath is ready to periſh, the Earth is gaping for me; yet a little while and I ſhall be carried down into the Chambers of Death. *Lord, teach me ſo to number my days, that I may apply my Heart unto true Wiſdom.*

As thou art walking along to the House of Weeping, *seriously meditate on* Ruth 1. Ver. 17.

WHere thou dyest, will I dye, and there I will be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but Death part thee and me.

Where thou dyest will I dye.

Here *Ruth* supposeth two things, 1. That she and her Mother in Law should both dye; It is appointed once to dye. 2dly. That *Naomi* as the eldest should die first: For according to the Ordinary custom of Nature, it is the most probable and likely, that those that are most stricken in years, should first depart this life. Yet I know not whether the Rule or Exceptions be more general; and therefore let both Young and Old prepare for Death, the first may die soon, but the second cannot live long.

And there will I be buried.

Where she supposed two things more; first, That those that survived her, would do her that favour to bury her, which is a common courtesie not to be denyed to any: It was an Epitaph written upon the Grave of a Begger, *Nudus eram vivus, mortuus ecce tegor.* 2*dly*. She supposeth they would bury her, according to her instructions, near to her Mother *Naomi*.

Observation.

As it is good to enjoy the company of the Godly while they are living, so it is not amiss, if it will stand with convenience to be buried with them after death: The old prophets bones escaped a burning by being buried with the other Prophets, and the Man who was tumbled into the grave of *Elisha*,

was revived by the virtue of his Bones. And we read in the Acts and Monuments, That the body of *Peter Martyr's* wife was was buried in a dunghil, but afterwards being taken up in the Reign of *Q. Elizabeth*, it was honourably buried in *Oxford*, in the grave of one *Frideswick*, a Popish-she-Saint; to this end, that if Popery, which God forbid, should over-spread our Kingdom again, and if the Papists should go about to untomb *Peter Martyrs* Wifes Bones, they should be puzzled to distinguish betwixt the Womans body and the Reliques of that their Saint, so good it is sometimes to be buried with those whom some do account pious; though perchance in very deed they be not so.

The Lord do so to me and more also.

To ascertain *Naomi* of the seriousness of her intentions herein, *Ruth* backs what formerly she had said, with an Oath, lined with an execration.

If ought but Death.

See here the large extent of a Saints love, it lasts till Death, and no wonder, for it is not founded upon Honour, Beauty, wealth, or any other sinister respect in the party beloved, which is subject to Age or Mutability, but only on the Grace and Piety in him; which Foundation, because it always lasteth, the love which is built upon it, is also perpetual.

Part thee and me.

Death is that which parteth one Friend from another; Then the dear Father must part with his dutiful Child, then the dutiful Child must forget his Dear Father, then the kind Husband must leave his constant Wife, then the constant Wife most lose her kind Husband, then the careful Master must be sundred from his industrious Servant, then the industrious Servant must be

ſundred from his careful Maſter. Yet this may be ſome comfort to thoſe, whoſe Friends death hath taken away; that as our Diſciples, *Yet a little while, and you ſhall not ſee me; and yet a little while, and you ſhall ſee me again*: So yet a little while, and we ſhall not ſee our Friends; and yet a little while, and we ſhall ſee them again in the Kingdom of Heaven, for *non mittuntur, ſed præmittuntur*, we do not forego them, *but they go before us.*

When thou art enter'd into the **House of Weeping**, *fall down on thy knees, and ſay,*

OH Lord our God, in thee, and by thee we live, move, and have our Being: As thou didſt at the firſt breath into Man the Breath of Life, and he became a living Soul; ſo when thou ſhalt be pleaſed to command that Breath again out of Mans Body, then will he preſently become a dead Carkaſs; and ſo ſhort is the Life of Man, that many times he doth but cry and Die; yea, ſometimes his Mothers Womb doth prove his Tomb, ſo that he doth not once cry to tell the World that he did once Live.

Neither is the Thread of Mans Life at any time ſpun ſo ſtrong, but at one word of thy Mouth it is ſoon ſnapt in two: Seeing therefore we do but *Live to Die*, we beſeech thee (Oh bleſſed God) let us *Die to Live*; let us live well, that ſo we may die well; let Death never ſurprize us unlooked for, or unprepared; nor let it ever ſeize upon us in an unconverted unregenerate State.

Good Lord, let us not ſo live as to be aſhamed to live any longer, or to be afraid to look

look grim Death in the Face, when it comes to ſeparate our Souls from our Bodies, and to ſummon them to make their appearance before the great Judge of the Quick and Dead. Let us with thy Servant *Job wait all our appointed time, untill our Change doth come*: Seeing it will be our greateſt Wiſdom to wait for Death, which always waits for us, and to expect that at all times, which *will* come at ſome time. and *may* come at any time.

Let us *Pray, and Preach, and Hear*, and ſo ſpend our time, as thoſe who know and conſider that all they do, they do it for Eternity, *and we ſhall never have but one Caſt for Eternity*: Heaven and Glory is here to be won or loſt for ever.

Bleſſed God, thou haſt taught us in thy Word, that it is better to go to *the Houſe of Weeping, than to the Houſe of Feaſting*; for that is the end of all men, (and thou haſt ſaid, *That the Living will lay it to heart*:) Oh Lord, we are this day come to the *Houſe of Mourning and Weeping*, and we have ſeen the end of one, yea, of many of our Friends and Acquaintance, within a ſhort ſpace of time (and in the Death of our Friends, we may read our own Death) and yet ſhall not we who are left behind them in the Land of the Living, lay theſe *awakening* inſtances of Mortality to heart? ſhall we hear and ſee *daily our neareſt and deareſt Relations giving up the Ghoſt*, and departing out of this into another World; and yet ſhall we once think that we ſhall ever live to enjoy the Pleaſures of this preſent evil World? But ſeeing, Lord, this World is a dying World, and all its glory is a dying Glory; let our Minds and Hearts therefore be ſet upon *the Glory of Hea-*

ven, which is a never fading Glory: Oh! di
we believe and consider how much better
Believers future Estate will be, than his pre
sent State is, then should we think that Tim
is too long before we do, and that Etern
will be too short when we shall enjoy our gra
cious Redeemer upon his Throne of Glory
*Let us ever live as those that have one Foot in th
Grave already.* Thousands and Millions, yea in
numerable Millions of Thousands are gone t
their Graves before us, and do we think, tha
we that are but enlivened Dust, animated Sha
dows, dying Lumps of Clay, can keep our Bo
dies from being a Feast for Worms, or our
Souls from seeking new Lodgings in another
World? Oh! let us therefore every *day be
looking into our Graves*, and familiarize Death
unto our Thoughts, before it comes; let us
consider how many signal Admonitions thou
dost daily give us of our approaching end; Is
not every Distemper and Sickness of Body as
it were a *little Death*, and a fair Warning to
put us in mind of our last Change? The *Grey
Hairs* which are here and there upon our Heads,
the deep wrinkles which are engraven upon our
Foreheads, the loss of Teeth, the Dimness of
Sight, our Deafness in Hearing, our Palsie-hands,
our feeble trembling Limbs, and the frequent
*Sight of seeing Friends laid out in their Winding
Sheets for Dead*, and carried to their Houses of
Clay, the silent Grave, are Circumstances and
Symptoms serving to remind us, that the time
draws near wherein we must die, and that our de
parture is at hand: Let us therefore live as dying
Men, and let us die as Living Christians; let
us set our House and our Heart in order, re-
membring

membring the Text, *It is appointed for all Men once to Die, but after this the Judgment.*

The Mourners being all come, first sing the following Psalms, and after that, Read part of 1 Cor. *Chap.* 15. *to bring your minds into a serious frame.*

Psalm 39.

I Said, I will look to my ways,
for fear I should go wrong:
I will take heed all times that I
offend not with my Tongue.
2 As with a bit I will keep fast
my mouth with force and might,
Not once to whisper all the while
the wicked are in sight.
3 I held my Tongue, and spake no word,
but kept me close and still:
Yea, from good talk I did refrain,
but sore against my will.
4 My Heart waxt hot, within my breast,
with musing thought and doubt;
Which did increase and stir the fire:
at last these Words burst out;
5 Lord, number out my Life and days,
which yet I have not past;
So that I may be certify'd
how long my Life shall last.
6 Lord, thou hast pointed out my Life
in length much like a Span:
Mine age is nothing unto thee,
so vain is every Man.
7 Man walketh like a shade, and doth
in vain himself annoy,
In getting goods, and cannot tell
who shall the same enjoy.

8 Now, Lord, ſith things this wiſe do frame,
what help do I deſire?
Of truth my help doth hang on thee,
I nothing elſe require.

The Second Part.

9 From all the ſins that I have done,
Lord quit me out of hand:
And make me not a ſcorn to Fools
that nothing underſtand.
10 I was as dumb, and to complain
no trouble might me move.
Becauſe I knew it was thy work,
my patience for to prove.
11 Lord, take from me thy ſcourge and plague,
I can them not withſtand:
I faint and pine away for fear
of thy moſt heavy hand.
12 When thou for ſin doſt Man Rebuke,
he waxeth wo and wan,
As doth a Cloth that Moths have fret,
ſo vain a thing is Man.
13 Lord, hear my ſuit, and give good heed,
regard my Tears that fall:
I ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
as did my Fathers all.
14 O ſpare a little, give me ſpace,
my ſtrength for to reſtore:
Before I go away from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

Pſalm 90. *Ver.* 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11.

THou grindeſt Man through grief and Pain,
to duſt, or clay, and then,
And then thou ſay'ſt again Return,
again, ye ſons of Men.

4 The lasting of a thousand years,
what is it in thy sight?
As yesterday it doth appear,
or as a watch by night.
5 So soon as thou dost scatter them,
then is their Life and Trade
All as a sleep, and like the grass,
whose beauty soon doth fade.
6 Which in the Morning shines full bright,
but fadeth by and by:
And is cut down ere it be night,
all withered, dead, and dry.
10 Our time is threescore years and ten,
that we do live on mold:
If one see fourscore, surely then
we count him wondrous old.
11 Yet of this time the strength and chief,
the which we count upon,
Is nothing else but painful grief,
and we as blasts are gone.

1 Cor. 15. Ver. 19, 20, 21, 22, 26, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55.

IF in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all Men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is death. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall

ſhall not all ſleep, but we ſhall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the laſt trump (for the trumpet ſhall ſound) and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible, and we ſhall be changed. For this corruptible muſt put on incorruption, and this mortal muſt put on immortality. So when this corruptible ſhall have put on incorruption, and this mortal ſhall have put on immortality, then ſhall be brought to paſs the ſaying that is written, Death is ſwallowed up in Victory? O death where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy Victory?

THE

THE HOUSE OF Weeping.

Sermon I.

John 11. 35.
Jesus Wept.

WE may learn from the Example of Our blessed Saviour how we are to behave our selves; what we are to do in the *Sickness and Death* of Friends.

In this World we are all Benonies, the Sons of Sorrow: The way to Heaven is by Weeping Cross: The Kalender tells us, we come not to Ascention Day, till the Passion Week be past.

It is the great work of a Preacher to consider the state of the people to whom he preaches, so *to prepare his work before hand*, as that he may hit the mark, *The Preacher sought out acceptable words*; now generally those words are most acceptable to, and best received by

the hearers *that are ſuited to their preſent condition.* I conſidering therefore the *ſecret hand of God* upon this Congregation, in taking away an eminent Servant of Chriſt, thought it incumbent upon me to ſpeak ſomething at this time that might be *ſuitable to the preſent diſpenſation of* of God towards you, and in meditations this Scripture was caſt in.

Jeſus wept.

The occaſion of this text is known unto you; in the beginning of this Chapter you read that *Lazarus* was ſick, and the news thereof immediatly ſent to *Jeſus*; who notwithſtanding he dearly loved him, yet (as the ſequel of the ſtory acquaints you) he doth not preſently go up to *Bethany* to viſit ſick *Lazarus*; but maketh a ſtay for ſeveral days; the reaſon wherof is at hand, *viz.* That a ſentence of death might paſs upon beloved *Lazarus*, and he be laid in the *grave*, and a ſtone rouled upon him; and all this in order to the manifeſtation of the glory and power of Chriſt in his reſurrection.

After *Lazarus* had been in the grave four days, Chriſt he comes up to *Bethany*, and the ſiſters of *Lazarus*, viz. *Martha* and *Mary*, they come out to meet *Jeſus*; firſt *Martha* ſhe cometh, *ver.* 20. and ſhe ſaith, *Lord If thou hadſt been here, my brother had not died*, ver. 21. After this comes *Mary*, verſ. 32 and ſhe falls down at Chriſts feet, ſaying, *Lord If thou hadſt been here, my brother, had not died. When Jeſus therefore ſaw her weeping, and the Jews a ſo weeping which came with her. he groaned in the Spirit. and was troubled, and ſaid, where have ye laid him? They ſay unto him, Lord, come and ſee.*

Jeſus wept.

There is very much wrapt up in the bowels of this *little Text*: Here we may take notice

of

of the humanity of Christ; it appears by Christs *weeping* that he is perfect man, as well as perfect God: That *Christ wept*, is to be referred, not to his Divinity, but to his Humanity; and so we shall find that Christ was subject as to this, so to all *natural infirmities*; *as hunger, thirst wearinesse*, &c. which may comfort the Saints that groan under natural, as well as sinful infirmities; and that from the reason why Christ was made in all things like unto his brethren; namely, *That he might be a merciful High-priest*, *Hebr.* 2. 17, 18. And though Christ be now in glory, yet he is touched with the feeling of the infirmities of his people here on earth, *Hebr.* 4. 15. so touched, as that he cannot but have *compassion on them* under all their pressures and grievances whatsoever.

Do'st thou then groan under natural weaknesses *and infirmities? Go boldly to the Throne of grace*, and Christ will enable thee to bear up under these weaknesses, until *mortality shall have put on immortality.*

The Subject Matter of this Chapter is *Lazarus redivivus*; it is a Relation of the miraculous raising up of *Lazarus* from the Dead.

From vers. 1, 3. we may observe thus much, that a Believers interest in the distinguishing love of Christ, doth not exempt him from outward Troubles or bodily Distempers: *He whom thou lovest is sick.*

From vers. 4. We may observe thus much, that the darkest Dispensations of Providence, they oftentimes usher in the brightest manifestations of God to the Soul, or Gods Glory is most manifested in the Creatures Weakness.

From

From Verſ. 6. We may take notice, it was ever in Chriſt's intention to manifeſt his Love and Goodneſs to *Lazarus*, and yet he comes not near him for the preſent, but rather goes away and leaves him upon his ſick Bed, and ſuffers him at laſt to give up the Ghoſt.

From Verſ. 14. We may obſerve, that Chriſt his abſence or the ſuſpenſion of divine Grace and Love, they are in infinite Wiſdom ordered for the further advancing of Soul Comfort. Had not *Lazarus* been ſick, had he not been dead and buryed, the Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs of Chriſt had never been ſo eminently diſcovered as it was towards him.

Martha and *Mary* cry out, *v.* 21, 32. *Lord, if thou hadſt been here our Brother had not died*; It is true, Chriſt might have recovered *Lazarus* upon his ſick-bed; but to fetch him out of the Grave after he had lain ſtinking four days, was a higher demonſtration of his Love, Wiſdom, and Power. There is not the like ground that Chriſt ſhould ſhew forth his miraculous Power, in raiſing up our dead Friends from the Grave, as was then; yet this ſpecial and uſeful concluſion may by way of Analogy, be deduced from this inſtance; namely,

That ſuch Comforts and Mercies as are fetched out of the Grave, as have had a ſentence of Death paſs'd upon them, they are ever ſweeteſt, and tend moſt to Gods Glory. *Iſaac* had never been ſo precious to his Father *Abraham*, had he not been ſo miraculouſly reſtored from dying, as he was once.

But we ſhall haſten to ſee what is the cauſe of Chriſt his weeping, and what the cauſe was, you may ſee, ver. 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. when Chriſt ſaw *Mary* come weeping towards him, having her

hear-

heart running over with Grief, for the departure of her Brother, Christ groaned in Spirit, and was troubled; when they told him where *dead Lazarus lay*, he wept (as my Text expresseth.)

Jesus Wept.

Oh Men and Angels, stand and wonder to all Eternity! When you read these two words, *Jesus wept.* What, doth *Mary*'s weeping set Jesus Christ a weeping? Doth *Mary* and *Martha* shed Tears for the Death of *Lazarus*, and doth Christ his Heart even bleed within him to see them troubled and mourning upon the same account: so the word in the Greek seems to import, Ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτὸν, he troubled himself; his own heart stirred up his Affections to be troubled. Doth Christ weep upon the consideration of *Lazarus* Death? Then hence we may learn, that a moderate sorrowing for Friends departed is lawful, tho excessive Sorrow is very unsuitable to a Gospel Frame of Spirit. *Solomon* tells us, There is a *time for weeping*, and *Paul* tells us, We should weep as though we wept not.

But to come to the thing I chiefly intend, and that is the occasion of *Christs weeping*, which was the death of *Lazarus*, a good man: whence I shall observe and prosecute this Doctrine:

That it is a Christ-like temper of mind, to be deeply affected with, and to weep over the death of such as are truly pious.

Here's *Lazarus* a good man in his grave, and *Christ he weeps* over him: you have a weeping Christ over a dead *Lazarus*.

When old *Jacob* an eminent person was buried, it's said *Gen.* 50. 10. *That they mourned with a great and sore lamentation*, and that for 7 days toge-

together. And so when *Moses* died, and was buried by a secret hand, it's said *the Children of Israel mourned for him* 30 *days*, Deut. 34. 8.

My dearly beloved, you have lost a *Moses*, one that was valiant for God in former times, when the people of God in *England* were coming out of *Egypt*, and he hath been an eminent leader to the saints in their wilderness state, and God did often take him to the top of *Pisgah*, and gave him there glorious visions, and that not onely of heavenly *Canaan*, but also of that glorious land of rest and righteousness that the Saints shall injoy in this world. Now that such a *Moses* should be taken off in the Wilderness, while the people of God are yet short of this good Land, is matter of great humiliation.

Likewise you find the same spirit in those Christians, *Acts* 20. that *Paul* (the great Apostle of the Gentiles) did there take his farewel of, saying, *ver.* 25. *And now behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.* It's said, 37, 38 verses, *And they all wept sore, and fell on Pauls neck, and kissed him: Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake* [*that they should see his face no more.*]

Now by all this it appears, that it is both the duty and property of a Christian (*such an one as hath been baptized into the spirit of Jesus*) to be deeply affected with, and *weep* over, the death of such as are truly pious, especially when they are eminent for use and service to Christ, and his people.

We shall now give you the reasons why it is so, and cannot be otherwise, but that gracious persons

perſons muſt needs weep over the death of good men.

Firſt, Becauſe every ſtroke in this kind, puts a *ſerious heart* in mind of its own mortality, tells us that we are dying creatures, and that's a very ſerious conſideration to every awakened ſoul. *The living, the living will lay it to heart*, ſaith *Solomon*, Eccl. 7. 2. *Alas my Brethren 'tis a ſerious thing to dye*. And the ſtroke of death upon others, tells us that die we muſt, and how ſoon we know not: *This Evening ſun may ſee us dead*, it went out Early this morning to ſcore us out this *lodging of a Tomb*. And oh happy, thrice happy is that perſon that can die well. Now ſuch ſtrokes as theſe put *a ſerious ſoul in mind of dying*. There's none preſent knows who may go to the *grave next*. That's the Firſt; but then,

2. It Springs from that *Sympathy* that is both in nature, and grace: firſt in nature, when God takes away a husband, a Father, a Child, &c. this cuts deep, and affects much. *Abraham* he mourns over beloved *Sarah*; *David* over *Abſolon*, though a rebellious ſon. To be ſtupid, and not to mind the hand of God when he ſmites our near and dear relations, doth declare, that we do not onely want grace, but natural affection; And then in *Grace* there is alſo a great *ſympathy*: if God ſmites one member of the Church, the reſt are affected with it: If a *Paul*, a Miniſter of Chriſt, a paſtor, a ſpiritual Father, comes to take his *farewell* of his people, and tell them that *they ſhall never ſee his face more*; *Oh what weeping*, and mourning, *and lamenting is there at his departure*.

3. The

3. The perishing of good men is a *just cause of weeping*, and that because they are a great blessing to the *nations, cities, families, &c.* where they are cast. It fares either the better, or the worse with such places for their sake. When God destroyed the old world, the family of *Noah* was saved for *Noahs* sake, *Gen.* 7.

Profane wretches are ready to wish the people of God all out of the world; but alas! what would then these wretches do? they are beholding to the saints *for their very beings*, and for the continuance of all their mercies.

When God hath but once gathered in his elect, and done his work in *Zion*, he will soon pull the world about these mens ears: If the righteous be taken away, *he is taken away from the evill to come*, (*Isa* 57. 1.) Wo to *Sodom*, if *Lot* depart; and so I may say, Wo to *England*, if the righteous should be taken away; Wo to *Graffham* whenever thou ceasest to be a refuge to the saints, whenever thy gates shall be shut against the ministers and people of the Lord Jesus.

The Children of *Israel*, though they slighted and despised the Prophets, would in time of distress come to them for Prayer, 1 *Sam.* 7. 8, 9. and 12, 19. Yea, *Pharaoh*, as proud, and as high as he was, yet when the Plague was upon him, *Moses* he must be sent for, and be entreated to pray for him, and his people.

And thus much for the Reasons of the Doctrine, shewing why the *People of God* must needs be affected with, and *Weep* over the Death of Religious Persons.

We shall now proceed to Application.

And first it affords matter of information; as First, if it be a Christ-like Frame to *Weep* over

over the Death of such as are th
informs us, how *unlike to Christ* suc
though they plead for *Christian Bur*
attend Funeral Solemnities with a vain,
ungodly Spirit, and Carriage, making th
of *Weeping a House of Laughter*, and filling
selves with Wine (wherein is excess) until t
become more like beasts than men, which is a
practice too common at *Funerals*.

You may soon judge how fit such persons are to attend upon a *Funeral Sermon*; but indeed I am apt to think, *Funeral Sermons* have generally been rather for *Ostentation*, and *Vain Glory*, than for Profit.

Hereby is likewise condemned that heathenish practice of *Ringing of Bells*, so soon as ever *Funeral Solemnities* are performed.

How unsuitable is it, that so soon as ever the Husband, or Wife, or a godly Friend is laid in the Earth, to set the *Bells a Ringing*, which imports matter of joy rather than of sorrow?

2. If it be a *Christ-like-Frame* of *Spirit*, to *weep* over the Deaths of good men, it informs us how unlike to Christ that *Spirit* is, whereby men do censure, and reproach good men when taken away by Death.

And I do the rather mention this, because some have taken the boldness to judge and censure this *Eminent Servant of Christ now in Glory*, and to speak very unworthily concerning him, since his Death.

How *unlike to Christ* is this *Spirit*? Thou that shouldst be *judging and condemning thy self* for Non-improvement of so great a mercy, art judging this Eminent servant of Christ now dead. *The Liturgy of the Church of* England *will teach thee better*; for let persons be never so vile

in

...s, yet when they come to be laid
...ave, then they are dear *Brethren* and

...fore away with this *Spirit*, to Hell with
... from thence it came. Let it suffice,
this *glorified Saint* suffered much in this
...nd while he was living: I am apt to think
the Heats and Passions, and rash Censures of
Professors, hath made him oft go home with
a sad Heart, and cost him many *a Tear in private*: *Suffer him to be quiet in his Grave*; let this his
suffering suffice, let not his name suffer now he is
dead; *suffer him to be quiet in his Grave*; leave
his judgment to the Lord, and let it be your
Work to improve those many *Sermons* that he
hath in the fear of his God preach'd unto you.

2. *Who made thee Lord over thy Brothers Conscience?*
Must all professors be condemned by thee, because they cannot see with thy eyes, and tread
in thy steps? By what authority doest thou impose thy particular light and perswasion upon
thy brother; & that so, as almost to un-saint
him? This imposing spirit is an Antichristian
spirit evermore.

The next use may be of Exhortation. Is it
so, that it is a Christ-like Frame of *Spirit* to be
deeply affected with, and to *weep over the death of such as are truly pious*? Then it concerns us
seriously to consider the Providences of God
this way, and that more *generally and more particularly*. First, more generally, *God* hath lately made sad breaches upon many of the Families of his precious Servants; many *a flourishing Family hath mouldred away in a little time*: And
God hath lately taken away many very famous
Instruments, both Ministers and others; so that
we have cause to cry out with the Psalmist,

Psal.

Psal. 12 1. *Help Lord, for the Godly Man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the Children of Men.*

But *Secondly*, and more particularly, I would beg you of this Congregation to consider the present stroke of God upon you, in taking away your worthy Pastor; his Death justly calls *for weeping and Tears*; if you consider,

First, That he was one that had *love for all Saints*: he had room in his heart for every soul that he did judge to be received into the heart of Christ: he *held communion with the Saints*, not upon the account of *this or that form, or name*, but upon the account of union with the Lord Jesus: he loved no man upon the *account of opinion*, but upon the account of union with Christ, and this he hath declared many a time in this Congregation. There was *hardly a member* that he did in the name of Christ and the Church give the right hand of fellowship unto, but he did acquaint them with this his principle; told them that *Union with Christ was the ground of Communion among the Saints*; and the reason of their admission was not their being of this or that opinion, but for that they were judged persons interested in Christ, and such who (by virtue of Christs purchase) were heirs of that glory above that must receive all Saints (*not as Church of England men, Presbyterians, Independants, or Anabaptists*, &c. but as Saints, into its everlasting habitations.

Secondly, His Death justly calls for your *Weeping and Tears*, for that you have lost a *Pastor*, who *had great light in the Covenant of Grace*, he preacht that Doctrine with the greatest alacrity, and raisedness of spirit imaginable. In the handling of other subjects he was more *streight-*

ned and diſcompoſed; but when he came to ſpeak of the *unſearchable riches* of the Grace of Chriſt, he was as an *Angel of God, liſted up above himſelf*: he had a flood of words, and yet ſeemed to want words to expreſs what he did know, and what he did enjoy of *divine grace and favour*. This being true muſt needs be great.

To loſe a pure Goſpel Preacher is a great loſs: Eternity depends upon a right underſtanding of the great Doctrine of Juſtification by Chriſt. Eternity depends not upon being baptized once or twice, upon this or the other Form; we may be *guilty of miſtakes about the circumſtances of worſhip, and yet be happy*; but if we miſtake about the great matter of our Juſtification by Chriſt, we are loſt for ever.

Thirdly, His Death juſtly calls for *weeping*, for as much as we have all loſt the Converſation of one who was *an Experimental Chriſtian*, one that had much communion with God, and much experience of his goodneſs, as you have heard him often expreſs: *Many a Preacher diſhes out largely to others, of that which he taſtes but little himſelf.* I am apt to think, many a faithful Miniſter of Chriſt lives but low, in compariſon to what this bleſſed Saint enjoyed. By this his Experience, he was enabled to ſpeak a word in due ſeaſon to the weary Soul.

He walked cloſe with God in his Family; he was not a Saint abroad, and a Devil at home; but made it appear that he was really good, by this, that he was *relatively good*, good in his Relations; a good Husband, a good Father, &c.

He ſate looſe from this World; he made not gain his godlineſs; he did not deſign to make Merchandize of Chriſt and the Goſpel.

His diſcourſe was *moſtly heavenly, and Spiritu-*

al:

al: If other discourse was in hand, he was but dull Company, he had little to say: but if the *Conference were Heavenly*, he was as upon the Wing, as a fish in the Water, and a Bird in the Air, *&c.* He would often say, with pious *Dod*, *come, enough of the World, now let us talk of Heaven.*

If it be here objected, that he was in his younger years of a vain and slight conversation; I answer,

First, *Divine Love rideth in greatest triumph, when it hath the greatest sinners following it as it's Captives.*

Secondly, *Some in the Church of* Corinth *that did heartily close with Christ, were before their Conversion very Vile and Wicked*, see 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10, 11. Such were some of you, but ye are washed, *&c. But*,

Thirdly, *This blessed Saint would to his dying day, acknowledge his former vanity, to his own shame, and the lifting up of the Riches of free grace*; and mind what the *Apostle saith*, 1 John 1. 9. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I shall now close up all with a word or two by way of *Caution*; and that

First, Though this stroke of God *be just matter of weeping and sorrow*, yet you must take heed of a *murmuring Spirit*: You have cause to be displeased with your selves, and your sins, but not with God, *because God takes away nothing but what he first gave.* The Person and gifts of this Saint, were given unto you by the Lord; he hath taken nothing but his own. Learn therefore to say with *Job* Chap. 1. 21. *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*

Secondly, Though you are to weep under this stroke, yet take heed of *mourning as those without hope*; without hope, I say, 1. With respect to him; his happiness is unquestionable: Your loss is his gain. He is taken up into glory, and hath there communion with God. He is now *where God is served, adored and glorified with one heart, and with one consent.*

Secondly, *Weep not without Hope* with respect to your selves, as if God were not able to make up this loss. *I remember a Relation of a Lady, from whom it pleased God to take an only Son, that sometime after a Friend coming to visit her, and bemoaning this her sad loss, she breaks forth into these expressions,* [I profess (*saith she*) God can never make me amends for the taking away of that Son] A dreadful speech it was; take heed (my friends) of this Spirit. It's true, your loss is great, but God is able to supply it; and that either,

First, *By causing the Spirit of* Elijah *to fall upon* Elisha, by anointing and raising up of some other to head and feed you in the room of this his Servant. Or 2*dly*. He can *feed you himself without a Minister*: God can fill up the room of Ministry and Ordinances. Indeed let God be absent, and there's nothing can fill up his Room. It's not *Husband, Wife, Children, Estate, Liberty, Pastors, Ordinances, &c.* can supply the want of God: But now let God be present, and that is above, and more than all.

Lastly, *Such strokes should teach us all to provide for death.* God takes away our Leaders, and we must follow them: Those that would not follow the Counsel and advice of this pious Divine, *while living, must follow him to the Grave now dead*; to the Grave we must all go, and

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the Lord knows how soon: Of what import therefore is it, that we all manage matters so *while we live*, as that when we come to die we may die in peace, and in full assurance of *Eternal Life? Our present Time, is but a dressing Room for Eternity*; let us therefore perform every thing with this Proviso, *That I may die well.* I am so to buy, sell, and converse with Creatures, *that I may die well.* I am so to hear, pray, read, receive the Sacrament, *have Communion with the Saints*, as *that* I *may die well*, die in peace; all is to be done in order to dying well.

Such, Death may wound, but never can destroy,
Their **House of weeping** *proves an* **House of joy.**

Death parts the deareſt Friends.

WHen a man goes to his *Long Home*, all the *pleaſure in his Society* is dead with him; nothing remains of it, but the remembrance, which ſerves only to aggravate, and heighten the Grief of the Surviver. 'Twas a true ſaying of one —— *Aura ſecunda bonus ſocius*: A good companion is as a proſperous Gale, carrying a Man pleaſantly, and with comfort, through the Tempeſtuous Sea of this World. And again —— *Bonum ſodalitium optimum ſolatium. Good Company is the beſt ſolace*: Indeed, ſuitable *Society* is the comfort of Life, the improvement of Parts, the joy of the Intellect, the only diſtinguiſhing Priviledge that gives the Preference to Men above Beaſts. Take away this, and what happineſs is it to be a Man, or what is humane Life any thing to be accounted of. But when Man is dead, there can be no more delight in him, or comfort received by *Society* with him. There is no converſe in the ſhades below, no interlocution in thoſe gloomy Regions. *The Grave is a ſilent Houſe*, where the Eyes of all the Inhabitants are cloſed in the Duſt, and their Mouths filled with cold Clay. And therefore this ſhould cauſe *Mourning in the Streets*, when we ſee a man going to his *Long Home*, eſpecially if he was a Friend or Relation, becauſe we ſhall never have the opportunity of enjoying any pleaſant hour with him more. We muſt then bid farewel to all diſcourſing upon any Subject, to all adviſing about

bout any difficulties, to all profiting by any Polemick Notions started and improved in an amicable way. In a word, we must bid *an eternal Adieu* to any pleasure or satisfaction we received in communing with him, for we shall enjoy no more of it for ever. Oh! surely this cannot but cut deep in a generous Soul; this cannot but greatly wound a spirit, whose thoughts are drained from the dross of *Plebeian* Conversation, that has any esteem at all for the advantages of a rational Life. Upon this account it was, that the old Prophet in *Bethel*, lamented over the man of God which came from *Judah*, who was slain by a Lion, as he rode upon an Ass in the High-way. He bitterly bewailed, and mourned for his Death, crying out, — *Alas my Brother!* As if he had said, I have been extreamly refreshed by thy company, in hearing the Word of the Lord from thy mouth, concerning the destruction of the Priests that burn Incense upon the Altar, and the pulling down the House of *Jeroboam*. Oh! *How have I been strengthned in my Courage, confirmed in my Faith, and the more resolved in the Ways of God, by this thy Prophecy. But now thou art gone, I shall never have any more of this profitable and spiritual Discourse with thee.* This made him weep over his torn Carcass, and bitterly lament his untimely Fall, and to give a solemn Charge to his Sons, that when he was dead, they should bury him in the Sepulchre wherein this man of God was buryed, and lay his Bones close by the Bones of this Prophet.

When *Death* parts us from a Friend, we shall never see him more: he vanishes (as it were) out of our sight, and we are never more to behold him, or cast our Eyes upon him. He is both actively and passively in an invisible State. So *Job* mournfully speaks of himself, *chap. 7. vtr. 7, 8. Oh! remem-*

ber that my life is wind, my eyes shall no more see good. The Eye of him that hath seen me, shall see me no more; thy Eyes are upon me, and I am not. What more cutting Expression, what more sadning Inculcation, what more provoking Incitation to *Mourning*, can there be, than the Sense of this; that we shall behold the Face of our beloved Friend (after his departure from us) no more! Were Man to Return, though after never so many Years absence from his home, or continuance in the *Grave*: Were he to visit his habitation again, and become the objective delight of his poor *Mourning* Friends and Relations, it might be some alleviation to their Grief, when he takes his journey to his *Long home*. But Oh! *What a prick to the heart*, what a stab to the Soul, what a deadning to the Spirits, what an inundation of Sorrow, (like the opening of *Pandora*'s Box) is this lamentable Thought to an ingenuous Man, that he must never, never, never more behold the Face of this or that Relation in this Region of Mortality; nor have any converse with him on this side the *Bank of Eternity! What Husband can think so of his Wife, and not melt?* what Wife can have such a thought of her Husband, and not faint? what Parent can consider this, with respect to his Child, and not mourn? what Child can reflect upon the impossibility of ever seeing his Father or Mother more, and not be overwhelmed with grief? In a word, What Friend or Relation can ponder on such an *eternal Farewel, as is then given, and not be dissolved into Tears.* It is the opinion of Divines, That the chiefest of Saints happiness, consists in Vision, or in the use of the visive faculty, which will then be enlarged and made glorious to perfection; for they shall see the Face of God

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in Righteousness, and be satisfied with his likeness; they shall be for ever with open Face, beholding (as in a Glass) the Glory of the Lord, and be changed into the same Image, from Glory to Glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Sure I am, the Saints greatest comfort in this World, consists in Vision, or beholding God's Image in his People; and that not only the work of his Power in their comly Features, but the work of his Grace in the divine Characters of Wisdom, engraven in their Souls and immediatly reflected upon in all their Actions. Therefore it cannot but cause Mourning, when such delightful Objects are removed out of sight, and never more to be beheld.

And so much the more still, if consider the great change and alteration Death makes in the place of the Deceased; the great Vacuum there is, when Man is removed, and carried away to his *Long home*: Concerning which, *Job* excellently speaks, *chap. 7. v. 9, 10, 11. As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the* Grave, *shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. Therefore I will not refrain my Mouth, I will speak in the anguish of my spirit I will complain in the bitterness of my Soul.* Oh! It is very sad to consider what a great change one stroke of Death may make. A Wife Husbandless, poor Children Fatherless, Servants Masterless, and many Friends Comfortless: And so great is the alteration in the Family, that the whole House resents it; and seems silently to *Mourn* for it. There is (as it were) a Face of sadness in every place he was wont to be conversant in: *Look in his Parlour*, where he used to sit with his Wife, and Children

about him, and there is nothing but a profound silence; his voice is not to be heard: *Look at his Table*, where he used to sit with chearfulness, eating his Bread with joy among his Relations, and the dull demeanor, and sorrowful posture of all the assessors, do plainly, yet dolefully speak, Behold, he is not here: *Look in his Shop*, where he used to be about his occasions; and the disorder and confusion there proclaims aloud his being gone, and not to be heard of: In a word, *Look in every place* where he us'd to be, and you will find one mourning circumstance or other, a legible Historian of his departure, and being no more among them. So that, if you seek him, you will not find him; if you ask for him, you will hear no news. Now surely, methinks, the very miss of a Man in his Family, the want of him in his place, the great change immediately following his Departure in his Relations and in all his affairs and Concerns, should be cause enough to enforce a *Mourning* from his Survivors, if there were no other consideration, and cause 'em to prepare for their own Deaths. For,

How many have we known that were of as healthful and vigorous a Constitution as we are, that by a Surfeit, or an acute Feaver, have in a few days been snatch'd away? How many that were travelling on the same Road with us a while ago, are now at their long Home, lying in the Grave; and should not we by their early departure, *learn to die?* It would not be tedious to us in this sense, to live in *Golgotha*, or to *dwell among the Tombs*, when we have in them seen *the End of all Men*, Eccles. 7. 2. We should not any more love the World, nor its Enjoyments and Pleasures, seeing they will vanish in the twinkling of an Eye;

Eye; and after all the poor satisfaction they have given us, fall into the dead Sea. The Passing-Bells of others loudly tell us, that *Man in his best Estate is altogether Vanity*, Psal. 39. 5. And what they have undergone, will in a few days or hours more, be our own Lot. Though they are gone before, we must tread in their steps, and go the same way. When that hour is come, all our Friends and Acquaintance cannot hold us; for we that now hear, and move, and speak, shall fly away into a vast Expanse, and not *behold Man with the Inhabitants of this World any more*, Isa. 38. 11. As we have seen the pale Looks, and have heard the last Voice of others, so shall we our selves in the like manner be made Spectacles of Mortality to those that remain after us. We, and all our Companions, must take a long Farewel of each other, and not meet again till the day of the general Resurrection. And is it too soon to remember our Creator, when we have seen many as Young as we are, breathe their last? And we that now mourn for others, know not how soon our Friends may do the same for us, and celebrate our Funerals. When God took away many others, that we knew he might at the same time, or before, have taken away you or me; and why do we survive their Death, but that we may set *our House in Order?* The time is coming, when Riches and Honour, Health and Beauty, Credit and Reputation among men, will be of no value, nor will Gold and Silver, the Idols of this, be currant in the next World. We should not therefore be like those young people that are only serious in the House of *Mourning*, or when they see their Friends carried to the Grave, but in the next vain Company suffer the Impressions of their *Mortality* to wear off again. We must be always sober in our

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Converſation, as not knowing when we our ſelves ſhall be gone; only this we may know that as the Years we have already lived are ſoon paſt, ſo will thoſe that are to come with the ſame ſwift motion paſs away. The longeſt Life here on Earth is but as a moment, if compar'd with the future Eternity: 'Tis as a flaſh of Lightning to the whole Element of Fire, juſt ſeen, and then vaniſh'd.

The Laſt Sigh.

My deareſt Children, ye whom *I love* in the tender and yeaning *Bowels* of *Affection*; *draw near*, and *attend* to the words of your *dying Mother*, who am now *ſighing out my laſt breath*: A *weak* Woman *ye ſee* I am; but yet *ſinful* I am, which peradventure *ye ſee not*. O *weep* not, my *pretty ones*: do not *pierce* and *break* my troubled *heart* with your *ſad laments*. *I* muſt *die*, my *little ones*, and go to a *better place*, whither *ye* I hope ſhall one day *follow me*. We came not *together into* the World; nor ſhall we go *together out* of it. In vain do ye ſhed thoſe *Tears* of *Sorrow*: for although *Nature* teacheth you to *bewail* my *departure*, yet *Grace* will teach you to *moderate* your *Mourning*. My *Heart* even *bleeds* to *leave* you behind me, fearing leſt ye will *forget* the *Commandments* of your *God*. I ſhould be ſorry to have juſt cauſe to ſay unto *you* as *Moſes* did to the *Levites*; yet I will put you in mind of his words. *Behold* (ſaid he) *while I am yet alive with you this day*,

day, ye have been rebellious against the Lord; and how much more after my death? Deut. 31. 27. *I know that after my death ye will utterly corrupt your selves, and turn aside from the way which I commanded you; and evil will befall you in the latter days, because ye will do evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger through the work of your hands,* vers. 29. *But I am persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak,* Heb. 6. 9. O my *dear ones,* hearken unto the words which I shall say: They must be my *Legacy* unto you: *Hear* me with *patience*; and treasure up in your memories the *last Speech* of your *Fainting,* your *dying Mother.*

How *dear* ye cost me *before* ye had life, and what *Pangs* and *Torments* I suffered for you *before* ye were *heard* or *seen* in the *World, ye* cannot *imagine*, nor I *express*. Yet all was *forgotten for joy that ye were born,* Joh. 16. 21. and hoping that ye would add unto the *Quire of Saints.* To this purpose, I have laboured and taken care for the nourishment both of your Souls and Bodies; and for your sustentation (so much as in me lay) from the Breast to this instant. O what sad and perplexed thoughts have I had for you in the day times; and how many hours have I borrowed from my sleep in the nights, to think what would become of you, if ye should not be obedient to the Commandments of my God! To the same God they are best known. O how often upon my knees have I prayed for your happiness; and wept, and mourned, when ye have done what ye ought not! To him is it best known to whom I now am going. Sometimes when ye have offended, I was enforced to correct you: but each stripe which ye received did cut me into the heart. In many things ye failed, because ye were young: and in many

things

things I failed too, because I am a weak and a sinful Woman. If at any time ye thought that I did not my Duty, take heed that hereafter ye remember it not to my dishonour. Ponder in your minds that curse which wretched *Ham* the Father of *Canaan* received from *Noah*, when he saw his Nakedness, and told his Brethren. *Cursed* (said *Noah*) *be* Canaan: *a servant of servants shall he be to his Brethren*, Gen. 9. 25. But because *Shem* and *Japhet*, *took a Garment, and laid it upon their Shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their Father, and their faces were backward, and they saw not their Fathers nakedness*, vers. 23. Therefore he said, *Blessed be the Lord God of* Shem, *and* Canaan *shall be his servant*, vers. 26. *God shall enlarge* Japhet, *and he shall dwell in the Tents of* Shem, *and* Canaan *shall be his Servant*, v. 27. Consider with your selves that I am your mother. Whatsoever imperfections ye have discovered in me, do in some kind reflect even upon your selves: for as your Bodies were mine, so my Credit and good Name you must account to be yours. But I cannot think that ye will need more Advice for this, which even Nature it self should teach you to practise.

My time is but short; my Speech beginneth to fail me. I will not trouble you with much, although something more I must say unto you, which I hope ye will remember when I shall sleep in the Dust. Your first and chiefest Duty must always be for the service of your God. If ye will daily observe the benefits which he sendeth you, ye cannot chuse but thank him daily for his Blessings. Let it be your care to ground your actions upon his written Law. Undertake nothing which is not warranted by his Word: and go forward in nothing by unlawful means, or to a bad intent. Begin all in

him,

him, and continue in him, and end in him; and he himself will be your Reward. If ye always preserve Religion in your hearts, ye will always have quietness and content in your minds. First make him your God, and then distrust not his Providence; no nor his love and compassion while ye remain his Children. In whatsoever vocations ye shall lead your lives, be sure that ye be *conscionably industrious* and laborious in them; and then leave the event and the blessing to his good pleasure. I would fain have you be his Children much more than ye are mine: for ye have nothing from me but your sin and corruption; but from him you must expect both grace and glory. If therefore ye strive to bless and magnifie your God, ye may be sure that *your God* will both bless and glorifie *you* his *Children*. Remember that *the blessing of the Lord maketh rich; and he addeth no Sorrow with it*, Prov. 10. 22. Take heed therefore to *your* selves, and let him be in all *your thoughts*; for even for them *ye* must account at his great *Tribunal*. Take heed unto *your words*, that *they* give none offence either to *God* or *Man*. There is a sort of people who *bless with their mouths, but they curse in their inward parts*, Psal. 62. 4. I would not have *you* be of the number of them: for *as they love cursing, so it shall happen unto them: they delight not in blessing, therefore shall it be far from them*, Psal 109. 17. *As they cloath themselves with cursing like as with a Garment, so it shall come into their Bowels like Water, and like Oyl into their Bones*, vers. 18. Take heed also unto *your Actions*, that there be not wickedness in the intent, nor sin in the prosecution of them: for howsoever *they* shall appear in the *Eye* of the *World*, *they* will be strictly and justly examined by the righteous judge. First be *ye* sure that *ye* bless

bleſs *your* God, and then *ye* may expect a bleſſing from him. *when ye have eaten and are full, then ye ſhall bleſs the Lord your God*, Deut. 8. 10. Remember *the Congregation of* Iſrael, *how they bleſſed the Lord God of their Fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhiped the Lord*, 1 Chr. 29. 20. Remember how *the* Levites *encouraged the People unto it, and ſaid unto them, Stand up, and bleſs the Lord your God for ever and ever, and bleſſed be thy glorious Name, which is exalted above all bleſſing, and praiſe*, Neh. 9. 5. Remember how the *Pſalmiſt* moved them unto it when he cryed, *O bleſs our God ye people, and make the voice of his praiſe to be heard*, Pſal. 66. 8. *Be thankful unto him, and bleſs his Name*, Pſalm 100. 4. Remember how *David* reſolved, ſaying, *I will bleſs the Lord, which hath given me counſel*, Pſal. 16. 7. Remember how he decreed, ſaying, *I will bleſs thee while I live, I will lift up my hands in thy Name*, Pſal. 63. 4. Remember how he encouraged his Soul to this Duty, ſaying, *Bleſs the Lord O my Soul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy Name*, Pſal. 103. 1. *Bleſs the Lord O my Soul, and forget not all his benefits*, verſ. 2. *who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diſeaſe*, verſ. 3. Remember how he practiſed it when *he bleſſed the Lord before all the Congregation, and ſaid, Bleſſed be thou Lord God of* Iſrael, *our Father for ever and ever*, 1 Chr. 29. 10. *Thine, O Lord, is the greatneſs, and the Power, and the Glory, and the Victory, and the Majeſty; for all that is in the Heaven, and in the Earth is thine: Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all*, verſ. 11. *Both Riches and Honour come from thee, and thou reigneſt over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give ſtrength unto all*, verſ. 12. *Now therefore our God we thank*

thee,

thee, and praise thy glorious Name, vers. 13. And remember how *Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God; and all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands; and they bowed their heads, and worshiped the Lord, with their Faces to the ground*, Neh. 8. 6. Thus if *ye* bless him, if *ye* love him, if *ye* honour him, if *ye* obey him, he will so bless *you*, that *ye* shall delight in his Service, and be filled with his Goodness. Carry in *your* minds those words of the *Psalmist*, *Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways: For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee*, Psal. 128. 1, 2. *Blessed is the Man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is*, Jer. 17. 7. Remember how *after the Death of* Abraham, *God blessed his Son* Isaac, Gen. 25. 11. So he may *you*, and so he will *you*, when I, your poor feeble Mother, am stretched forth, and returned to the Earth; if *ye* will *hear his voice, and observe his statutes.* If so *you* will do, then *the Lord your God will bless you in all the works of your hands, which ye shall do*, Deut. 14. 29. He who *created man in his own Image both Male and Female, and blessed them*, Gen. 1. 27, 28. Even the same Lord will *bless you*, if ye be *Righteous*, Psal. 5. 12. *And with favour he will compass you as with a Shield*, Psalm 115. 13. *He will bless them that fear him, both small and great*, 2 Tim. 4. 6.

And now my Children, I have not much more to say to you; for *the time of my departure is at hand.* If you do heartily love your God I know that ye will affectionately love each other: Ye will be observant to your Guardians, and Instructors: Ye will be courteous unto all. Be not dismayed at any Cross or Affliction; at any loss or poverty which may fall upon you:

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Mat. 6. 33. *but ſeek ye firſt the Kingdom of God, and his Righteouſneſs; and then all other things ſhall be added unto you.* Deut. 28. 8. *Then the Lord ſhall command the bleſſing upon you, both in your Store-Houſes, and in all that ye ſet your hands unto.* Exod. 23. 25. *He ſhall bleſs your Bread and your Water and take away ſickneſs from the midſt of you.* Deut. 28. 3. *Bleſſed ſhall ye be in the City, and bleſſed ſhall ye be in the field.* verſ. 4. *Bleſſed ſhall be the fruits of your bodies, and the fruits of your grounds, and the fruits of your Cattel, and the increaſe of your kine, and the flocks of your ſheep:* verſ. 5. *Bleſſed ſhall be your basket and your ſtore.* verſ. 6. *Bleſſed ſhall ye be when ye come in, and bleſſed ſhall ye be when ye go forth.* c. 7. 13. The Lord *will love you, and will bleſs you, and multiply you: He will alſo bleſs the fruit of the Womb unto you, and the fruit of your Land, and your Corn, and your Wine, and your Oyl, and the increaſe of your kine, and the flocks of your ſheep in the places* where ye ſhall live. c. 28. 12. *He will open unto you his good treaſure; the Heaven to give the rain unto your land in his ſeaſon, and to bleſs all the work of your hands: and ye ſhall lend unto many, and ye ſhall not borrow.* Gen. 49. 25. *He ſhall help you, and bleſs you with the bleſſings of heaven above; bleſſings of the deep that lyeth under, and bleſſings of the breaſts, and of the Womb.* And that he may thus bleſs you, the ſame Lord direct your hearts, and preſerve you in his Bleſſing.

All that I can do now, is to pray for you; and my weakneſs will hardly permit me to do that: Yet ſo long as I can ſpeak I truſt I ſhall pray, and in my petitions remember both my ſelf and you. While I am yet alive, it is my duty to pray for you, and it is your duty alſo to pray for me. The Lord grant that we may all

do

do what he requireth at our hands. Do not ye grieve too much, that I am so near my rest: For it is the Decree of my God, and the longing expectation of my wearied self. The Lord give you patience to endure this Affliction: and the Lord give me patience and perseverance unto the end. 1 King. 2. 2, 3. *Now I go the way of all the Earth: Keep ye the charge of the Lord your God, to walk in his ways; to keep his Statutes, and his Commandments and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the Scriptures, that ye may prosper in all that ye do, and whithersoever ye turn your hands.* Deut. 33. 7. *The Lord give you the blessing of Judah, and hear your voices; and let your hands be sufficient for you; and let him be an helper to you from your Enemies.* And the Lord give you the blessing of *Benjamin*: vers. 12. *The Lord cover you all the day long, and dwell between your shoulders.* And the Lord give you the blessing of *Joseph*: v. 13. *Blessed of the Lord be your Land for the precious things of Heaven; for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath*; v. 14. *and for the precious Fruits brought forth by the Sun*; v. 16. *and for the precious things put forth by the Moon*; *and for the precious things of the Earth, and fulness thereof*; *and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush.* v. 27. *The eternal God be your Refuge, and underneath you the everlasting Arms.* 2 Sam. 7. 26, 29. *And now, O Lord God, let it please thee to bless the House of thy Servant, and with thy blessing let the Family of thy Servant be blessed for ever.* Deut. 26. 15. *Look down from thine holy Habitation from Heaven, and bless them.* Psal. 67. 1. O my *God, be merciful unto them, and bless them, and cause thy face to shine upon them.*

And now (with *Jacob*) I have made an end of commanding you; and ready I am to *gather up my Feet into the Bed, and to yield up the Ghost, and*

to

to be gathered unto my Fathers, Gen. 49. 33. Only come ye near, my dear ones, that I may kiss you, and that my cold and clammy hands may be laid upon your heads, that *I* may once more bless you and die.

Fare well my pretty ones; farewell the children of my dear affection I must leave you; and I hope I shall leave my God with you, who will be unto you a *Father of mercies, and a God of all consolation*, 2 Cor. 13. 11. Once more farewell. Love as brethren; *and the God of love and peace be with you*, 1 Pet. 3. 8. *The Lord Jesus Christ be with your Spirits. Grace be with you all, Amen*, 2 Tim. 4. 23.

Man giveth up the Ghost; and where is he?

AMong the many serious and weighty Questions, which a sober considering Person may propound unto himself; that is of none of the least concernment, which is mentioned by the Holy Man *Job*, Chap. 14. verse 10. *Yea, Man giveth up the Ghost and where is he?* We may take the words asunder, and consider them apart. *Yea*, and as much as to say, it is a Truth past all doubt, there is no nay to be said to it; it is sealed with *Yea*, and *Amen*; for it shall certainly come to pass, at some time or other, that Man must give up the Ghost; and as much as to say, his Soul shall be separated from his Body; Those two loving twins being at the point of Death to go several ways, they must part at last. And for as much as it is evident to sense, that the body returns to the dust, what way the Soul taketh,

keth, is the great Question; as followeth, *Man giveth up the Ghost; and where is he?* Or what becometh of his Soul, when it hath once taken its leave of the body? This Question may more easily, than comfortably be answered by most, thus, every separated Soul goes either to Heaven or Hell. But, alas! those two places are not more distant, than different in their Natures. Heaven is a place of eternal happiness, Hell is a place of everlasting Misery. And therefore, O my Soul, it is both good and necessary, that thou shouldst think before hand, what will be the place of thy future abode. The Body which is the Souls present habitation; it is not (as *Job* speaketh,) a body of Brass, but a body of Clay; and therefore when the stroke of death shall knock that earthen Vessel in pieces, where then Oh my Soul, will be thy next lodging? Either thou must lye down in everlasting burnings, or else rest upon the *Mountain of Myrrh*, and the Hill of Frankincense, with sweet Jesus. Man when he hath, (as an hireling) accomplished his day, ought seriously to consider of the approaching Night. And seeing it may be said, (as of *Ephraim* thou hast here and there a gray hair upon thy head, and the shadows of the Evening are lengthened out; it is neither safe nor prudent, Oh my Soul, to be serious about trifles, or to trifle about serious things. Before the great and terrible day of account, therefore, Oh my Soul, do thou call thy self to account, and ask these questions of thy self, Canst thou think of going to Hell with comfort? Or can the thoughts of Heaven be any otherwise comfortable, than as thou believest it to be thy Heaven? Canst thou rejoice, when thou thinkest how many shall put on Crowns of Glory, and yet

yet thy self have no part, or lot in that matter? Art thou deeply convinced, Oh Man, what a glittering and a glorious Divine Ray, doth quicken, actuate, and ennoble that Lump of Atoms, which thy Body is composed of? And when that Body of thine shall be crumbled into Ashes, by one touch of the Almighty, hast thou forethought what shall become of that immortal In-mate, which for a little season hath been cloystered up in thy clay Breast? And dost thou soundly believe, that there is a future state of Infinite joy, and eternal Sorrow? And hast thou throughly pondered the certain uncertainty of all temporal Enjoyments? And art thou heartily perswaded, that Heaven is only worth the looking after? What sayest thou to these things, Oh my Soul? Let the matter be urged home, is everlasting damnation by all means possible, to be prevented? Or may Hell be supposed to be a tolerable Habitation? Or can a poor guilty Worm endure with ease, the burden of infinite Wrath? Or is endless glory no whit desirable? Or will it not repent thee, Oh my Soul, hereafter, when it is too late, if thou now neglect so great Salvation, as is freely offered to thee in Christ Jesus? Dost thou know, Oh Man, that thou must shortly give up the Ghost? And yet hast thou not had one serious deep thought, what place of entertainment thy naked Soul shall find in another world, when it is stript of its present fleshly case and cloathing? Oh press thy Soul hard with these thoughts, how it is like to go with thee, when thou first steppest into Eternity? What sayest thou, Oh my Soul, are the things of time only or chiefly to be minded? And are the precious things of Eternity utterly to be forgotten, or disregarded?

disregarded? Hath the infinitely wise and gracious God, only given thee opportunities and abilities to desire, and hasten thy eternal ruin? And hast thou no time, capacity, understanding, or will, to work out thy Salvation, with fear and trembling? Canst thou once suppose, thou shalt ever be an Inhabitant upon the Earth? Or is the Earth, with the sensual delights thereof, which thou must certainly forego, more valuable than Heaven, with its fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore? Or if thy judgment be clear in this case, why doest thou no more think upon, love, and long to be dissolved, and to be cloathed upon with that house, which comes down from Heaven? Will the enjoying of sinful pleasures, or empty lying vanities, for a few minutes, recompence the loss of Heaven it self? Can any thing be counted an advantage, when the Soul loseth God, and it self, in the getting of it? Or can any thing be had upon Earth, that will hold ever? Awake, Oh my drowsie Soul, and let thy Conscience and Conversation, no longer contradict one the other. If thou judgest Heaven to be Heaven indeed, and one moments Communion with God, more worth than ten thousand Worlds; then let thy Conversation be now in Heaven, that thy Conscience may not hereafter witness against thee. Or tell me plainly, Oh my Soul, Dost thou pretend that thou art really willing to go to Heaven, and yet art unwilling for the present, through thy weakness of Faith, to leave this Earth, with all the sensible comforts of it? Or doth thy natural timorousness, or unpreparedness, put a check to the vehemency of thy Desires? Or, what is it, that thou so much stickest at? Is there a Lion in the way? Wouldst thou not be detained,

ed, one day, one minute, or moment longer from drinking thy fill at the Fountain of Living Waters, and yet art afraid to pass over that narrow darksome Bridge of Death which leadeth thereunto? Indeed, Death is the King of Fears; but yet a Serpent without a Sting, may safely be put into thy Bosom. Thou art then willing to be with thy glorious Redeemer upon the Throne, only the sad Thoughts of giving [illegible] thy tender Flesh to be meat for the Worms, tha[illegible]ething startles thee. But weigh the matter well [illegible] thou be for ever happy, and not be with Christ? Or canst thou be where Christ is, and not die? Well then welcom death, tho' not for thine own sake, yet for his sake whose Messenger thou art, and who hath sent thee to fetch me home to himself; with whom I shall be, as soon as ever I am but parted from thee. Then I shall with joy look back upon thee, O sad Messenger, and triumph over thee, saying, *Oh Death, where is thy Sting? Oh Grave, where is thy Victory? But thanks be unto God, who hath given me the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* Oh Death, though thy looks be terrible, and thy last gripe painful, yet is thy Message comfortable; and I was more afraid than hurt: For I see, though thou leadest me through a dark Entry, yet it is my Fathers House. And as soon as I had passed from thee, or ever I was aware, my Soul made me like to the Chariots of *Aminadib*. So come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

SERM.

He's carry'd by Angels into Abraham's *Bosom.*

Sermon II.

Luke XVI. 32.

And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carryed by the Angels into Abraham's *Bosom.*

The whole Parable runs thus:

There was a certain Rich Man, which was cloathed in purple and fine Linnen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named Lazarus, *which was laid at his Gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the Rich Man's Table; moreover, the Dogs came and licked his Sores. And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the Angels into* Abraham's *Bosom: The Rich Man also died, and was buryed. And in Hell he lift up his Eyes being in torments, and seeth* Abraham *afar off, and* Lazarus *in his Bosom,* &c.

Dearly Beloved, In my Discourse upon these words, I will not be over tedious, but with as much brevity as I can I will unfold some of the weighty Truths contained therein. And the Lord grant that they may be of general use to all persons that shall either read or hear them.

These words have Relation unto the precedent Verses in this Chapter, wherein our Saviour Christ, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth verse, reproveth the Covetousness of the *Pharisees*, by shewing unto them, that no man can serve two Masters, that is, God and Riches. *All these things heard the Pharisees, which were covetous, and they mocked him*: Whereupon he aptly and fitly taketh occasion to relate this Parable of the Rich Man and *Lazarus*.

Hearken therefore now, and I will speak of a great Rich Man, that flourished here on Earth (as a learned Divine observes,) *In all pomp and abundance, that shined in courtly purple Robes, that was cloathed in* Byssus *and fine Silk, and fared deliciously, that was lodged softly, that lived pleasantly. But understand what became of this Rich Man; his years being expired, and his days numbred, and his time determined, he was invited to the fatal Banquet of black ugly Death, that maketh all men subject to the rigour of his Law; his Body was honourably buried, in respect of his much Wealth: but what became of his Soul? That was carried from his Body to dwell with the Devils; from his purple Robes to burning Flames, from his soft Silk and white* Byssus *to cruel pains in black* Abyssus, *from his Palace here on Earth, to the Palace of Devils in Hell; from Paradise to a Dungeon, from Pleasures to Pains, from Joy to Tor-*

ment,

ment, and that by hellish means, damned Spirits, into the infernal Lake of bottomless Barathrum, *where is wo, wo, wo! And where is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of Teeth,* Mat. 25. *The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the people that forget God,* Psalm 6.

Hearken also of a certain poor Beggar clothed in rags, with miseries pained, pained with griefs, grieved with sores, sorely tormented, unmercifully condemned, lying at this Rich Mans Gate, desiring to be refreshed but with the Crumbs that fell from the rich Man's table, the dogs had more pity than this rich man, on this distressed creature, for they came to visit him, they came to comfort him, they came and licked his sores.

Well, his time being also determined, he went the way of all flesh, and death was the finisher of all his miseries and griefs; Vita assumpsit mortem, ut mors vitam acciperet; He died once, to live for ever. *And what became of his soul? it was carried from his body to his Master, from a House of Clay, to a house not made with hands, from a wilderness to a Paradise, from an earthly prison, to a heavenly Palace, from the rich mans gate, to the City of the great God, from pains to pleasures, from miseries to joys, from* Adams *corruption,* to Abrahams *bosom. It was carried by Angels into the Quires of Angels, to have his being and moving in the very moving Heavens with God himself. Where is life, food and abundance, and glory, and Health and peace, and eternity, and all good things: all above all that either can be wished or desired: And this is the subject that I shall now speak of.* And here let it please you to consider the argument of this Scripture, which is twofold:

First, Our Saviour Christ hereby adviseth all *rich men* to be merciful to their poor Brethren in this Life, lest they find no *mercy* in the life to come.

Secondly, He doth comfort all *poor men*, that although they are afflicted in this life with great miseries and calamities, yet they shall be comforted in the life to come, and rest in *Abraham*'s bosom.

And here observe what one *formerly Notes*, viz. That if Jesus Christ had said only thus much, *There was a certain Rich man that fared sumptuously daily, and a certain Beggar laid at his Gate full of sores*: The wicked would have straightway inferr'd that the rich man was the happy man, for at the first view it seems to be so; But take all together and you'l quickly see that there is no man in a worse condition than this miserable wretch.

(2.) That if a man would judge of persons according to outward appearance, he shall very often take his mark amiss. Here is a man to outward appearance, appears the only blessed man; better by half than the Beggar, in as much as he is rich, the Beggar poor: he is well clothed, but peradventure the Beggar is naked; he hath good food, but the Beggar would be glad of Dogs meat (*and he desired to be fed with the Crumbs of the Rich Man's Table,*) the Rich man fares well every day, but the Beggar must be glad of a bit when and where he can get it. O! who would not be in the Rich man's state? A wealthy man sorts of new Suits, dainty Dishes every day: enough to make one, who minds nothing but his belly and his back, and his lusts, to say, O that I were in that mans condition! Oh that I had about me, as that man hath! then I should live a life indeed; then should I have hearts ease good store; then should I live pleasantly, and might say to my Soul, *Soul, be of good chear, eat, drink, and be merry*, Luke 12. 19. *thou hast every thing plenty, and*

and art in a most blessed condition. But if the whole Parable be well considered, you will see *Luke* 26. 15. that that which is had in high estimation with men, is an abomination to God. And again, *John* 16. 20, 21, 22. that condition that is the saddest condition, according to outward appearance is oft-times the most excellent; for the Beggar had ten thousand times the best of it, though to outward appearance his state was the saddest.

Methinks, to see how the tearing Gallants of the World will go strutting up and down the Streets: Sometimes it strikes me with amazement; surely they look upon themselves to be the only happy men, but it is because they judge according to outward appearance; they look upon themselves to be the only blessed men, when the Lord knows the generality are left out of that blessed condition; *Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called,* 1 Cor. 1. 26. Ah! did they that do now so brag that no body dare scarce look on them; but believe this, it would make them hang down their heads and cry, Oh! give me a *Lazarus*'s portion.

But I'll proceed to the division of my Text and in this Scripture observe these following parts, (formerly taken notice of) *viz.*

The parts of the Text are four.

1. The life of the rich man, in these words, *There was a certain rich man, cloathed in purple and fine linnen, and fared sumptuously every day.*

2. The life of the Beggar, in these words: *Also there was a certain Beggar, named* Lazarus, *which was laid at his Gate full of sores,* &c.

3. The death of the Beggar, in these words; *And it was so that the Beggar died and was carried*, &c.

4. The death of the rich man; *The rich man also died and was buried.*

In the first part, I note these three circumstances.

1. What this Rich Man was, and whether there were any such man or no.

2. What his Apparel was; not mean or ordinary, but *Purple and fine Linnen.*

3. That his Diet was not base, nor homely, but delicious, and not once, nor twice, but every day.

In the Life of the Beggar, I find four Circumstances.

1. Where he lived: in no Palace or House, but at the Rich mans Gate.

2. How he lived: neither in Health nor Wealth, but miserable, full of Sores.

3. That he desired in this life, not Lordships, or Houses, or Land, or Gold, or Silver, but Crumbs to save his Life.

4. Who shewed the Beggar kindness in his Life? Not the Rich man, but the Rich mans Dogs, *The Dogs came also and licked his Sores.*

In the death of the Beggar, I note these three Circumstances.

1. *What became of his* Body *being dead?* No mention hereof is made in Holy Scriptures; it may be it was Buried with little or no respect, because he was a poor man, or else cast into some Ditch, by reason of his Sores.

2. *What became of his Soul?* It went not out to Purgatory (for there is no such place) but it was carried into *Abraham*'s Bosom.

3. By whom? By Angels. *It was carried by Angels into* Abraham's *Bosom.*

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In the Death of the Rich man, I note these two Circumstances.

1. *What became of his Body being dead?* It was Honourably Buried because of his great Substance.

2. *What became of his Soul?* It went to Hell. *He being in torments, lift up his Eyes, and saw* Abraham *afar off, and* Lazarus *in his Bosom.*

Of these successively.

And first, in the life of the Rich man, we noted what this Rich Man was, whether there was indeed any such man or no: Wherefore here may a Question arise, whether this be a Parable or History: The Writers hereof do not agree.

Marlorat saith, *Quanquam quibusquam hæc simplex Parabola esse videtur, tamen quia his Lazari nomen exprimitur, rem gestam narrari probabile*; Some are of that mind, that this is a Parable, yet because (saith he) Christ twice expresseth the name of *Lazarus*, it argueth, that he spake of a thing that was so done indeed.

Likewise saith *Franciscus Lambertus, Credendum magis esse historiam & exemplum verum quàm Parabolam*; It must be believed that this is rather a History, and a true Example than a Parable.

But *Theophilactus* is of a contrary opinion, who saith, *Parabola hæc est & non vera historia*; This is a Parable and no History.

Erasmus also saith, that it is but a Parable, whereby Rich Men may learn to be merciful to their poor Brethren, that they may speak for them in the day of Vengeance and Wrath.

Many Writers there are also, that rather aiming at the Arguments and Observations herein, have not set down their Judgments, whether it

bea Parable or Hiſtory: Therefore it might ſeem Wiſdom in me to ſuſpend my judgment alſo herein, eſpecially, ſince *Marlorat ſaith, Parum refert, ut tam ſit Parabola, an Hiſtoria, modo ſummam doctrinam teneant lectores.* It greatly skilleth not whether it be a Parable or Hiſtory, ſo that we duly conſider the Doctrine herein.

But becauſe it is requiſite that I alſo ſhew my Opinion, I will return my Verdict, according to my Evidence: And therefore in naked truth I find and hold that it is a Parable: And my Reaſons are theſe two: Firſt, becauſe our Saviour in the beginning of this Chapter, doth relate a Parable of the Rich Man that had a Steward, *&c.* therefore he continueth in this Chapter to open his mouth in Parables, according to the Prophet, *I will open my mouth in Parables, and ſhew dark ſentences of old time.* Secondly, becauſe the Rich Man cryed out of Hell unto *Abraham*, and *Abraham* anſwered the Rich man; which needs muſt be underſtood Parabolically: For the Damned in Hell cannot ſee nor hear the Saints that are in Heaven, neither by reaſon of the diſtance of place, and alſo becauſe of many Sphears and Orbs that are betwixt Heaven and Hell, neither ſhall they ſee nor know what is done there. And again, *Abraham*'s throat is dry, and cleaveth to the Roof of his Mouth: Therefore he cannot ſpeak ſo loud as to be heard out of Heaven into Hell. Therefore it is but a Parable.

Secondly, let us conſider what his Apparel was, Purple and fine white, as ſome will have: But we read, καὶ ἐνεδιδύσκετο πορφύραν καὶ Βύσσον, which word Βύσσον, although ſome take it for fine Flax, yet let it here be underſtood of Silk. There was a very great difference betwixt the Apparel of *John* the Baptiſt, and this Man;

Man; *John's* Rayment was Camels Hair, with a Leathern Girdle about his Loins, which did Argue Repentance and Mortification in him; but this Rich Mans Apparel was Purple and fine Silk; whose outward Apparel did argue the Pride at his Heart: The outward Habit for the most part resembles the inward Habit and condition of the Mind. Pride, as saith one, is grounded in the Heart of Man, a Vice most loathsom to God, hateful to Men, and hurtful to the Soul.

But let us consider the third Circumstance in the Life of the Rich Man, to wit, what his Dyet was, *Deliciously every day*: And here we see what the Children of this World delight in, namely, *in fulness of Meat, who neglecting the serving of God, have given themselves to serve* Bacchus *and* Venus. Hence one noteth, *A gluttonous Person eateth more for Pleasure than Necessity*: So did the Rich Man, so did our first Parents, it was not through need or necessity, that they did eat of the forbidden Tree, but through Wantonness, Pleasure, and Idleness. *Gluttony is a flattering Devil, and a pleasant sin, and a sweet Poyson, which whoso useth, hath not the use of himself, which whoso hath not, hath no sin, for he is all sin it self.* Besides, it hath an especial effect, for it doth, as *Gregory* saith, generate Lust.

To be short, it was Gluttony that caused our Parents to transgress. It was Gluttony that caused *Lot* to commit Incest. It was Gluttony that made *Esau* to sell his Birth-right. It was Gluttony and Drunkenness that caused *Nabal's* Death. It was Gluttony that lost *Belshasars* Kingdom.

Be not thou desirous of dainty meats, saith *Solomon, For he that loveth Banqueting, shall be Poor, and he that delighteth in Wine, shall not be Rich.*

But let us a while leave this Rich Man, and consider the second, that which is the Life of the Beggar.

There was also a certain Beggar, named Lazarus, *&c.*

And here observe these things: 1. That the Saints of God are a poor contemptible People. *There was a certain Beggar*: If you understand the word *Beggar*, to hold forth outward Poverty, or scarcity in outward things, such are Saints of the Lord, for they are for the most part a poor, despised, contemptible People; but if you Allegorize and Interpret it thus, they are such as beg earnestly for Heavenly food; this is also the spirit of the Children of God, and it may be, and is a truth in this sense, though not so Naturally gathered from this Scripture. 2. *That he was laid at his Gate full of Sores*: These words hold forth the Distempers of Believers, saying, *he was full of Sores*; which may signifie the many Troubles, Temptations, Persecutions and afflictions in Body and Spirit, which they meet withal while they are in the World; And also the Entertainments they find at the hands of those ungodly ones, who Live upon the Earth. Whereas it is said, *he was laid at his Gate full of Sores.* Mark, *he was laid at his Gate*; not in his House, that was thought too good for him, but *he was laid at his Gate full of Sores*: From whence Observe, that the Ungodly World do not desire to entertain and receive the poor Saints of God into their Houses; If they must needs be somewhere near unto them, yet they shall not come into their Houses: *Shut them out of Doors*! if they will needs be near us, let them be at the Gate. *And he was laid at the Gate full of Sores.* 2. Observe, that the World are not at all touched with the afflictions of God's Children, for all they are full of Sores, a despised, afflicted, tempted, persecuted people, the World doth not pity; no, but rather

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labour to aggravate their Trouble by shutting them out of Doors, sink or swim, what cares the World? they are resolved to disown them, they will give them no Entertainment; if the lying in the streets will do them any good, if hard Usage will do them any good, if to be disowned, shut out of Doors, rejected of the World will do them any good, they shall have enough of that, but otherwise, no Refreshment, no Comfort from the World: *And he was laid at his Gate full of Sores.*

Poor *Lazarus*! What, lying at a Gate, and full of Sores too? Would not this Rich Man afford thee some out-house to lie in, to shroud thee from Storms and Tempests? no: would not his servants pity thee? no: would not his Children speak for thee? no: Would not his Wife intreat her Husband for thee? no: Hadst thou ever done them any wrong; no: But, *Lazarus*, it may be thou art stout, and often-times Beggars will be chusers; thou perhaps wouldest have some great Alms, or Copy-hold, some Farm of this Rich Man? no: Or thou wouldest have some delicate Meat? no. Many Dishes? no: Or thou wouldest sit at the Table with his Sons and Servants? no, no: What is it then that thou dost desire? Nothing but Crumbs to refresh my Soul; nothing but Crumbs to save my Life: Nothing but Crumbs, Crumbs, that fall from the Rich Man's Table: I know that he fared Plentifully, and that he may well spare them.

What shall I say of the hardness of this screwing Rich Mans Heart? Let me speak for *Lazarus* unto the Rich Man; yet I shall but *asinam comere*, (as one well observes) *get nothing of this hard Fellow.* I have a Message unto thee, O thou Rich Man, from the great God of Heaven, and he doth desire thee that thou respect the Beggar that lyeth at thy Gate pained with sores, pained with grief, and even

arved through Hunger: And I beseech thee in Gods stead, that thou have pity on this Beggar, as God shall have pity, mercy, and Compassion on thee, and look what thou layest out, it shall be paid thee again. But he answered I warant you he is some Runnagate Rogue, and so long as he can be mantained by such ease means, he will never take any other Trade upon him: Nay, but good Sir, let please you only to behold this Poor Creature; which suppose it were granted: and he coming to the Gate where this wrerched Object lay, seeing him bewrayed with sores, betattered with Rags, and the Dogs licking him, stopping his Nose, with a squeamish Face, and disdainful look, began to say unto him: *I see thou art some lewd Fellow, that such Miseries happen unto thee, and such Plagues come upon thee; it is not for thy goodness, or Righteousness, that these Afflictions light on thee.* But he reply'd, *O good Master, some Comfort, good Master, some Relief; good Master, some Crumbs to save my Life, I shall die else, and starve at your Gate; good Master, I beseech you for Gods sake, I beseech you for Christs sake, take some Pity, some Compassion, some Mercy on me.* But he with an Angry look, disdaining *Lazarus*, said: *Away hence thou Idle Rogue, not a penny, not a Morsel, not a crumb of Bread*; and so stopping his Nose from the scent, and his Ears from the Cry of *Lazarus*, returned unto his stately Palace: And this Poor mans Throat being dry with Crying, his Heart fainting for want of Comfort, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, being worn out with Fastings and miseries, starved at the Rich *Mans* Gate. Now, must I speak for dead *Lazarus* against this Rich *Man*. *Nam si hi tacuissent, nonne lapides clamabunt; if I should hold my peace, the very stones would cry. O thou Rich Miser, and more than cruel wretch,* Lazarus *is dead,*

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he is dead at thy Gate, and his Blood shall be upon thee, thou shewedst no Mercy unto him, no Mercy shall be shewed to thee, thou stoppedst thy Ears unto his cry, thou shalt cry and not be heard. It is inhumane Wickedness to have no Compassion on distressed Lazarus, *but most of all, to let him starve at thy Gate for want of Food. What did he desire of thee but only Crumbs to save his Life? Is it not a small thing, I pray thee, that thou having abundance of Meat, shouldst see him starve for Bread? That thou flourishing in Purple and Silk, would see* Lazarus *lye in Rags? That thou seeing even thy Dogs have pity on him, thou wouldst have no pity upon him thy self? what Eyes hadst thou that wouldest not see his Sores? what Ears hadst thou, that wouldest not hear his cry? What Hands hadst thou that would not be stretched out to give, What Heart hadst thou that would not melt in thy Body? What Soul hadst thou, that would not pity his silly Soul, this wretched Body, poor* Lazarus? *If the stones could speak, they would cry, fie upon thee: If thy Dogs could speak, they would condemn thee of unmercifulness: If dead* Lazarus *were here, his Sores would bleed afresh before thy face, and cry in thine Ears, that thou art guilty, guilty of his Blood, and that thy sin is more than can be pardoned.*

Why should not I tell thee the Portion that is prepared for thee? This shall be thy Portion to drink: *Let thy days be few, and let another take thine Office: Let thy Children be Fatherless, and thy Wife a Widow: Let thy Children be Vagabonds and beg their bread, let them seek it also out of desolate places; let the Extortioner consume all that thou hast and let the stranger spoil thy Labour: Let there be no Man to pity thee, nor to have compassion on thy Fatherless Children: Let thy Memorial be clean forgotten, and in the next Generation let thy Name be clean put out: Let him be an accursed Example to all the World: Let him be cursed in the City, and cursed in the Field; let him be cursed when he goeth out, and*

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when he cometh in; let him be curſed when he lyeth down, and when he riſeth up: Let all Creatures, and the Creator himſelf forſake him, Angels reject him, Heavens frown at him, Earth open thy Mouth, Hell receive him, Spirits tear him, Devils torment him, let no mercy be ſhewed unto him that ſhewed no mercy; Thus ſhall the miſeries of *Lazarus* be revenged by the juſt plagues that ſhall juſtly fall upon the Rich man's head.

Secondly, In the Life of *Lazarus* I noted how he lived, to wit, miſerably and full of Sores, and yet this rich Man would not pity him. Chriſt could not of his mercy but cure the Leper, when he ſaw him full of Sores and Leproſie; and *Eliſha* could not but out of Humanity teach *Naaman* the *Aſſyrian* to waſh himſelf in *Jordan*, that he might be whole, but this rich Man would not help the poor Beggar, neither by his counſel, Purſe, Table, or Crumbs, but let him alone to pining Miſery at his Gate.

Here we note in the perſon of *Lazarus*, the great miſeries and Afflictions that the Church of God doth endure in this World.

Great are the troubles of the Righteous, ſaith *David*; not ſmall or few, but great and many, *Pſalm* 34. Again, *He will throughly purge his floor*, not ſlightly, nor by halves; thorowly, *Mat.* 3. *And he will ſearch* Jeruſalem *with Candle-light*, leſt he ſhould over-ſlip any wickedneſs therein.

And further to prove this, we have many examples in the Scripture, but that well known out of *Job*, may not be omitted, whoſe miſeries were more than many, and intolerable: As firſt, he being a juſt man, and one that feared God, to be thus plagued: For when one *Meſſenger* was relating tragical News to him, there came another on the neck of him, like the waves

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on the Sea. While he was yet speaking, there came another; While the other was yet speaking, there came another; yet this good *Man* had not so much as an hours respite to breath, or to receive comfort and consolation by any means: His goods were lost, his Body plagued, his Servants slain, his Sons were dead, and no Creature left alive to comfort him, but only a froward Wife to grieve and vex his heart. *Miseria est copia tribulationis, & inopia consolationis, quando multifariè quis patitur: & a nemine relevatur; Misery is then a Sea of tribulation, and scarce a drop of consolation, when a Man is oppressed many ways, and relieved by no means.*

Thirdly, In the Life of the Beggar we noted what he desired in this life, Crumbs, desired to be refreshed with the Crumbs that fell from the rich man's Table.

By these words our Lord Jesus doth shew us the frame of a Christians heart, and also the heart and carriage of worldly men towards the Saints of the Lord. The Christian's heart is held forth by this, that any thing will content him while he is on this side Glory; And he desired to be fed with the Crumbs, the Dogs meat, any thing; I say a Christian will be content with any thing, if he have but to keep life and soul together (as we use to say) he is content, he is satisfied; he hath learned, if he hath learned to be a Christian, to be content with any thing? as *Paul* saith, *I have learned in whatsoevir state I am, therewith to be content.* He learns in all conditions to study to love God, to walk with God, to give up himself to God; and if the Crumbs that fall from the Rich mans Table will but satisfie nature, and give him bodily strength, that thereby he may be the more able to walk in the way of God, he is contented, *and be desired to be fed with the Crumbs that fell*

from

from the Rich man's Table. But mark he had them not; you do not find that he had so much as a Crumb or scrap allowed unto him. No, then the Dogs will be beguiled, that must be preserved for the Dogs. From whence observe, that the ungodly world do love their Dogs better than the Children of God; you'll say that is strange: It is so indeed, yet it is true, as will be clearly manifested; as for instance, how many pounds do some men spend a year on their Dogs, when in the mean while, the poor Saints of God may starve for hunger? they will build Houses for their Dogs, when the Saints must be glad to wander, and lodge in Dens and Caves of the Earth, *Heb.* 11. 38. and if they be in any of their Houses, for the hire thereof, they will warn them out, or Eject them, or pull down the House over their heads, rather than not rid themselves of such Tenants. Again, some men cannot go half a mile from home, but they must have Dogs at their heels, but they can very willingly go half a score miles without the society of a Christian. Nay, if when they are busie with their Dogs, they should chance to meet a Christian, they would willingly shift him if they could: they will go on the other side the Hedge or the way, rather than they will have any society with him; and if at any time a Child of God should come into a House where there are but two or three ungodly wretches, they do commonly wish either themselves or the Saints out of doors; and why so? because they cannot down with the society of a Christian: though if there come in at the same time a Dog, or a Drunken swearing wretch, which is worse than a Dog, they will make him welcom, he shall sit down with them, and partake of their Dainties. And now tell me, you that love your sins and your pleasures, had you not

rather

rather keep company with a Drunkard, a Swearer, a Strumpet, a Thief, nay a Dog, than with an honest-hearted Christian? If you say no, what means your sour carriage to the People of God? Why do you look on them as if you would eat them up? yet at the very same time, if you can but meet with your Dog, or a drunken companion, you can fawn upon them, take acquaintance with them, if it be two or three times in a Week: But if the Saints of God meet together, pray together, and labour to Edify one another, you will stay till Doomsday before you will look into the House where they are. Ah Friends, when all comes to all, you will be found to love Drunkards, Strumpets, Dogs, any thing; nay to serve the Devil, rather than to have loving and friendly Society with the Saints of God.

The Dogs came and licked his sores. The Rich Man's Dogs by licking *Lazarus*, taught their Master to have mercy on him, but he would not, therefore he had worse than a doggish Nature, and cruel Heart. But here first we note God's Providence toward his Children, he will have them comforted and fed, though by dumb and only sensible Creatures; so the Dogs here came and licked *Lazarus*'s sores. So *Elias* was fed by *Ravens* to save his life, 1 *Kings* 19. 4. *And thou shalt drink of the River: and I have commanded the Ravens to feed thee there.*

But again, Secondly, In that, *Dogs came and licked* Lazarus's *Sores*, when the Rich Man himself forsook him, we observe that sensible dumb Creatures of the Earth (are in their kinds) better. than many men. Therefore it is that God complaineth by the mouth of the Prophet; *The Ox knoweth his owner, and the Ass his Masters Crib, but my People will not know me, saith the Lord.*

So

So the Dogs here knew *Lazarus* to be pained, but the Rich man would not vouchsafe to know him: Therefore his own Dogs condemned him of mercileſs Cruelty.

Here Beloved, you may ſee not only the *afflicted ſtate* of the Saints of God in this World, but alſo, that even *Dogs* themſelves, according to their kind, are more favourable to the Saints than the ſinful World; though the ungodly will have no mercy on the Saints, yet it is ordered ſo that theſe Creatures, Dogs, Lions, *&c.* will. *Though the Rich Man would not entertain him into his Houſe, yet his Dogs will come and do him the beſt good they can, even to lick his running Sores.* It was thus with *Daniel*, when the World was againſt him, and would have thrown him to the Lions to be devoured: the Lions ſhut their mouths at him; ſo that there was not that hurt befel to him as was deſired by the Adverſaries, *Dan. 6.*

But now let us conſider the Third Part, which is the Death of the Beggar.

It was ſo that the Beggar died. Here is the adage fulfilled, *Mors optima rapit, deterrima relinquit.* Now muſt I ſpeak of Tragical matters, of Funerals and Obſequies, of Diſſolution and Death.

This Beggar died, that repreſents the Godly; and the Rich Man died, that repreſents the Ungodly: From whence Obſerve, neither Godly nor Ungodly muſt live always without a change either by Death or Judgment: The good man died, and the bad man died; that Scripture doth alſo back this Truth, that good and bad muſt die, marvellous well, where it is ſaid, *And it is appointed to men once to die, and after that the Judgment*, Heb. 9. 27.

Now, when it is ſaid, the Beggar died, and the Rich man died, part of the meaning is, they ceaſ-

ed

ed to be any more in this World I say, partly the meaning is so, but not altogether, though it be altogether the meaning, when some of the Creatures die, yet it is but in part the meaning, when it is said, that Men, Women, or Children die; for there is to them something else to be said more than a barely going out of the World; for if when unregenerate Men and Women die, there were an end of them, not only in this World, but also in the World to come, they would be more happy than now; for when ungodly men and women die, there is that to come after Death, that will be very terrible to them, namely, to be carryed by the Angels of Darkness from their Death-beds to Hell, there to be reserved to the Judgment of the great day, when both Body and Soul shall meet and be united together again, and made capable to undergo the uttermost vengeance of the Almighty to all Eternity. Ah, Beloved, if this great Truth, that men must die, and depart this World, and either enter into Joy, or else into Prison, to be reserved to the Day of Judgment, were believed, we should not have so many Wantons walk up and down the streets as there do; at least, it would put a mighty check to their filthy Carriages, so that they would not, could not walk so basely and sinfully as they do. *Belshazzar*, notwithstanding he was so far from the fear of God as he was, yet when he did but see that God was but offended, and threatned him for his Wickedness, it made him hang down his head, and knock his knees together, *Dan.* 5. 5, 6. If you read the Verses before, you will find, he was careless, and satisfying his Lusts in Drinking, and playing the Wanton with his Concubines: But so soon as he did perceive the Finger of an hand writing, *Then* (saith the Scripture) *the King's countenance*

countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joynts of his Loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. And when *Paul* told *Felix* of Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment to come, it made him tremble. Further, this is a certain truth, that not only the Wicked, but the Godly also must have a time to depart this Life. *And the Beggar died*; the Saints of the Lord they must be deprived of this Life also, they must yield up the Ghost into the hands of the Lord their God; they must also be separated from their Wives, Children, Husbands, Friends, Goods, and all that they have in the World, for God hath decreed it: *It is appointed*, namely, by the Lord, *for Men once to die, and we must appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ*, as it is, 2 Cor. 5. 10, 11.

But again, in the Death of the Beggar: First we noted what became of his Soul, *It was carried by Angels into* Abrahams *Bosom.* Whereby we learn the Immortality of the Soul. *Pythagoras* was the first among the *Grecians*, that taught the Soul was Immortal. The Philosophers also, and Heathen Poets do prove the Immortality of the Soul.

Cedit enim retro de terra quod fuit ante
In terram, sed quod *missum est ex ætheris oris*
Id rursum cœli fulgentia templa receptant:

The part of Man that was made of Earth, went to Earth, and that part as came from Heaven, went to Heaven again.

But leaving these, we prove by Scripture the Immortality of the Soul, *Man was made a living Soul.* Therefore the Soul is Immortal. And here in the Text, *Lazarus* being dead, *his Soul was carried into* Abraham's *Bosom.*

Here

Here therefore is the damnable Opinion of the *Atheists* overthrown: For if they deny God, they must also deny that they have Souls, and so consequently that they are not men. But St. *John* teacheth them, that all things were made by the Word of God, and without it nothing was made; therefore if they are made they are made by the Word of God, and of a reasonable Soul, which do acknowledge and believe in the Creator. *Anima est primum principium vitæ per se subsistens, incorporea ac incorruptibilis*: *The Soul is the first beginning of Life, subsisting of it self, incorporeal and incorruptible.* St. *Austin*, *Anima est spiritus, est substantia incorporea, corporis sui vita sensibilis, invisibilis, rationalis, immortalis. The Soul of man is a spiritual, or incorporeal substance, sensible, invisible, reasonable, immortal*: For as he also saith, *Solum homo habet animam rationalem*: *Only Man with an Immortal Soul.* *Lazarus* Soul was carried into *Abraham*'s Bosom, which is a quiet Haven, which the faithful have gotten by the troublesom Navigation of this Life, that is, the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here therefore we note that the Souls of the Elect being separated from their Bodies, are presently in Joys, and are carried into *Abraham*'s Bosom; so called, because it belongeth only to the Faithful. Well then, *Lazarus* Soul went to Heaven; and Christ said to the Thief on the Cross, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* Not to morrow or next Year, but this day. Therefore the Souls of the Elect being separated from their Bodies, are in Joy and Rest. As also on the other side, the soul of the Rich man and the Damned, after they be separated from their Bodies, are in Hell Torments.

And thus much concerning the place whither *Lazarus* soul was carried, being dead; namely, into *Abraham*'s Bosom. Lastly,

Lastly, We noted by whom, by Angels: *It was carried by Angels into* Abraham's *Bosom.*

And here an Objection ariseth, *viz.* If this be so, that the Godly die as well as the Wicked, and if the *Saints* must appear before the Judgment-seat, as well as the sinners, then what Advantage have the Godly more than the Ungodly, and how can the Saints be in a better condition than the Wicked.

Answ. Read the 22*d.* Verse over again, and you shall find a marvellous difference between them, as much as is between Heaven and Hell, everlasting Joy, and everlasting Torment; for you find, when the Beggar died, which represents the Godly, he was carried by the Angels into *Abraham's* Bosom, or into everlasting Joy, *Psal.* 1. But the Ungodly are not so, but are hurried by the Devils into the Bottomless Pit, drawn away in their Wickedness, *Prov.* 14. 32. for he saith, *And in Hell he lift up his Eyes*; when the Ungodly do die, their misery beginneth, for then appear the Devils like so many Lions, waiting every moment till the soul depart from the Body; sometimes they are very visible to the dying Party, but sometimes more invisible: But always this is certain, they never miss of the soul, if it do die out of the Lord Jesus Christ, but do hale it away to their Prison, as I said before, there to be tormented and reserved until the great and dreadful day of Judgment, at which day they must, Body and Soul, receive a final Sentence from the Righteous Judge, and from that time be shut out from the Presence of God into everlasting woe and distress. But the Godly, when the time of their departure is at hand, then are also the Angels of the Lord at hand; yea, they are ready waiting on the Soul,

soul, to conduct it safely into *Abraham*'s Bosom. I do not say, but the Devils oft-times are very busie doubtless, and attending the Saints in their sickness; yes, and no question, but they would willingly deprive the soul of Glory. But here is the comfort, as the Devils come from Hell to devour the soul (if it be possible, at it's departure) so the Angels of the Lord come from Heaven, to watch over and conduct the soul (in spight of the Devil) safe into *Abraham*'s bosom.

David had the comfort of this, and speaks it forth for the comfort of his Brethren, *Psal.* 34. 7. saying, *The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.* Mark, the Angel of the Lord encampeth round about his Children, to deliver them: From what? From their Enemies, of which the Devil is not the least: This is an excellent comfort at any time, to have the holy Angels of God to attend a Poor Man or Woman, but especially it is comfortable in the time of distress, at the time of Death, when the Devils beset the Soul with all the Power that Hell can afford them, but now it may be, that the glorious Angels of God do not appear at the first, to the view of the Soul; nay, rather Hell stands before it, and the Devils ready, as if they would carry it thither, but this is the comfort, the Angels do always appear at the last, and will not fail the soul, but will carry it safe into *Abraham*'s bosom. Ah! Friends, consider, here is an ungodly man upon his Death-bed, and he hath none to speak for him, none to speak comfort unto him, but it is not so with the Children of God, for they have the spirit to comfort them. Here is the ungodly, and they have no Christ to pray

for

for their safe Conduct to Glory, but the Saints have an Intercessor, *John* 17. 9. Here is the World, when they die, they have none of the Angels of God to attend upon them, but the Saints have their Company. In a word, the unconverted person when he dieth, he sinks into the bottomless Pit; but the Saints when they die, do ascend with and by the Angels into *Abraham's* Bosom, or into unspeakable Glory, *Luke* 23. 34.

And so let us consider the fourth and last part, which is the Death of the Rich Man.

The Rich Man died also, &c. Here we may again see, that Death is the way of all flesh. Death shaketh Cedar and Shrub, Death calleth away the Rich man from his pleasure, and *Lazarus* from his Pain, and all must obey when Death calleth. It is not the Majesty of a Prince nor Holiness of a Priest, strength of Body, feature of Face, Wisdom, Beauty, Riches, Honour, nor any such secular regard can plead against Death, or priviledge a man from the Grave, *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: *The Decree is out, all must die once*; all must taste of this distasteful cup of death. Let us know then that the *Pale Horse*, and he that sitteth thereon, whose name is *Death*, comes running on towards us, fall that is within us, and without us, are Remembrancers of *Death*. The Sun rising in the East, and setting in the West, sheweth our rising and alling, our coming in and going out of this World. All cry unto us we must away, we must away, we must hence, as Christ said, *My Kingdom is not of this World*. Death is a separation of the Soul from the Body; the Husband separated from the Wife of his youth; the Father separated from his Children whom he dearly loved; the Children from their Parents, the Master from his Servant, and the Servant,

vant from his Master, thus Parents and Friends' and all must part.

The first circumstance of the Rich man is, to know what became of his Body? It was honourably buried. But here we see that honourable Burial doth not profit the damned soul. Tares are sown as well as Wheat in all times; if the one grow up for the fire, the other for the barn; *Gather the Tares in bundles, and burn them, but gather the Wheat into my barn*, Matth. 1. 30.

But let us lastly consider what became of his Soul.

And being in Hell Torments, &c. But because none can so well relate miseries, and none can describe the torments of Hell so well as he that hath felt the same, let the Rich man himself speak, and let us hear him what he saith, he being in Hell torments, he thus beginneth: *O wretch that I am, why did I suffer* Lazarus *to starve at my Gate? for which I am shut in the Gates of Hell. Why did I not give* Lazarus *a crumb of Bread? for which I cannot have here now one drop of Water to cool my tongue. Why did I shew* Lazarus *no mercy on Earth? for which no mercy is shewed to me in Hell. What shall I do? for I am tormented in this flame, I will cry unto* Abraham, *Abraham* have mercy on me, and send *Lazarus*, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue. *I am tormented here*; Abraham, *I am torn in pieces here*; Abraham, *I am plagued and continually pained here*; Abraham, *here my purple Rayment is flames of fire, my light is darkness, my day night, my companions are Devils! O how they hale me! O how they pull me! O how they vex and torment me! here my feet are scorched, my hands are seared, my heart is wounded, my eyes are blinded, my ears are deafened, my senses confounded, my tongue is hot, it is very*

very hot: send Lazarus therefore, Abraham, with a drop of Water to comfort me; one drop, good Abraham, one drop of Water.

But *Abraham* answered him: *Thou damned wretch, once thou didst disdain* Lazarus, *once thou didst refuse* Lazarus, *once thou didst scorn* Lazarus, *now* Lazarus *shall disdain, refuse, and scorn thee: once thou stoppedst thine ears from the cry of* Lazarus, *now he stops his ears from thy cry: once thou turnedst away thy face from* Lazarus; *now he turneth away his face from thee: once thou deniedst crumbs to* Lazarus, *now he denieth water to thee, not a spoonful, not a drop of water.*

Oh Abraham, *but now if I had my goods,* I would give Lazarus *all for a drop of Water: Now if I had a million of Gold, I would give it all for a drop of water: now if I had a world of wealth, I would give it all to* Lazarus; *therefore, good* Abraham, *one drop.* But he answered, *No not a drop.*

Not a drop? *Then cursed be the day wherein I was born, and cursed be the night wherein I was conceived, cursed be my Father that begot me, and cursed be my Mother that bare me; cursed be the place that bare me; cursed be the delicate Robes that cloathed me, cursed be the delicate Meat that fed me; let me be most accursed of all creatures both in Heaven and Earth.* And so leave we him cursing, who indeed was most accursed; and learn that the souls of the damned being separated from their bodies, are in Hell Torments.

But to conclude all in one word, and to apply all that hath been spoken to this present time and place, let us all in our vocations and places follow the advice of a late Eminent Person, *viz.* to learn to have mercy on *Lazarus*, that is on our poor Brethren, that we may find mercy and that mercy may rejoyce in Judgment: and you that are Magistrates of this City, think upon

Lazarus

Lazarus that lyeth in your Streets, that pineth at your gates, that ſtarveth in your Priſons for want of Crumbs: Heark, how they cry Bread, bread, a loaf of bread for Jeſus ſake. Who would not hear them? who would not pity them? who would not comfort them? Alſo ſee that you chuſe good and merciful Officers in your Spittles and Hoſpitals, that may feed *Lazarus*, and not fill their own Purſes and Bellies, as the rich man did. And you that ſit in the ſeat of Judgment, and are *Gods* here on earth, let the matter be rightly judged between the rich man and poor *Lazarus*; let equity be in your right hand, and juſtice in your left; conſider that *Lazarus* is poor, and that he is not able to wage Law againſt the rich man, yet defend him and let him have right. Defend the Fatherleſs and Widdow. See that ſuch as be in need and neceſſity have their right: then ſhall the righteous God of Heaven bleſs you, and bleſs the Land for your ſake; then ſhall we be with *Lazarus* in the bleſſed place of reſt, whilſt wretched *Dives* is tormented in Hell flames, (even in that burning priſon where angry and enraged Devils ſhall be his Tormentors to Eternity) where he will be for ever crying and groaning out in this kind of doleful manner following, *viz.*

Oh! curſed, curſed, moſt accurſed Soul,
Where am I now? what Friends are thoſe that howl?
They ſeize upon me, they torment me ſore,
I Shreik with anguiſh, they in fury roar.

Earths deep center; *dark and* dreadful *Cell,*
Where only angry damned Spirits dwell
groſſeſt darkneſs, yet my ſight ſo clear,
Moſt hideous Viſions *to the ſame appear.*

In Hell, *indeed, where I endure that curse*
Which shall not cease, but be hereafter worse
In fire infernal; out of measure hot,
Which ever burns, and yet consumeth not.

I rave, I curse, and I accuse my fate,
As if such torments were unjust, too great;
But Conscience nips me with, not so: *I try*
To kill that worm, but oh! it will not die.

Most wretched I, besides the Woes *I have,*
Methinks I hear my bones within my Grave,
(As troubled with some fatal Trumpets sound)
Begin to shake and shiver in the ground.

Alas, alas, what shall of me become
When wretched, go, ye curs'd, is my doom.
How shall my Soul and Body both affrighted,
Then curse the hour they were again united.

How shall the Devils then with fury driven
Sieze me for Hell, when jemenc'd out of Heaven;
And on me with much insultation rage,
As if my torments might their own asswage.

Then with the hideous howling heard of Hell,
I shall be thrown down to that dreadful Cell,
Where we in flames, which never fail, shall burn;
From whence we never, never *shall return.*

The Winding-Sheet.

NOw *where am I?* If I look behind me, I see Death haſtning after me, nay, that Death is at my Back: If I look forward, I see Heaven and Hell before me, my ſelf ſtanding on the very brink of Time, and my next ſtep (for ought I know) may be into Eternity of joy or ſorrow, where I did but now by Faith ſee others were, there I my ſelf muſt quickly really be, there I ſhall rejoyce with them. If I look a *little before me*, I may ſee my ſelf caſt down upon a *Bed of ſickneſs*; my Friends weeping, and fearing I ſhall die; the Phyſicians are puzled, and at a loſs, giving me over for the Grave, and my ſelf *gaſping for Life*, and breathing out my laſt. If I look but a little before me, I can as it were hear my Friends ſaying, *He is dead, he is dead, he is gone, he is departed*, and then (as it were) I might ſee them haling me out of my Bed, and wrapping me in **My Winding Sheet, and nailing me up in my Coffin.** I might ſee my Grave a digging, and men hired to carry me on their ſhoulders from my houſe to my Long Home, *Relations* and *Neighbours* following after to ſee me lodged in the Duſt, to lye and rot among the Dead.

But before all this can be done to *my Body*, my Soul hath taken it's *flight into Eternity*, where it is without change or alteration, for ever to be with God or Devils. Oh that I could then work it on my heart, that I muſt

quickly be either in *Heaven* or *Hell*, that I have a long Race to run by a short breath, (if I enter *Heaven*,) a great way to go in a few hours.

The *Sun* who goes so many miles in a minute, the *stars* of the *firmament*, which go so very many more, go not so fast, as my *body* to the *Earth*. In the same instant that I feel the first attempt of the disease, I feel the victory; In the twinkling of an eye, I can scarce see; instantly the tast is insipid and fatuous; instantly the appetite is dull and desireless: instantly the knees are sinking and strengthless; and in an instant, sleep, which is the *Picture*, the *copy* of *Death*, is taken away, that the *original*, *Death* it self may succeed, and that so I might have death to the life

To return from the dead, is impossible; all my life then I will prepare for death.

They call death *Charons* boat, I am sure it wafts the Soul from a material to an immaterial World.

I have but one step to Eternity: it is from life to death, I will be preparing this body of mine, to win the garland of a blessed Immortality.

O the serious thoughts while I live! How I must die, these do so make me run, that I may obtain a Crown of glory.

The sound of the *Passing Bell* assures me there is some to day likely to die; *it is so nigh Night*, it is high time then to work out my Salvation; lest the Night of death put in, and none can work.

I have a task set will take up all my time, *viz. to die well*; while I live then, I will learn to die; lest being found unprepared, it be said, *Thou fool, this night thy Soul shall be required of thee.*

Maximilian

Maximilian the Emperor made his Coffin always to be carried along with him, to this end, that his high Dignity might not make him forget his Mortality.

What was long since decreed in Heaven, God hath sent Warrants to execute on Earth, *semel mori, for us once to die.*

Kings *Xerxes* standing on a Mountain, and having many hundred thousand of his Souldiers standing in the plain, *fell a weeping*, to think upon it, how in a few years, and all those gallant valiant men *must die.*

Adam, he lived 930 years, and he died.
Enoch, he lived 965 years, and he died.
Methusalem lived 967 years, and he died.
O the longest day hath its night and in the end man must die!

The Princes of the Nations pass sentence of death upon others: Well, it is not long, but their turn will come, *Semel mori once to die.*

Many of us live where our parents lived, and live of the same lands which they lived of: It is not long, and our Children shall do as much for us; *For we must go hence, and be seen no more.*

Some ride Post, some Hackney pace, at *serius, citius*, sooner, later, all arrive at the Common Inn, the grave, *and die.*

Some have the Palsie, some the Apoplexy, some a Feaver, some an Ague, some a Consumption, some none of them: yet the sick, the sound, they all meet in the end, at the same Rendezvouz, at the **House of Death.**

The Scholar thinks to delude Death with his Fallacies. The Lawyer puts in his Demur,

the Prince his plea is State affairs: *at æquo pulſat pede*, Death knocks at all doors alike; and when he comes, *they all go hence, from their houſes to their graves.*

Joſeph the Jew, in his beſt health made his Stone-Coffin be cut out in his Garden, to put him in mind of his *Ego abeo, I go hence.*

The *Perſians* they buried their dead in their houſes, to put the whole houſhold in mind of the ſame lot, *Semel mori, once to die.*

Simonides, when commanded to give the moſt wholſom rule to live well, willed the *Lacedemonian Prince* ever to bear in mind, *Se tempore brevi moriturum: ere long and he muſt die.*

I have read of a ſort of people that uſed dead mens bones for money, and the more they have, they are counted the more rich: *Herein conſiſts my richeſt treaſure, to bear that about me will make me all my life remember my end.*

Great Sultan *Saladan*, Lord of many Nations and Languages, commanded upon his death-bed, that one ſhall carry upon a Spears point through all his Camp, the Flag of Death, and to proclaim, for all his wealth, *Saladan* hath nought left, but this *winding-ſheet*, *An enſured Enſign of Death triumphing over all the Sons of Adam.*

I uncloath my ſelf every night, I put off all, but what may put me in mind of my *winding-ſheet.*

Anaxagoras having word brought him, his onely ſon was dead; his anſwer was, *Scio me genuiſſe mortalem*, I know he was born to die.

Philip of *Macedon* gave a Boy a penſion every morning to ſay to him *Philippe, memento te hominem eſſe*, Philip *remember thou art a man, and therefore muſt die.*

We

We read of *Philostrates*, how he lived *seven years in his Tomb*, that he might be acquainted with it, against the time he came to be put into it: *Oh, an Apprentiship of years, is time little enough to make us perfect in the Mystery of Mortality.*

Divine Meditations arising from the Contemplation of these sad and serious Sentences.

1. *Med.*

IS it not high time to make fit to die, considering thy *Winding Sheet* lies ready for thee, and the Bell tolls thee away. Say with thy self, My want is great, my time is almost run: If I make not market to day, I am not sure to do it to morrow. O the uncertainty of Life shall be the Alarum-Bell to give me now notice, to work out my Salvation with fear and trembling.

O, *I* am never so nigh my God, as when I think of my end. FRIEND, let Death be in thy thoughts, and God will be in thy heart.

2. *Med.* Meditate, since man must die, Lord, what danger in dying unprepared! this is *Maxima miseria, A misery of miseries*; and St. *Augustine* gives the reason. *For that look how a man goeth to that prison the Grave, so he goeth to the Judgment-hall to be tryed.*

But oh Death, thou Common *Butcherer of human Nature*! after thy great stroak be struck, I am not dead, but *asleep*. Blessed be thou my God, who hast made my grave my bed, in which, after I have taken some silent rest, the noise of the Archangel with his Trumpet, shall awake and raise me, from a Death for sin, to a life of glory. Death is the way we must all walk to Life;

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers (says the Lord *Manchester*) have fixed upon *the Love of God*; Some, upon *the Passion of Christ*; Some, upon *the Joys of Heaven*; Some, upon *Contempt of the World*; several others, upon divers other subjects: All opening, that some one is to be chosen. For whoso will *live to himself*, must be at *leisure for God*. And a wise man saith, *wisdom is to be written in time of leisure*: Whoever is lessen'd by work, he cannot tend it.

Vivere sibi.
Vacare Deo.

I being in my accustomed retiredness, disengaged from publick affairs (which was but seldom) found it useful, fruitful and delightful, *To bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.*

There be four last things, say the Fathers, *Heaven*, *Hell*, *Death*, and *Judgment*.

All Subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much Employment, so many Offices, so long Practice in several professions, I now thought it time to seize on *Death*, before it seiz'd on me. *Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my Heart to Wisdom.*

After long meditation, this I found, that when Meditation had begotten Devotion, then it applyed it self to Contemplation; which required a settlement upon some Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of *Immortality*? What so necessary as the thought of *Death*? Herein therefore I complyed with my own desires, and did so as it were weave my own winding-sheet by making choice of *Death* for the Subject of my Contemplation.

We should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of

of Considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a man's soul being once affected, hardly shall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

And lest I, busied about many things, should remain unknown unto my self; for the old word is a true one, *Neither things read, or understood, profit him at all, who does not both read and know himself.*

Nil prosunt lecta nec intellecta; nisi teipsum legas, & intelligas.

I there applyed my self [*Ad meum novissimum*, to my last thing,] *what man liveth, and shall not see death?* And if, after death, *The Righteous shall scarcely be saved*, we may well be fearful, and had need be careful that we be not taken unprepared.

When I was a young Man, (saith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practised *the art of well living*. When age came upon me, I then studied *the art of dying well*; how to die well.

Artem bene vivendi.

Artem bene moriendi.

It is true, *The journey of Life appears not to busie men until the end.* Yet when I was most busie of all, *I delighted my self with this comfort, that a time would come, wherein I might live to my self*, hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my self at last.

And this I am now come to, *by disposing, not by changing my self.*

Lord let me be found in this posture, when I come to die.

In the courses of my Life I have had interchanges: The World it self stands upon vicissitudes; *God hath interwoven my life with adversity and prosperity.* When I first took me to a Gown, I put on this thought; *I desire a Fortune*

Fortunam ut tegam appeto, non longam, sed Concinnam.

like my Gown, not long, but fit; fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kind of obscurity keeps a Man free from Envy. Although any kind of Superiority be a mark of envy; yet, Not to be so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the height of my Ambition. But I must confess, I have since had a greater portion of the World's favour, than I looked for: Nevertheless, I *never gave trust to fortune, although she seemed to be at peace with me.*

To check repining at those above me, I always looked at those below me; nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thank God, I can say, O *Lord, my heart is ready.* This I have considered, *that Life flows away by Hours and days, as it were by drops.*

Careful *Martha* was full, busie about many things: but was well advised by Christ, *There was only one thing necessary.*

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his House for ever; This was *David's unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Amidst these thoughts, I had these things in contemplation.

1. *What Death was, and the kinds of Death.*
2. *Secondly, What fears or joys death brings.*
3. Thirdly, *when Death is to be prepared for,* and *How.*
4. Fourthly, *Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of

Of these things I thus believed.

That Death was but a fall, which came by a Fall. Our first-framed Father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the Man, but mankind.

Body and Soul parting.

BUt, *Oh how bitter, at that time will be the parting of Soul and Body!* We see old acquaintance cannot part without tears. *What shall such intimate familiar friends do, as the Soul and Body are, which have lived together from the Womb with so much delight?*

In that hour, every man will make *Balaam*'s suit, O that I might die the death of the Righteous! We all desire to shut up our last scene of Life with, *In manus tuas, Domine*; *Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.*

At this Hour, What would a man give to secure his Soul? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ tunc, qui nunc pro nihilo das illam? What wilt thou give then for thy Soul to save it, who dost so prodigally throw it away now for nothing?* This thou canst not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whether thou goest, and what thou shalt look for: *Tunc, quasi loquentia, tua Opera dicent*; *Tu nos egisti: Tua opera sumus*; *Te non deseremus, sed tecum ibimus ad Judicium*: Then shall thy doings, even speaking aloud, say unto thee, Thou hast done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgment.

In that day shall come into mens minds (by the Divine Power) in the twinkling of an Eye, all their past good or evil Works.

Memory,

Memory, the Magazine of the Soul, will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought, all thy life long: For there needs no other Art of memory for sin, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himself, but Conscience is always just, and will never chide thee wrongfully; it always takes part with God against a man's self: It is a domestick Magistrate, that will tell what you do at home: It is well termed the pulse of the Soul; therefore if you would know the true state of your Body or Soul, feel how this beats, that will tell you: Yet take heed you make not an Idol of your Conscience; neither think, as some do, that it is a crime to make a Conscience of our Actions

At point of death, if a man will take his aim by the best men that ever lived or died; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, yea, and of *Christ himself*, (as he was man) is able to amaze any man; when as our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said, *My soul is troubled, and what shall I say*; and at the very point of Death, said, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup pass from me.* When *David* said, *Save, Lord, for thy mercies sake*: *For in Death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezekias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must die*: *If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Martyrs, if Christ himself* was thus troubled at the hour of Death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I do?* We were all to seek, but that Christ bids us, *Be of good chear, for I have overcome Death.*

Cæsar Borgias being sick to death, said, *When I lived, I provided for every thing but death; now I must die, and am unprovided to die.*

Previous preparation becomes a wise man.

But

But we are all deceived with this Error, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; so death, that it may more easily surprise us, shrowds it self under the very name of life.

He that sees the *Basilisk* before he be seen of it, avoids the poyson: See Death before it comes, you shall not feel it when it comes.

We pray daily; Lord, *Give us this day our daily Bread; whilst it is called to day*: We should remember, *Life is but a day, 'tis but a day, not an age.* Wherefore, saith *Solomon*, *Talk not of to morrow, for thou knowest not what to morrow will bring forth.*

A man, saith *Luther*, lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and by that time he sees his folly, his Life is finished. So men die before they begin to live.

To die well, is too busie a work to be done well on a sudden. Deferring, as well as presuming, makes many men implicite Atheists.

It was a sweet Speech, and might well have become an Elder Body, which a young innocent Child of my own, used in extremity of sickness, *Mother, what shall I do? I shall die before I know what death is.* I beseech you tell me what is Death, and how I should die.

Now of the way to die well.

HE that would end his days well, must spend them well: *'Tis no great matter to live, all do as much; but few die well.*

But

But Death ſa"s ſad and heavy upon ſuch,
Are little known at home, abroad too much.

Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore he liveth a time in the world, that he may die betime to the world. *His Years come to an end as a Tale that is told.* His days deceive him, for they paſs as a ſhadow, by moonſhine; then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end. *Job* ſaith, *My days are ſwifter than a Poſt, they flee away and ſee no good.*

The art of dying well is better learnt by Practice, than by Precept.

Unto dying well, three Things are moſt requiſite:

Firſt, To be often meditating upon Death.
Secondly, To be dying daily.
Thirdly, To die by little and little.

The firſt ſtep of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death brings a man to die in eaſe; for it alleviates pains, expels fear, eaſes cares, cures ſins, corrects death it ſelf. The very Thought of Eternity will make eaſie and pleaſant all things we ſuffer in a miſerable Life.

How can we be ſaid not to die, when we live among the dead? We live with ſo many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every Humour in us engenders Diſeaſes enough to kill us, ſo that our Bodies are but living Graves; and we die not becauſe we are,

ſick,

sick, but because we live. And when we recover from sickness, we escape not sickness, but the disease: All this life is but a death of an hour.

Familiarity with Death, a soveraign Cordial against Death.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes; for through acquaintance, death will lose his horror; like unto an ill Face, though it be as formidable as a monster, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from distaste: walk every day, with *Joseph*, a turn or two in thy Garden with death, and thou shalt be well acquainted with the face of death; but shalt never feel the sting of death: Death is black, but comely. *Philostrates* lived seven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it, against his bones came to lye in it. Some Philosophers have been so wrapt in this contemplation of Death, and Immortality, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for *Nature's* part; and *Moralists* think this enough for their part to conceive so: But *Christians* must go farther; and search deeper: *They* must try where the power of death lyes. They shall find that the power of every man's death lyes in his own sin; That death never hurts a man but with his own weapons: It always turns upon us, some sin it finds in us. *The sting of Death is sin*: Pluck out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well, is to die often. Let a man often and seriously think

think of dying, then let him sin if he can, said *Picus Mirandula*. In *Sardis* there grew an Herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a Man lie laughing when he was deadly sick: Such is the operation of sin. Beware therefore of this [*Risus Sardonicus*] laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearful thing for a man to be author of his own death; but a sinful life slays the soul. and so while we live, we kill or lose our better life. The Commandment that says, *Thou shalt not kill*, especially forbids the murthering of our own Souls. And herein is our happiness; though we live in sin, yet we die without sin. Therefore to me Death is welcome; not as an end of troubles, but of sin. *Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.*

The Second Step, To be dying daily.

THE second step to dying-well, is, to die daily. Methinks, O my Soul, it is but yesterday since we met, and now we are upon parting; neither shall we, I hope, be unwilling to take our leaves: for, what advantage can it be to us to hold out longer together. Are we not assured that if our earthly house of this Tabernacle were dissolved, *we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens?* Why therefore, O my Soul, shouldst thou be loth to part upon fair terms? Thou, O my Soul, to the possession of that happy Mansion, which thy dear Saviour hath, from all Eternity, prepared for thee in his Father's house: and thou, O my body, to that quiet repository of the grave; till ye both shall happily meet in the blessed Resurrection of the Just.

I die, that I may not die. I die daily, saith Saint *Paul*. *So many days as thou livest, reckon so many lives; for he that disposeth all his days as one life, can neither wish nor fear to morrow.* The

The old saying is a good saying; Do that every day, which thou wouldst do the same day that thou diest. *'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life, before Death.*

To die by little and little, the third step.

THE third step to dying well is, to die by little and little.

Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, by little and little: every sin is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a continual death. *Impiè vivere est diu mori; To live wickedly, is to be long a dying*: Therefore saith the good Man, *We are killed all the day long.*

He that useth this course every day. To die by little and little, to him (let Death come when it will) it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keep *a Courser to run a Race*, we lead him daily over the place, to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his speed, he do not start or turn aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our souls; and then *we shall run with boldness the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the Author and finisher of our salvation.*

To die by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser sins, and not to say with *Lot, Is it not a little one?*

There be also a sort of little deaths, sickness of body, loss of Friends, and the like: Use these in their kind, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Every change is a certain imitation of Death. Let

a man go out as he came into the World; which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

To die daily, is this: daily to attend upon, and exercise that great duty of Mortification, according to our *solemn Vow and Covenant made to God at our Baptism*: which Vow and Covenant, we renew, at our first coming to the *holy and blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*. Alas, how few do consider, or understand this great duty of Mortification, and fewer practise it. And yet this, above all others, is the Grace which fitteth and prepareth us for Death; this Grace putteth us into the possession of Life Spiritual; and by perseverance in it, into life Eternal, *Rom.* 8. 13. *But if ye live after the flesh*; that is, after the appetites, lusts, affections of the flesh, *ye shall die*. But I bless God, I have nothing to do with the World, nor the World with me. Riches, Pleasures, honours transport me not, affect me not; nor am I dejected and afflicted with poverty, common pains, sicknesses, disgrace or scorn. Christ liveth in me, and I in him; therefore, I humbly thank the power of his grace, I can die as willingly as I can go out of one Room into another.

For the manner of dying.

AMongst Men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a man's death. *The chief good of Man, is his good departure out of this life.*

Before you die, set your house in order: He that hath not a house, yet hath a soul; no soul can want affairs to set in order, for this final dissolution.

The chief grace of the Theatre, is the last

Scene

Scene. It is the Evening that Crowns the day; and we think it no good ſign of a fair Morrow, when the Sun ſets in a Cloud: *The end Crowns every Work.*

Moſt men wiſh a ſhort Death, becauſe death is always accompanied with pain. *We die groaning.* To lie but an hour under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day, we think beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: He that *deſires to be diſſolved, and be with Chriſt*, dies not only patiently, but delightfully. Happy is he, that after due preparation, dies ere he be aware; ſo likewiſe is he happy that, by long ſickneſs, ſees death afar off; for the one dies like *Elias*, the other like *Eliſha*: both bleſſedly.

The beſt poſture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling: *Preſs*, ſaith St. *Paul, towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling*, Phil. 3.

A good Man, by his good will, would die *praying*, and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on his way *ſinging*, and ſo adds the pains of ſinging to that of going; Who yet by this ſurplus of pain, unwearies himſelf of pain.

But ſome wretches think God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few ſighs, with a [*Lord have mercy upon us,*] be not enough at the laſt gaſp.

But commonly good Men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying. It was a Speech worthy the commendation, and frequent remembrance of ſo divine a Biſhop as *Auguſtine*, which is reported of an aged Father, in his time; who, when his Friends comforted him on his ſick bed, and told him, they hoped he ſhould recover; anſwered, *If I ſhall not die at all, well; but if ever, why not now?* Surely it is folly, what

what we must do, to do unwillingly. I will never think my Soul in a good case, so long as I am loth to think of dying.

There is no Spectacle in the World so profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man; to stand by, and see a man dismanned. *Curiously didst thou make me in the lowest part of the Earth*, saith *David*: but to see those Elements which compounded, made the Body: To see them divided, and the man dissolved, is a ruful sight.

Every dying man carries Heaven and Earth wrapped up in his bosom, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Certainly, death hath great dependency on the course of man's life, and life it self is as frail as the Body which it animates. *Augustus Cæsar accounted that to be the best death which is quick and unexpected, and which beats not at our doors by any painful sickness.* So often as he heard of a man that had a quick passage, with little sense of pain, he wished for himself that *Euthanasie*: While he lived he used to set himself between his two friends, *Groans and Tears*. When he died he called for his Looking-glass, commanded to have his Hair and Beard kembed, *his reviled cheeks smoothed up*. Then asking his Friends, if he acted his part well, when they answered, *Yes*; *why then*, says he, *do you not all clap your hands for me?*

Despair in dying, may as well arise from weakness of Nature, as from trouble of Mind: But by neither of these can he be prejudiced, that hath lived well.

Raving, and other strange Passions, are many times rather the effect of the Disease, than coming from the mind. For upon Death's approaches, choler fuming to the Brain, will cause distempers

diſtempers in the moſt patient Soul. In theſe caſes, the faireſt and trueſt judgment to be made is, that ſins of ſickneſs occaſioned by violence of Diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſigns or preſages; *A Son of ſo many Tears* cannot but be ſaved. I will not deſpair in reſpect of that man's impatient dying, whom the Worm of Conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldom any enter into *Glory* with eaſe; yet the *Jews* ſay of *Moſes*, *His ſoul was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſs.*

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cried, *Lord, ſpare me a little. O ſpare me, that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezekias* ſome *Years of Days* were lent: But we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees, when once it is gone down in the Dial of *Ahaz*; we muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore, as a ſick man hearkens to the *Clock*, *ſo let us watch Death.* For ſudden coming of Death, finding a weak ſoul unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

Death approaching, what our laſt Thoughts ſhould be.

Seneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent. *The laſt is the beſt*; dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions. Our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. The

The soul it self, when it is entring into glory, breaths Divine things.

At this time a good man's tongue is in his breast, not in his mouth; his words are then so pithy and so pectoral, that he cries, O Lord Jesus, take thine own into thy own custody!

Anatomists say, there are strings in a man's tongue, which go to his heart; when these break, Man speaks his heart. *Oh that they were wise!* (said *Moses*) *and would understand, and fore-see their latter end.* When he was dying Christs last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our answer is, *Amen*: *Even so come Lord Jesus*, &c.

I have but small acquaintance with the *future State*, but this I'm sure there will be no change that will be so surprizing to me as that By Death. It is a thing of which I know but little, and none of the millions of Souls that have past into the *invisible* World, have come again to tell me how it is.

I.

It must be done (*my Soul*) *but 'tis a strange,*
A dismal and Mysterious *change,* Norris.
When thou shalt leave this Tenement *of Clay*;
And to an unknown *somewhere* wing away;
When Time *shall be* Eternity, *and thou* (*not* how.
Shalt be *thou know'st not* what, *and* live *thou know'st*

II.

Amazing State! *no wonder that we dread*
To think *of* Death, *or* view *the* Dead,
Thou'rt all wrapt up in the Clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge *had* Antipathy.
Death could not a more sad *retinue find,*
Sickness *and* pain before, *and* darkness *all* behind.

III.

III.

Some courteous Ghost *tell this great Secrecy,*
What 'tis you are, and we must *be.*
You warn us of approaching Death, *and why*
May we not know from you what 'tis to dye?
But you having shot *the Gulph, delight to see*
Succeeding Souls plunge *in with like* uncertainty.

IV.

When Life's close knot by writ *from Destiny,*
Disease *shall cut, or* age unty;
When after some delays, *some dying strife,*
The Soul stands shivering *on the ridge of Life;*
With what a dreadful Curiosity
Does she launch *out into the Sea of vast* Eternity.

V.

So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o're,
And lower holds *could save no more,*
On th' utmost *Bough th' astonish'd Sinners stood,*
And view'd th' Advances *of th'* encroaching *Flood.*
O're topp'd *at length by th' Elements encrease,*
With horror *they resign'd to the* untry'd Abyss.

It is very desirable to know in what condition our Souls will be when they leave the Body, and what is the *Nature of that abode* into which we must go, but which we never saw into; and through what Regions we must then take our flight, and after what manner this will be done. 'Tis certain my Soul will then preserve the faculties that are natural to it, *viz.* to *understand, to will, to remember*, as 'tis represented to us under the Parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*: But alas! we little know how the People of the *disembodied Societies* act, and will, and understand, and communicate their

thoughts to one another, and therefore I long to know it. What conception can I have of a separated Soul (says a late Writer) but that *'tis all Thought?*

I firmly think when a mans body is taken from him by Death, he is turned into all *Thought* and *Spirit.* How great will be his Thought when it is without any hinderance from these material Organs that now obstruct its Operations? In that *Eternity* (as one expresses it) the whole power of the Soul runs together one and the same way. In Eternity the Soul is united in its Motions, which way one faculty goes all go, and the Thoughts are all concentred as in one *whole Thought* * of Joy or Torment.

* *Beverley's* great Soul of Man. *p.* 292.

These things have occasioned great *variety of Thoughts* in me, and my Soul when it looks towards the other World and thinks it self near, it can no more cease to be inquisitive about it, than it can cease to be a *Soul.*

TEARS

Tears

FOR A

Dead Husband.

WHen *Mary came where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*, Jo. 11. 32. She wept indeed, *yet* it was but for a Brother; and *the Jews also wept*, verſ. 33. yet it was but for a common Friend: But what was all that to the death of a Husband? O my Husband, my Husband! That very name of Husband methinks would flatter me with comfort, as if I might imagin that he could hear me. But oh, he is dead, he is dead: He cannot hear me he cannot behold me; he cannot anſwer me: His Ears are locked up, his Eyes are cloſed, his mouth is ſealed, his Soul is gone. O what ſhall I do for *my head, my guide, my heart, my Husband?* Were *my* Saviour upon Earth again, I could ſend one to him as *Mary* did, who ſhould ſay, *Lord, behold, he whom thou loveſt is dead.* Dead, ſay I? O dead, dead; he is gone; he is departed, and can never be recalled. But why? Why can he not be called back again? Did not my Jeſus cauſe *Lazarus* to ariſe when he had been *four days dead*? ver. 39. Yes, he did: But what then? I neither love my Saviour ſo well as *Mary* did, nor

(I fear) doth he love me so well as he did *Mary*: or if both were so, yet since Miracles are ceased, I cannot so much as hope that he will call back the Spirit of my Lord, my Husband. Oh could he be wooed by the Tears of a sinful Woman, never did any mourn so much as I would. But nothing will perswade: I seek but the disturbance of him whom *I* mourn for, if *I* desire to call him from his eternal rest.

When *Sarah* died in *Kirjath-Arba*, *Abraham* stood *up from before his deceased Wife, and spake unto the Sons of* Heth, *saying, I am a Stranger, and a Sojourner with you: Give me a Possession, and a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight*, Gen. 23. 3, 4. Though he so tenderly affected her whilst she was living, yet he would not look too long on her when she was dead. It is a duty as full of humanity to interr with decency the Bodies of the dead, as it is of Religion to love the Persons when they are alive. Yet vain is man in this affection, if he fixeth his love only on the beauty of the body. This flesh which is so tender, this skin which I strive to preserve both smooth and white, must one day be a banquet for the loathed Worms. No greater priviledge belongeth to me than did to my Husband; for the time will come when *I* shall follow him to the Earth. Had *I* loved only his outward form, my love should now either be quite forgotten, or else *I* should fondly desire to deny it interment: But it was his body enlivened with a rich and excellent Soul, which drew mine affection, and commanded my desires. Had that Soul and body continued their Society, *I* had been freed from my laments: but they have bid farewell till the general Resurrection, and hence am *I* enforced to utter my complaints. *I* weep for my loss be-

cause we are divorced: But oh what conflicts then can I imagin that he had, when he was not only to part from his indeared Wife; but likewise his Soul was to leave this chillowed Earth! Oh for him, for him, for my loss of him do *I* pay the tribute of these watering Eyes. Yet these tears must not flow in too great abundance, lest by them *I* should seem to envy his happiness. Even when his body shall be layed to sleep in the grave, if *I* mourn too much, it will be justly suspected that too much *I* loved the worst of my Husband. His Soul, which was his best, is now in perfection, and may not be lamented: his Body which is the worst and grosser part of him, is now to be committed to the Earth whence it came. Thither it must go, to that place *I* must commend it; otherwise my former love may be turned into loathing: and that which *I* esteemed when it was alive, *I* shall be forced to abhor, if *I* keep it from the Grave. O it grieveth me each minute that *I* think of my deares; it troubleth and perplexeth me with disturbed thoughts, when *I* consider how frequently *I* loved him, yet cannot enliven him. But these are only the fond conceptions of an erring phantasie; and tell me that *I* loved him more than *I* should, or else now *I* would not grieve so much as *I* do. If my love to God be so great as *I* pretend, *I* shall thankfully acknowledg his Love to the departed. O let it never be said that my Love was Idolatry, in affecting him, too much, who is but dust and ashes.

But why sit *I* musing in these pensive thoughts when *I* should rather prepare for the burial of the dead? Have *I* taken a course for the place of his Rest, where his cold body may be laid to sleep? This is a duty which every age hath been careful to perform. It was a greater argument of *Jehoja-*

him's fury against *Uriah* the Prophet, that *he cast his dead body into the graves of the common People, than that he slew him with the Sword*, Jer. 26. 23. It hath also been a testimony of God's revenge, when he suffered not the dead to have a decent interment. *If a Man beget an hundred Children* (saith the Preacher) *and live many years, so that the days of his years be many; and his Soul be not filled with good, and also that he have no burial, I say that an untimely birth is better than he*, Eccles. 6. 3. When the Man of God had disobeyed his command, the old Prophet told him, saying, *Thy Carcass shall not come into the Sepulcher of thy Fathers*, 1 King. 13. 22. This Curse was accounted as full of dread, as any that was sent upon the Sons of Men.

But on the contrary *Abijah* the Prophet telleth the Wife of *Jeroboam* concerning her sick son *Abijah*, saying, *Arise, get thee to thine house; and when thy feet enter into the city, the Child shall die: But all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of* Jeroboam *shall come to the Grave, because in him there is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel in the house of* Jeroboam, 1 Kings 14. 12, 13. Again, when *Huldah* the Prophetess did foretell the destruction of *Jerusalem*, but a respite thereof in the time of *Josiah*, she told him, saying, Behold, saith the Lord, *I will gather thee to thy Fathers; and thou shalt be gathered into thy Grave in peace*, 2 Kings 22. 20. Thus hath it often discovered the wrath of the Almighty, when the carkasses of the dead have been denyed their funerals: and on the contrary, it hath sometimes manifested his love, when they have peaceably been brought to their longest home. Burial is the last of duties which we owe unto our friends, to which both religion, and nature, and civility do prompt us forward. When *Isaac, being old and full of days, did give up*

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the Ghost, and died, and was gathered unto his people; his two sons Esau *and* Jacob *buried him*, Gen. 35.29. When *John* the Baptist was beheaded in the prison *his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it*, Mat. 14. 12. The disciple that was willing to follow my Redeemer, yet accounted it his duty to attend on the funeral of his deceased Father, and therefore desired, saying, *Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my Father*, cap. 8. 21.

Even the glutton in the Gospel had so much favour as to be brought to his Grave: so saith the text; *The rich man also died, and was buried*, Lu. 16. 22.

It is then the duty of the living to provide even for the dead, that they may be buried in peace.

But is it a matter of any moment in what place we lay the bodies of our deceased friends? Is it not all one, whether in the fields, or whether in our Golgotha's? No doubtless, for even the laws of our land are so justly severe against Idolaters, that we suffer not the convicted to be buried in our ground which is dedicated to this use. Neither may they be permitted to mix with our dead, who have desperately become the murderers of themselves: but they lye in the roads, where a stake is set up, to give notice to passengers that they unnaturally hastened their own departure. Is it a matter of some moment to us who are living, that we lay our deceased friends in a place convenient: for although it extendeth not to their knowledge, yet it redoundeth to their honour.

But is it not all one in what part of the ground I bury my Husband, so I lay his body in a place that is set apart for that purpose? Surely no; although it is equal to him, yet is it not to me. Although at the resurrection we shall meet again, at what distance soever our Graves shall be made;

yet there is some reason we should be buried so near as we may, that as our bodies were injoyned a mutual society in the time of life so they might also sleep together in the silent dust. It is but just that one grave should receive the bodies of us, for whom one bed was designed upon earth; that as in our lives we were made one flesh, so after our deaths we should make one lump. When *Barzillai* was offered a favour from King *David*, and wooed to spend his time at the Court, he besought the King, saying, *Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my Father, and of my Mother*, 2 Sam. 19. 37. Friends have ever desired to lye by friends, that those especially who were knit together in *blood* & *affection*, might be joyned together in their *earth* and *ashes*. In the Cave of *Machpelah* which *Abraham bought of Ephron for four hundred shekels of silver*, was buried both *himself*, *and* Sarah *his wife*, Gen. 23. 16. There lay *Isaac*, *and Rebekah his wife*, cap. 49. 31. and there lay *Leah*, and *Jacob* her husband, chap. 50. 13. Though *Saphira* died by the judgment of God for the lye she had told: yet when she fell dead *at Peter's feet, and yielded up the Ghost, the young men came in, and carried her forth, and buried her by her Husband*, Act. 5. 10. It is therefore convenient that I choose a place for burial of my Husband, where (if so it may be) I my self may be layed. Convenient it is, but not absolutely necessary; for the souls shall not enjoy the less felicity for the remoter distance, and separation of the bodies: neither shall the bodies either be sensible of the disjunction; or shall it retard their meeting at the general day. Although the bones of *Jacob* were *carried into the land of* Canaan, *and buried in the cave of the field of* Machpelah *which* Abraham *bought*, according as he had *made his son* Joseph *swear to*

him

him before his death, Gen. 50. 13. 5. yet he had formerly *buried* his beloved *Rachel in the way to* Ephrah, *which is* Bethlehem, and there *Jacob set a pillar upon her Grave, which was called the pillar of* Rachel's *grave*, cap. 35. 19, 20.

Thus do I sit and muse about the burial of him whom so dearly I loved. Yet methinks I could most readily preserve him from the dust, if either it were in my power, or might bring me content. But go he must, and I must follow him. This narrow room of his coffin must be put in trust with his mouldring earth: and he who in his life time was entertained with variety of spacious chambers, must now securely sleep in the chamber of a Grave. O how it grieveth me to see this effect of sin! Had not Adam fallen, my husband had not died. But oh, he's dead; and since nor tears, nor sigh's, nor groans, nor cries have power to recall him, it is therefore my duty, and it shall be my care to express my love to him in the rites of his funeral. Friends shall carry him; neighbours shall attend on him; and my tears shall embalm him. The preacher shall be instructed in the vertue which adorned him, that so he may commend them to others for their due imitation. The hearers shall greedily attend to the praises of the dead; and not only acknowledg their truth, but contentedly wish like him to live, and like him to die.

Now, O now another storm approacheth in mine eyes: for the company beginneth to approach my doors; and my neighbours and my friends are hastening to my house. But when they come let them not think to comfort me, lest they add to my grief while they vainly strive to conquer my Passion. I cannot allow

an intermiſſion or forbearance of Tears, leſt I ſhould appear unnatural. If I do not weep, I I did not love. O methinks I could willingly weep my ſelf into a Statue, that I might become his monument. It is the height of injuſtice to forbid *my* Tears, ſince the delight of mine *Eyes* is now to be carryed to the place of Oblivion. Methinks every thing ſeemeth to call for a *Tear*, which is the object of a Senſe. Thoſe Bells which ſo mournfully accord in their Tunes, invite my Neighbours to come to the *Funeral*; yet not to appear with *empty Eyes*, unleſs they come to learn how to weep. Theſe Herbs, theſe Strewings, which lately were freſh and at eaſe in their Beds, are willing to *lye* even under the feet of theſe that will mourn: And becauſe they have no *Eyes* themſelves to weep us a Tear, they *lye* to receive what ſhall drop from the mourners. Theſe Sprigs of *Roſemary* do call to my remembrance with what joy and delight they pleaſed me at my Nuptials: But (leſt I ſhould forget the greater happineſs of the marriage with the Lamb) even this *Herb* which ſerved at our Wedding does attend at the *Funeral*. O methinks theſe Spriggs have ſad Rhetorick ſitting on their leaves; for thoſe drops of Water which hang upon them, were once the Blood of the fragrant Flowers, and now are the Tears of the drooping Plants. So ready were theſe Spriggs to come when I deſired them, that they ſlipped from their ſtems to attend theſe Obſequies. Theſe exotick Perfumes which delight the ſenſe, are willing to be burned, rather than the living ſhall be offended with the dead. Theſe ſable Garments ſtrike Terror into the *Eye*, and command the ſpectator to lend us a *Sigh*. And what other Lecture is read here, or taught,

but

but *God's decree of Man's Mortality?* The chief *Speaker* and *Orator* is he who hath now forgotten to *ſpeak*; for the *locking up* of his *Senſes*, the ſilence of his *Tongue*, and the coldneſs of his pale and frozen *Body*, have more force to prove the *ſhortneſs of our Lives*, than the moſt *Eloquent Strains* of the beſt *Rhetorician*. Theſe *Bells* aſſure me, that my Life is but a ſound, a noiſe, an air: Theſe Perfumes tell me, That it is but a Vapour: Theſe Herbs do teach me, that *Fleſh is as Graſs*, 1 Pet. 1. 24. And theſe *Tears*, theſe *early Tears*, which ſo ſuddenly ariſe, when my Heart doth call, teach me *Mortality* in their *haſty falling*. And who can chooſe but weep for the ſhortneſs of our Lives? Who can forbear a *Tear* at the *Funeral* of a Friend? It was a curſe inflicted upon the wicked *Jews*, that they neither ſhould be buried, nor yet lamented. *They ſhall die of grievous deaths* (ſaith the Prophet) *they ſhall not be lamented; neither ſhall they be buried: but they ſhall be as dung upon the face of the earth; and their carkaſſes ſhall be meat for the fowls of heaven, and for the beaſts of the earth*, Jer. 16. 4.

Grace muſt, and moſt willingly ſhall have the chief predominance; but let Nature have likewiſe its qualifyed Drops, ſo they grow not immoderate. Though my loſs be the greateſt to whom he was a Husband, yet others may weep too, to whom he was a Friend: When *Joſeph went to bury his Father*, then *all the ſervants of* Pharaoh *went with him, and the Elders of his houſe, and all the Elders of the Land of* Egypt: *And all the houſe of* Joſeph, *and his Brethren, and his Fathers Houſe*: *And they came to the Threſhing-Floor of* Arad, *and there they mourned with a great and very ſore lamentation*: *and*

he

he made a mourning for his Father seven days, Gen. 50. 7, 8, 10. When *Lazarus* was buried, and *the* Jews *saw* Mary *rise up hastily, and go out*, they little imagined that she went to meet the *Lord of Life*: but they followed her, saying, *She goeth unto the Grave to weep there*, Jo. 11.31. When her Brother *Lazarus* was dead, she wept, and her sister wept, and her friends the *Jews* wept: And when Christ did see them all thus weeping, he was so far from blaming them, that *he wept himself*, ver. 35. When *Josiah* was slain, *his servants took him out of the Chariot wherein he was wounded, and put him in the second Chariot which he had, and they brought him to* Jerusalem: *And he died, and was buried in one of the Sepulchres of his Fathers*: *and all* Judah *and* Jerusalem *mourned for* Josiah, 2 *Chron.* 35. 24. When *Samuel* was dead, *all* Israel *lamented him, and buried him in* Ramah, *in his own City*, 1 Sam. 28. 3. When the old Prophet *took up the Carkass of the Man of God*, who had been slain by a Lion, *he laid it upon the Ass, and brought it back*; *and came to the City to mourn, and to bury him*: *And he laid his Carkass in his own grave, and they mourned over him, saying, Alas my Brother*, 1 Kings 13. 29, 30. *The Children of* Israel *wept for* Moses *in the Plain of* Moab *thirty days*, Deut. 34. 8. Though *Samuel* took his leave, and departed from *Saul*, and *came no more to see him until the day of his death*; *nevertheless* Samuel *mourned for* Saul, 1 *Sam.* 15. 35. Though *Jephthah*'s Daughter had been dead and buried long before, yet *it was a custom in* Israel, *that the Daughters of* Israel *went yearly to lament the Daughter of* Jephthah *the* Gileadite, *four days in a year*, Jud. 11. 39, 40. When *Stephen* was stoned, *devout Men carried him to his burial, and*

made

made great lamentation over him, Acts 8. 2. When *Hezekiah slept with his Fathers*, he was *buried in the chiefest of the Sepulchres of the Sons of* David; *and all* Judah, *and the Inhabitants of* Jerusalem *did him honour at his Death*, 2 Chr. 32. 33. When *Mary Magdalen stood weeping at the feet of* my *Saviour, and did wash his Feet with Tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head*, and *brought an Alabaster Box of Ointment*, and *anointed him with the Ointment*, Luke 7. 37, 38. He was so far from disliking it in her, that he checked his Disciples who had indignation at the Act, and therefore said, *To what purpose is this waste?* Yea, he reproved them, and said unto them; *Why trouble ye the Woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon me: For in that she hath poured this Ointment on my Body, she did it for my Burial*, Mat. 26. 8, 10, 12. *She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint my Body to the burying*, Mar. 14. 8. Here, I find, was Ointment to embalm him; and here were also Tears at his Funeral: And yet so far was Christ from blaming her for her Tears, that he not only decreed the *publishing of this Act through the World where the Gospel should be preached*, and that *for a Memorial of her*, Mat. 26. 13. but he likewise upbraided *Simon* with the tears of the sinner, and said unto him, *I entred into thine house, and thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with Tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head*, &c. *Wherefore her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much*, Luke 7. 44, 47. Weep then I may upon this sad occasion; yea, and weep may my Friends too. Tears are as proper at a Funeral, as Smiles at a Wedding. We have two Marriages; the first whereof is to

living

living Dust; the last to the cold and silent *Earth*. At the former we rejoyce, for it was an institution of God before *Man had sinned*, Gen. 2. 24. At the latter we weep, for it is the effect of sin. We cloath our selves in delightful Colours, when we celebrate the former: But our *Blacks* at the latter are our *Wedding Garments*. The *Rosemary* is served about at each: The *Gloves* and the *Favours* attend at each: The *Wine*, and the other accustomed *Entertainments* are given at each: We go to the *Church* for the consummation of each: Only here is the difference, that at the one we rejoice, but at the other we mourn. Every *Guest* that is willing to comply with the present occasion, must as well be sad at this, as be merry at the other. Weep we may, and weep we must; especially my self who have lost my self. But yet let me take heed that I offend not in my Tears, lest that which is my Duty be turned into a Crime. I must especially take heed that I err not in the cause of these Laments: for if I grieve at the happiness of him that is departed, I discover an Envy rather than Affection. If I grieve for the loss which my self sustaineth, I must take heed that I wrong not my confidence in God. I may not offend in the number of my Tears; for if I weep too much, I may forfeit my hope; or at least I may occasion those that behold me to think that I doubt of the salvation of the Dead. Weep I may, and weep I must: but for fear lest *I* offend in these my Tears, in my earnest Prayers I will beg that they may be sanctified. To my God will I go for his Direction and Assistance: And in this storm of my Tears, I will shelter my self under his Protection.

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The Dying Knell—, Or, Tears for the Death of a beloved Brother, and may likewiſe ſerve at the Deceaſe of any other faithful Friend.

A *Friend* (ſaith King Solomon) *loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for adverſity*, Prov. 17. 17. Friendſhip which is begotten by the outward form, or any other ſiniſter and by-reſpect, liveth no longer than that ground of affection: but nature is ſtronger than our election can be; and Religion obligeth far more than both. O how great then is my loſs of my deareſt Brother, in whom both excellency of Feature, nearneſs of blood, and a gracious converſation conſpired together to render him *matchleſs*! To me he was a Friend but now to the Grave: and what loſs can be greater than the loſs of a Friend? To me he was a Brother, but now to the Worms: And what loſs can be more deplorable than the loſs of a Brother? But to me he was yet more: he was a Friend in his Love and courteſies, a Brother by his blood, yea and an inſtructer, a teacher of Religion and goodneſs: And yet nor love, nor blood, nor Religion could preſerve him mine. O what Sorrows do accompany all things tranſitory! His love could not die, but his body could: And ſo I am deprived of the Society of my Brother, becauſe my Brother was ſubject to Corruption. But is this the adverſity for which he was born, according to King *Solomon*? Did the Wiſe Man intend that a *Brother is born to bring Adverſity*? Or rather to comfort us in the time of Adverſity? Had he been a cauſe of my leaſt diſturbance

bance while he was living, he would have eased my grief by grieving himself. He would have comforted me in the time of trouble, had he lived to see my grievous mourning. But now alas I am left to lament alone; and so much the more for the want of his comfort. I now must grieve for him who was my joy: and my laments and my griefs increase the higher, because for his sake they arise who cannot allay them. Had we lived in hatred, his death peradventure might have been my Comfort. Had we loved but slightly, a tear or two I might have thought enough to pay at his Funeral. But our Love was firm, it was strong, yea strong as death; and who then can blame me if my sorrows in some measure keep pace with my love? O what tie can be so great as that of affection? What love so great as of a Brother and Sister? And yet so vain is Man, so frail are Mortals, that either our affection or our persons must have a divorce. Had my deceased Brother forgotten the tie and bond of nature, and in his life had he turned his love into hatred; yet his fault ought not to have lessened my Love, to which both Nature and Religion did strongly oblige me. Had he loved me but coldly and faintly, as divers do; yet I ought to have warmed his affection with the *fervency* of mine. But oh, he *dearly loved*, he *cordially* affected me: and *yet* his *love* and his affection could not prolong his life.

Had my Brother and I been *Idolaters* together, I might have believed that that sin had slain my Brother. But as our Love was constant, so our Religion was undefiled: yea the strength of our Love was founded on the *purity* of our Religion; and yet he hath payed his debt to Nature. The Lord did threaten to set the *Egyptians*

gyptians against the Egyptians, and that they should fight every one against his Brother, Is. 19. 2. Those *Egyptians* were heathens, and Enemies to the Church; but my Brother and I were united both in the Profession and the Love of *Christianity*: and yet through our sins I fear that even *we destroy each other. My sins* are partly *punished* in his death: and his death hath given me so deep a wound, that peradventure I shall not long survive him. Our love was so entire, that methinks I could willingly sleep with him in his Grave: for while I live, my breast is but his walking monument. Such love as ours did not always possess the hearts of some as nearly allyed? which maketh me sigh to think that ever there were any which had layen successively in the self same womb, and yet did not joyn in the unity of affection.

Methinks the complaint of the Church may be part of an Elegy upon my deceased brother; for with her I may cry out, and that justly too; The good man is perished out of the earth. But neither can I say that he was a *Jew* in supplanting; or an enemy to the *Church*, lying in wait for blood. What secret *Devil* did guide both the tongue and the hand of *Joab*, when under the colour of friendship he asked *Amasa*, *Art thou in health, my brother? And took him by the beard with the right* hand *to kiss him*, 2. Sam. 20. 9. and yet even at that time *smote him with his sword in the fifth ribb, and shed out his bowels to the ground that he died* v. 10. What cursed fiend did guide the tongue of that wicked miscreant whom the Psalmist chargeth thus, and saith, *Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slandrest thine own mothers son*, Psal. 50. 20. Had my brother either supplanted me, or hunted me with a net, or sought to slay me, or slandered me with his tongue, then I might peradventure have saved this

this great expence of my Tears. But he was always so good a Brother, that I could never justly charge him with the least discourtesie. O no, *we took sweet Counsel together, and walked unto the House of God in company*, Psal. 55. 14. I may say of him as *Nehemiah* spake of *Hanani* the Ruler of the Pallace, *He was a faithful man, and feared God above many*, Neh. 7. 2. His blood was near to me; but his Soul was nearer. His person I loved, as I was prompted to it by Nature: But his inner man I more zealously affected, to which I was allured by his gracious endowments, yet neither his Counsel, nor his *society*, nor his *fidelity*, nor his *Religion* could preserve him from the sentence of a *temporal death*. O what would I not do to call him back again? What would I not give to have him *restored to life again*? But all that I can either do or give, cannot perswade his Soul to return back to its *Prison*.

Well then, seeing that I cannot fetch him from the Grave, I will yet send up my sighs towards the place where he is blessed. This I may do without any check either of *reason*, or *religion*. It was a curse which God did inflict upon *Jehojakim* for his sins, *That they should not lament for him, saying, Ah my Brother*, Jer. 22. 17, 18. But on the *contrary*, when *Deborah* (though she was but *Rebekah*'s Nurse) *was buried beneath* Bethel *under an Oak, the name of it was called* Allon-Bachuth, *the Oak of weeping*, Gen. 35. 8. When the enemies of *David* were visited by sickness, he *behaved himself as though they had been his Friends, or his Brethren: Yea he bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his Mother*. Ps. 35. 14. But he who now is dead was not my *enemy*, but my *friend*, yea and no common friend, but a Brother: *yea*, and not a Brother in the flesh so much as in affection, even

as

as dear as a Mother. Why then should I not sorrow for the loss of such a *Brother?* I will grieve, I will lament when I remember the Love, and the *courtesies* which he shewed unto me; and I will speak in the language of the Church to Christ, and say, *O thou that wert my Brother, that sucked the breasts of my Mother, when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yet I should not be despised,* Cant. 8. 1. I will lament him as *David* did *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and say, *the Beauty of Israel is dead,* 2 Sam. 1 19. *he was lovely and pleasant in his life,* ver. 23. *I am distressed for thee, my Brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of Women,* v. 26.

But what advantage to the dead are the tears of the living? Can my sighs inspire life into his bosom? Can a draught of my tears fetch him back again to life? O no: 'tis this, 'tis this therefore that doth heighten and increase my sorrows, even that my tears cannot recover him whom I lament. But cease, fond woman, cease thy sobbs and cryes of discontent. By the extremity of thy passion thou mayest hasten to his Grave: yet if thou murderest thy self with excessive sorrow, thy soul may be deprived of the society of his. 'Tis true indeed; 'tis most true. Little can I expect to come to heaven, if I violently force my self from the earth. Why then do I take on, as if I either suspected his happiness, or doubted of following him? What comfort can it bring to his body of earth, to have it cabined in the Grave with his dispersing ashes? The dust of both of us may mix in the vault, and yet no joy arise to our sensless ashes. If his earth was that which drew mine affection, I see my fondness in the corruption of that Earth: but if his gracious soul was the object of my love, I must strive to come where that surviveth

veth. To heaven he's gone, and to heaven I'll haſten: and becauſe I will go the ſureſt way, I will walk in thoſe paths which faith and patience ſhall direct me in. I will no more diſturb the peace of my mind, ſince that cannot help me to the company of him. Weep indeed I do; I am enforced unto it: 'tis the law of nature; 'tis an act of neceſſity; I cannot avoid it. Yet, though I weep, I will labour for content: and ſince my God (as I undoubtedly believe) hath been pleaſed to crown my brother with glory; I will beſeech him to comfort me here with his grace. I will not immoderately weep, leſt I injure my ſelf: I will not weep without hope, leſt I offend my Maker: but that I may weep as I ſhould, and hope as I ought, and live as I am required, I will humble my ſelf at the feet of him to whom my brother is gone.

Put on Mourning Apparel.

Sermon III.

ECCLES. 7. 2.

It is better to go to the Houſe of Mourning, then to the Houſe of feaſting: for that is the end of all Men, and the living will lay it to his heart.

IT is evident, that in this Verſe that I have now read to you, the Wiſe man ſpeaks of ſuch a *mourning*, as is occaſioned by the Death of friends. And he ſaith of that Mourning, that *it is better than to be in the Houſe of Feaſting.*

That he ſpeaks of ſuch a *mourning*, appears by that which followeth: Firſt, he ſaith that *this is the end of all men*, he ſpeaks therefore of ſuch a *mourning*, as is upon the end of men, upon the departure of men out of this World: And Secondly, he ſaith, *the living will lay it to his heart*: He ſpeaks of ſuch an end of Men, as is oppoſite to the life of Men.

In a word, *By the Houſe of mourning*, he meaneth a houſe wherein ſome one is dead, which giveth occaſion to the parties that dwell there, of ſorrow and mourning for their departed friend. *It is better to go to ſuch a houſe.*

By the Houſe of feaſting, he meaneth not only ſuch a houſe wherein there is feaſting, but alſo all manner of abundance: As commonly Men ſhew their wealth in Feaſting.

By the end of all men, he meaneth ſuch an end of

of a man as that he ceaseth to be as he was upon earth, and ceaseth to do as he did upon Earth.

By laying to heart, he meaneth such a serious considering, and pondering, and discussing of every thing, as they may bring it to some use, may draw some Fruit, and benefit out of it to themselves.

So that the sum and substance of the words is thus much; *It is a better thing for a Man to be conversant about the thoughts of death, and to take hold of all occasions that may bring the serious consideration thereof into his heart, than to delight himself in those worldly pleasures, and sensual delights, wherein for the most part men spend their lives.*

The words consist of a Proposition; And a proof or confirmation of that Proposition.

The Proposition. *It is better to go to the House of Mourning, than to go to the house of Feasting.*

The Confirmation or proof of it, is double: First, Because *this is the end of all Men*: Secondly, Because *the living will lay it to his heart.*

In the former, he calleth the House wherein any one dies, *the House of Mourning. It is better to go to the House of Mourning.*

Where you see; *That the Death of Men with whom we live, is a just occasion of Mourning* to some.

The holy Ghost would not have described the House wherein a man dies in this manner, if there were not some *equity and justice in mourning upon such an occasion.* For he speaks not here (as I conceive) only with reference, and respect to the common Custom of natural and worldly Men; but with respect to the natural disposition and affection, that is in the heart of

of man, and the equity of the thing. There should be visible signs of *Mourning*, and there is in it a just occasion, when men are taken away by death.

When *Sarah* died, the text saith, that *Abraham came to Mourn for* Sarah, *and to weep for her*, Gen. 23. 2. And *Esau*, when he speaks of the death of his Father *Isaac*, he calleth the time of his death, the *time of Mourning, the days of Mourning for my Father are at hand*, Gen. 27.41. So *Joseph* when his Father was dead, it is said that *he mourned for his Father seven days*, Gen. 50. 10. When *Samuel* was dead, all the Israelites *were gathered together, and lamented him*, 2 Sam. 25. 1. When *Iosiah* was dead, there was such a great lamentation for him, that it became a pattern of excessive mourning; *In that day there shall be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the Valley of* Megiddon, Zach. 12. 10 Our Saviour Christ when he looked upon *Lazarus*, he *wept*, because he was dead. And those *Ephesians*, this was it that broke their hearts, they *sorrowed most of all for the words which St. Paul spake, that they should see his face no more*, Acts 20. 38.

We come now to the proof of the point, why going to the *House of Mourning*, taking these occasions to affect our hearts, is better *than to go to the House of Feasting*, than to take occasions of delighting our selves in outward things. What's the reason? It is double.

First, *This is the end of all men.*

What is *the end of all men? The House of Mourning.* That which he meaneth by the *House of Mourning* here, is that which he calleth *the end of all men*, that which putteth an end to all men, and to their actions upon earth, and that is Death.

So

So that the main point, that in this place the wise man intendeth, is but thus much, I will deliver it in the very words of the Text, we need not vary from them at all.

Death is the end of all Men.

But here it will be objected; We find some men that did not die. It is said of *Enoch, that he was translated, that he should not see death,* Heb. 11. 5. And of *Elijah, that he went up by a whirl-wind into heaven in a chariot of fire,* 2 King. 2. 11. These men did not die.

To this, I answer briefly, Particular and extraordinary examples, do not frustrate general rules: God may sometimes dispense with some particular men, and yet the rule remain firm. I say it may be so.

But secondly we answer, They had that that was in stead of Death to them, some change, though they did not die after the manner of other men. So at the end of the world, it is said, *that those that are alive shall be caught up and changed, in the twinkling of an eye*; there shall be a sudden, and almost undiscernable, unperceivable change, which shall be to them in stead of death.

But it will be objected further; There is a promise made in *Joh.* 11. *That those that believe shall never die.*

To this I answer with that common distinction; There is a twofold death, which the Scripture calleth, the *first and the second death*: The *first death*, is the death of the body, that ariseth from a disjunction, and separation of the body from the soul; And there is a *second death*, that ariseth from the dis-junction, and separation of the soul from God. The *first death* is no death properly, the *second Death* is that which is truly Death: And so they shall not die. A man may have a body separated from the soul, and yet not his

his soul separated from God, nor himself from Christ. *Who shall separate us from the love of God in Christ? Neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers*, &c. Rom. 8 38.

This point also is of use to us, in the death of others.

First, to moderate the mourning of Christians for the Death of others. Why? It is *the end of all men*, it is that that is the common condition of all men, it should not be too grievous, nor too doleful to any man. We would not have our friends to be in another condition in their birth than others, we would not have them have more fingers, or more members than a man, and would we have them have more days? Let this serve as a brief touch upon that.

Secondly, it teacheth us to make good use of our fellowship while we are together. Not only we may die, but those that are useful to us may die also, let us make good use of one another, while we live therefore.

It did smite the heart of those Ephesians, that they *should see the face of Paul no more*; specially above the rest it grieved them, that they should see him no more; how would it have grieved them, think you, if they had always hardned themselves against his ministry before?

Think with your selves seriously, here is such a Minister, such a Christian friend, that husband and wife, that parent and child, a time of parting will come; let us make it easie now, by making good use of one another while we live, that when friends are took away, we may have cause to thank God, that we have had communion, and comfort of their fellowship and society, the benefit of their graces, the fruit of their lives: and not sorrow for the want of them by death.

Death separates a Man from his Friends.

For alas! Death doth not only part a mans body and soul, a mans self and his wealth, but it parteth a man from his friends, from all his worldly acquaintance, from all those that he took delight in upon earth: Death makes a separation between husband and wife: see it in *Abraham* and *Sarah*, though *Abraham* loved *Sarah* dearly, yet Death parted them, *Let me have a place to bury my Dead out of my sight*, Gen. 23. It parteth Father and Child, how unwilling soever they be: see it in *David and Absolom*, *Oh Absolom, my son, would God I had died for thee*: and *Rachel mourned for her Children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.* It parteth the Minister and the people: see it in the case of the people of Israels lamenting the death of *Samuel*; & in the case of the *Ephesians*, at the parting of S. *Paul*, *sorrowing especially when they heard they should see his face no more.* It parteth those friends who were so united together in love, as if they had but one soul in two bodies; see it in the separation that was made by death, between *David* and *Jonathan*, that were so knit together in their love, that he bewaileth him, *Woe is me for my brother Jonathan*, 2 Sam. 1.9.

This is necessary consideration for us that live that we may learn to know how to carry our selves towards our worldly friends, and how to moderate our selves in our enjoyment of these worldly comforts. Look upon every worldly thing as mortal, as a dying comfort. Look upon Children and friends, as dying comforts. Look upon your estate

estates, as that that hath wings, and will be gone. Look upon your bodies, that now you make so much of, as a thing that must be parted from the soul by death, and that ere long.

See what advice the Apostle giveth, 1 *Cor.* 7. 29. the time is short (saith he) therefore *let those that marry, be as if they married not: and they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not: and they that buy, as though they possessed not: and they that use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.*

When thou accompanyest another to the grave, dost thou conclude thus with thy self the very next time that any death is spoken of, it may be mine? or, as Saint *Peter* speaks to *Saphira* after the death of *Ananias*, *The feet of those that have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out also.*

Again this Doctrine serves to reprove, that sinful laying to heart of the death of others, that is too frequent and common in the world.

That is, first, when men with too much fondness, and with too great excess and *distemper* of *affection*, look upon their dead friends, as if God could never repair the loss, nor make amends for that he hath done in taking of them away. *Rachel mourneth, and will not be comforted.* *David* mourneth, and will scarce be comforted, *Oh Absolom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee.* What is all this but to look on friends, rather as Gods than men, as if all sufficiency were included in them only? *Men* look on their friends, as *Micah* did upon his Idol, when they had bereaved him of it, they took away all his comfort and quiet; *You have taken away my Gods* (saith he) *and what have I more*, Judg. 8. 4.

This now is an ill taking to heart the death of friends, to mourn as men without hope.

Secondly, there is taking to heart, and conſidering of the death of men, but it is an unrighteous conſidering, and unrighteous judging of the death of others. If men ſee one die, it may be a violent death, then they conclude, certainly there is ſome appearent token of Gods judgment on ſuch a one. If they ſee another die, with ſome extremity of torment, and vehement pains, certainly there is ſome apparent evidence of Gods wrath upon this man. If they ſee another in ſome great and violent tentation, ſtrugling againſt many tentations, they conclude preſently, certainly ſuch are in a worſer caſe than others. I may ſay to all theſe, as Chriſt ſaid once to thoſe that told him of the eighteen men upon whom the Tower in *Siloe* fell, think you that *they were ſinners above all men that dwelt in* Hieruſalem? *Luke* 13. 4. Or rather, as *Solomon* ſaith, All things come alike unto all, there *is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked*, Eccleſ. 9. 2. Learn to judge righteous judgment, to judge wiſely of the death of others, take heed of condemning the generation of the juſt.

But rather, in the laſt place, Make this uſe of the death of every one. Doth ſuch a man die by an ordinary ſickneſs, having his underſtanding, and memory continued to the end? Doth ſuch a man die in inward peace and comfort, with clear and evident apprehenſion of Gods love, ſo that he can with *Simeon* ſay *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace*, Luke 2. 29. What uſe ſhouldeſt thou that live make of this now? Certainly, let the ſweetneſs of their death, make thee in love with the good-

ne

ness of their lives. That is the only way to a happy death, to a comfortable end indeed, the leading of a fruitful and profitable life.

The main business that a man hath to do, is to make sure of himself in this life. It was the question that Saint *Austin* made to those that told him of a violent death that seized upon one. *But how did he live?* (saith he.) He made no matter how he went out, but how he carried himself in the world. And truly this is the great Question, that every man should put to his soul. I must out of the world, how have I lived when I was in the world? had GOD any glory by me? had men any good by me? have I furthered my account against the day reckoning, that I may give it up with joy.

But now he is Dead, wherefore ſhould I Faſt? or No returning from the Grave.

Sermon IV.

2 SAM. xii. 23.

But now he is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt? can I bring him back again? I ſhall go to him, but he ſhall not return to me.

HEre you have a large Deſcription of that incomparable Love which our princely Prophet *David*, that good King of *Iſrael*, did bear towards his Son, who was no ſooner viſited with ſickneſs, but that his moſt loving, tender and indulgent Father made earneſt ſupplication and Prayer unto Almighty God, the only Phyſician both of Soul and Body, to reſtore him to his wonted Health again; which when he ſaw how that it could not be gained, like one in a trance preſently fell down upon the ground, where he (ſo long as his innocent Child could move) lye both night and day; ever faſting, weeping, and crying out

out most lamentably, as it is evident, *ver.* 16. saying, *O who, who shall deliver this poor Soul from the cruel jaws of all-devouring Death?* Wherefore, so soon as the Elders did behold him, being moved to pity, they came like good loving Neighbours unto him, with wet-shot Eyes, and desired him by all means possible to rise up from the ground, and not to take it so much to heart: But for all that, they could not prevail, he would not leave his low and lamentable Lodging, so long as his poor sick Child was alive: *Niobe*-like, he wept still, and would not be comforted. He had (as St. *Bernard* makes mention) a Week of Sorrows: When he saw his sweet Child, that poor Infant, still panting and striving for Death, unto which he was so soon sentenced, he could not refrain from Tears, and leave off sorrowing, as you may see by this his mournful Elegy: But as soon as the Child was dead, when it had paid that debt which we must all, and we know not how soon, being only certain in uncertainty; then he could rise from the ground, change his Cloaths, wash his Hands, and break his long Fast: Whereupon his Servants, as soon as it did arrive unto their knowledge, *ver.* 21. began to expostulate, and say unto him, *What thing is this that thou dost?* Thou didst fast and weep for the sick Child, so long as it was alive; but now it being dead, thou canst leave off all doleful Lamentations, and rise and eat: 'Tis true, (saith he) I could not do so before, seeing it did strive so for death; but now I can, and this is my reason: *For now he is dead.*

In these words, as they distribute themselves you have these three following Circumstances, regardable.

First, A serious Consideration; *But now he is dead.*

Secondly, An acknowledgment of his own Imbecillity and weakness, *Can I bring him back again?* And then,

Thirdly, and lastly, His Confidence; *I shall go to him*, &c.

But now he is dead, &c.

Now of these in their order severally: And First of that serious Consideration which King *David* took, when that his sweet Child was dead, which every one ought to do, and that was, *Why shall I fast any longer?* Why shall I weep, and cry thus mournfully both day and night, seeing he is dead and gone? No, I will not do it; for if I should, it would not bring him again, it would not revive, but still add more grief unto my sable thoughts, which are too grievous and sorrowful for me a forlorn creature to endure.

But now for the better advancement of your knowledge, and the better managing of my discourse, you may with me consider these four following particulars, which (as it is most requisite and necessary) are to be treated of severally.

First, The person fasting and mourning.

Secondly, The person mourned for.

Thirdly, The manner of his Mourning: And then,

Fourthly and lastly, The Reason which he gives why he doth not continue (after the death of his dear Child) any longer in that doleful condition.

Now the very first in this Tragical Chorus is King *David*, that sweet Singer of *Israel*, who was so loving and tender-hearted, that he could

could not forbear to sympathize, condole, and to have a natural compassion on all, as his own words give warrant, Psal. 35. 13. For, saith he there, *As soon as I perceived that my neighbours grew sick, I could not refrain my self from mourning, but cloathed my self with Sackcloath, and humbled my soul with fasting*; which are the Ensigns of Sorrow, or as some say, the Weapons of Repentance. To mourn for the Sick, is both natural, commendable, and profitable; and therefore, says the Poet.

Est quædam flere Voluptas:

That there is much pleasure in Mourning: it still disburdens the heart, by opening its sluces, and dischargeth *Conchis in canales*, Cisterns into Conduit-pipes, which run like Rivers of water, *Psal.* 119. 136. And therefore, says holy *David*, *Mine eyes gush out with rivers of water*: It was an usual custom in this good King, to fast, pray, and mourn continually for all persons under affliction, whether of Mind, Body, or estate: And therefore, think you, was it possible that his merciful eyes should not be eclipsed with tears, when he took his Farewell of his sweet Babe, which his eyes could never behold again, until that he himself did pass into the low Chambers of death? Seven days (like *Job* in his troubles) he turned and tossed himself upon the ground, still crying out most mournfully, as one utterly undone for his Son, expecting always that God almighty would be favourable and gracious unto him, and grant his Son a longer life: but when he saw that he would not be treated to prolong his days upon earth, resolved fully

with himself to leave off his sorrowing, and to say with patient *Job*, *The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord*, Job 1. 21. The Lord gave me my Child, and now hath he taken him away from me again, therefore why should I any longer fast and mourn? why should I weep and sigh thus bitterly; yea and why should I, even I feeble Creature (whose Life is but a vapour, a very moment) lay it thus to heart, and take on thus sadly? Can I bring him back again? No, I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. *Job* I say, in all his cruel troubles, could not be more patient, than this princely Prophet was here. This his serious consideration doth not only bespeak him to be religious, wise and patient; but also to be most holy. *Job*, although a very patient man, never could nor would do thus; but cursed even the day wherein he was born, *Job* 3. 3. saying. *Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night wherein it was said, There is a Man-child conceived.* Yet further, if that you do but look upon this princely Prophet and good King, in his Obsequies for his Son *Absolom*, you will find him no otherwise affected, than he was for this poor Infant, as it is made manifest, 2 *Sam.* 18. 33. *Oh! Absolom, Absolom* (saith he there by way of *Epizeuxis* when that the sad tidings concerning the death of his well-beloved Son had arrived unto his kdowledg) *I would to God that I had given up the Ghost, and died for thee; yea even for thee, my Son, Absalom, my Son, Absalom; Oh Absalom, my Son, my Son!* As soon as he perceived *Cushi* to draw near unto him, *ver.* 32. then, yea even then he had an Earthquake in his Soul, his faculties were all set on fire, and

when that the ſad ſorrowful news was told him of his dearly beloved Sons death, then in a rage he put all out of the Room where he was, and fell upon his knees with wet-ſhod Eyes, ſtill wringing his hands, and wiſhing heartily that God had been pleaſed to take him inſtead of his ſon *Abſalom*, that precious Jewel of his. I ſay that *Abraham* the Father of the Faithful, could not have taken it out worſe; he could not have been more ſorrowful, if that his dear Son *Iſaac* had been offered; nor our old Grandſire *Adam*, the Father of the Living, for his ſlain Son *Abel*, than holy *David* that good King of *Iſrael* did here for theſe *two Sons* of his; but eſpecially for *Abſalom*. 'Tis true, ſo long as the ſweet Babe was alive, ſtill ſtriving and ſtrugling in his ſight daily and hourly for Death, which (like that Serpent *Regulus*) by no Charms can be charmed; he took on moſt grievouſly: but when he had yielded up the Ghoſt, when Death, Gods ſpecial Bailiff, had arreſted him with a *Habeas Corpus*, then he could leave off ſorrowing, and reſolve fully with himſelf to faſt no longer. So long as it was alive (ſaith he in the former Verſe) I had hopes that God would hear my Prayer, be gracious unto me, and prolong his days here with me in this habitable Orb, but now it hath pleaſed almighty God to take unto himſelf my dear Child out of this miſerable world, *wherefore ſhould I faſt?* wherefore ſhould I take on thus ſadly, being all is in vain? No, I will not do it, I will not be guilty of ſuch a great Offence: *for now he is dead, wherefore ſhould*, &c. *Daniel* that holy Prophet was of ſuch a tender diſpoſition, that he wept and mourned full three weeks together,

not

not suffering himself to eat any pleasant thing, *Dan.* 10. 2. *Esau* wept for the loss of his Blessing; and *Joash* for *Elisha* being ready to die. *Job* wept and mourn'd for such as were in sorrow, trouble or any other adversity, and for his own afflictions; and so did *Isaiah*, with the good Prophet *Jeremiah* for the misery of the *Israelites* to come, *Jer.* 13. *Naomi* wept and mourn'd most dolefully departing from her Country, and so did *Nehemiah* for *Jerusalem's* misery. *Elisha* did mourn and weep bitterly seeing the evil which *Hazael* should do to the *Israelites* Children; and so did the Women for their harmless Children slain by *Herod*, Luk. 23. 28. Insomuch that their cry penetrating the clouds, and knocking at Heavens gate, did enter into the ears of the Lord of Hosts.

And to preceed: *Abraham* mourned and wept bitterly for his Wife being deceased: *Abigail* for *Uriah* her loving husband: *David* for *Saul*, *Abner* and *Jonathan*; the *Egyptians* for *Jacob* seven days; *Jacob* for *Joseph* supposing him dead; *Joseph* for *Jacob* being dead; *Jeremiah* for *Josiah* with great Lementation, and the *Israelites* for *Moses* and *Aaron* thirty days. But holy *David* here (in my Text) took a better course; who (as soon as his child was departed) left off sorrowing, saying, *Now he is dead, wherefore should I mourn? &c.* St. *Paul* in his Epistle to the *Romans*, bids us *weep with them that weep*, Rom. 12. 15. And for the dead, 1 *Thess.* 4. 13. but *not as others sorrow, which have no hope.* We must not weep and mourn immoderately, lest with *Samuel* we be reproved, when he lamented overmuch for *Saul*: but moderately, as St. *Paul* that blessed Apostle did for *Epaphroditus*, Phil. 2. 27. They mourn moderately, do nothing con-

contrary to the Word of God: For Almighty God, by whom Death is inflicted, would have the nature thereof to be ſuch, that it ſhould bring Tears and ſorrow, not only unto them which die; but unto thoſe alſo of whom they that die are beloved. Who (but a man of a ſtony heart, in the mourning Troop accompanying his loving Neighbours deceaſed Son unto his Grave, dying in the Spring of his Youth, even at that Age when he was moſt able to comfort his deareſt Friends, even her that brought him into the World, or in the Winter of her Widowhood, when ſhe did moſt want him) could refrain from mourning and weeping? Children are walking Images of their tender Parents, even Fleſh of their Fleſh, and Bone of their Bone, the Wealth of the poor man, and the Honour of the Rich; it muſt then be one ſtep unto Weeping Croſs, when any Parents loſe their Children.

St. *Ambroſe* in his book concerning *Naboth*, *ch.* 5. makes mention of a Tragical Accident: How that in his time there was a poor man, in extream neceſſity, conſtrained to ſell one of his Sons in perpetual Bondage, that he might hereby ſave the reſt from a preſent Famine; who calling all his dear Children unto him, and beholding them as Olive Branches round about his Table, could not reſolve which he might beſt ſpare; his eldeſt Son was the ſtrength of his Youth, even he that called him firſt Father, and therefore not willing to part with him; his youngeſt Boy was the Neſt-chick, the dearly beloved of his mother, and therefore not willing to part with him; a third moſt reſembled his Progenitors, having his Fathers Bill, and his mothers eye, therefore not willing by any

any means to part with him; one was more loving than the rest, and another more Diligent; so that the good Father in conclusion among so many, could not afford to part with any. Nay, it is almost Death to some, to part with any of their Children, but for a Year or two, although that they go but a little way, and may return when they will: Therefore could *David* be thought blame-worthy, to mourn for his Child, whom he could not see till he went to him; *but now he is dead*, &c.

And this brings me now unto the second thing considerable in my Text, which is the Person whom *David* that good King, wept and mourned for thus dolefully, and that was for his Son, an innocent Babe, who was no sooner born into this miserable World, but visited with a mortal Disease, and so cut off for the Life of *Urias* in his Infancy. The Life of his Son *Ammon* was not satisfaction sufficient, nor of his dearly beloved Son *Absalom*, nor yet the Life of his Son *Adonijah*, but also this poor harmless Creature, must suffer together with them; *now he is dead:* It is enacted by Almighty God, in the high Court of Parliament in the Kingdom of Heaven, unto all men, that they shall once Die; and therefore says *David*, Psalm 89. 48. *What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his Soul from the Hand of the Grave?*

There are two sorts of Deaths; Corporal, which is either natural or violent; or Eternal Death, which is called a Spiritual Death, or the second Death.

The first (being only a Separation of the Soul from the Body, with all the evils that attend thereon) this sweet Child suffered. Death is like

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an Archer, making man his Butt, who when he shooteth, pierceth in this manner following: In shooting over us, he wounds our Ancestors; behind us, our Servants; on our right hand, our Wives and Children; on our left hand our Friends; and in the midst our selves; so that as St. *Paul* says, *Heb.* 9. 27. *No one can escape him*: So that you may see as *Job* saith, man's time is appointed, his months determined, and his days (which are but few upon Earth) numbered; yea, and (as our Saviour Christ says) his very last hour is limited: He was made of the mould of the Earth, and therefore thither shall he return; and as all have one entrance into Life, the like going out shall they have to death: *Naked came we into this most miserable World, and naked shall we return again.* If *Adam* had not eaten of the forbidden Fruit, we had never known what Sin had been, and so by consequence Death; which is a thing that now cannot by any means be avoided, before that we knew what sin was, we had strong Houses: But ever since, God let's us dwell in thatch'd Cottages, and clay Walls; every Disease like a storm is ready to totter us down. In old time, men us'd to live long; but now many are thrust out of house and harbour, at less than an hours warning; yea, and even in their infancy, at their first coming into the world; as this poor innocent Child was; and not only for their own faults, for their own transgressions, but for their Parents. In the Third of *Gen.* you may find mans *Exodus*, and that is, *thou shalt die.* Ever since Old *Adam*, our *great, great, great* Grandfather, neglected his Duty towards God, Death the *lodge* of all mens lives, comes with insensible degrees upon the sons of men;

men; it's impartial hand is always deſtroying; no Wiſdom can appeaſe, no Policy can prevent, nor any earthly Riches redeem us from the Grave; *ſemel aut bis morimur omnes*, ſome once, ſome twice, we muſt all die; we have an old Statute for it, that this earthly Tabernacle muſt ſuffer corruption, and therefore the Poet ſings ſweetly;

Poſt hominem vermis, poſt vermem fœtor, & horror;
Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

As man came from the Earth, ſo thither ſhall he return, and become a habitation and food for Worms. If any had been exempted from the fatal and general ſentence of Death, then (without all queſtion) our moſt bleſſed Saviour, and Redeemer *Jeſus Chriſt* had been; who (for our Sins, and for our inſufferable Iniquities) ſuffer'd the ſharpeſt death imaginable, even to die upon the Croſs; who was equal to the Father touching his God-head: Now, ſeeing that this ever bleſſed Virgins Son, Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*, and harmleſs Lamb of God, did ſuffer an ignominious Death, to redeem us from Eternal Death; let not us be unwilling for our own good, to lay down our lives, and to part (without ſorrow and grief) with our deareſt Friend, or Relation; but rather let us take up a full reſolution, when any of our Friends, although never ſo near and dear unto us, be departed, and ſay with *David*, now he is dead, now he ceaſeth to breath, and now he hath taken a farewell of the Elements, wherefore ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him back again? Good Chriſtians can with patience embrace this Life, yet in their beſt meditations they do commonly

monly wiſh for Death; they honour all that contemns it, but cannot endure, or heartily love any that is afraid of it; this makes many naturally love a Souldier, and honour thoſe tattered, and contemptible Regiments, that will die at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may be ſome motives to be in love with Life, for a Chriſtian to be amazed at Death; I ſee not how he can eſcape this *dilemma* that is too ſenſible of this Life or careleſs of the Life to come. If a Wife put forth her Child to Nurſe, and the Nurſe having kept it long enough, ſhe taketh it home again; can the Nurſe or any other have any cauſe to complain? ſo the cauſe ſtands between God, and our Souls, If God (having inſpired into theſe mortal Bodies of ours, that which is immortal) come, and take it to himſelf, leſt it ſhould come to harm; can any one have any reaſon to Complain? As ſeed, unleſs ſown in the Ground, cannot bring forth, ſo we until that Death come, and we be laid in the Ground cannot expect our conſummation and bliſs with Gods Saints in his Kingdom of Glory. Death freeth the godly from the Tyranny of Satan, from Sin, from the World, from the Fleſh, and from eternal Damnation, placing them with Chriſt for evermore in Heaven, the Center of all good wiſhes, where inſtead of Earthly Bodies, they ſhall be cloathed with unſpeakable Glory; and all this holy *David* was not Ignorant of, which made him (as ſoon as his dearly beloved Son had taken his Farewell of this inferior Orb) ſay, Wherefore ſhould I faſt? ſeeing my Child, yea, my precious Jewel, has changed his Life out of a miſerable world, into a Kingdom where pleaſures ineffable are to be had for ever-

evermore; *but now*, &c. And this brings me now unto the Third thing considered in my Text, which is the manner of his mourning, and that was how he spun away his time in weeping, fasting, and praying for his dear child so long as he was alive; he did not as *Priamus* did for his Son *Hector*, Fast, Weep, and Pray after his Death, or as many do now adays, only in outward shew, altering their Garments. No, his was far otherwise. it was real, true, and hearty sorrow, not countenanced in the least with a heavy look or with a solemn sigh blown from deceitful lungs. No, his was a Weeping, Watching, Mourning, and Fasting Grief; he was sequestered from all Worldly contentment, imprisoning his Body from all the pleasures of this mortal Life, ever *making his bed to swim, and watering his couch with tears.* He mourned as one for his only Son, eating ashes like Bread, and mingling his Drink with weeping; still weeping, wailing, and crying as *one that had parted with his dear Mother*, Psalm 35. 14. or as *a virgin girded with sack-cloath for the husband of her youth*, Joel 11. 8. Nature (being we are Members of one Body, thinking the mishap of other men to be our own, through the mutual compassion of Christ's Body) makes us desirous to live together so long as is possible; therefore was it possible for *David* to refrain from tears, when he took his farewel of one Child, part of his own Body? *No*, he could not forbear crying, until he began to consider with himself that he was dead, and that the Death of the Saints is precious in the sight of the Lord, and the day thereof better to them, than the day of their birth. being then

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(and not before, as Saint *John* Says, *Revel.* 14. 13.) *they rest from their labour*; then, yea then, and not before, he could rise, change his cloaths, wash his hands, and break his fast. Now such (I say) if they will mourn, ought to be your manner, that is, so long as your friends are visited with Sickness, they ought to sympathize, condole, and have a fellow-feeling of their Maladies, ever providing to your power, all good means for their Health, and Recovery, and for good looking to them, in the time of their weakness; yea, you must pray for them, and use all lawful and good means possible for their ease, and succour; so long as it shall please God, to continue them with you in that sorrowful condition; but then, as soon as it shall please Almighty God to call any of your Relations from you (although never so near, and dear unto you; yea, although he be the staff of your Life, and your only Joy, and Comfort) you ought to refrain from tears, and immoderate mourning; cheering up your selves, and resolving fully in your mind as holy *David* did here, lest that you displease the Creator, and Preserver both of our Souls and Bodies, saying, *Now he is dead*, &c. for there is a time to Mourn, and a time to Rejoice, I took on (saith he) most sadly in the former verse, so long as he was alive, because I thought still that God would restore him to his Health again, and grant him a longer time to stay with me his loving Father, but now, seeing that it cannot be obtained, I'll fret my self no more, for *now he is dead, dead, dead*; now he is dead and gone, now he is past calling back again, wherefore, or to what end should I fast, *can I bring him back again?* And thus much concerning the

the manner of *David*'s Mourning for his Son; wherefore that which shall have the next place in my discourse, is concerning the reason this Princely Prophet, and good King gave, why he would not continue any longer in his sorrowful condition, and that is, *Can I bring him back again?* can I revive him? can I put life into him? No, it is beyond my Skill, to add one Moment to any mans life, I can neither call him back, nor go to him my self, now he is dead, and gone, all the world cannot save him alive, *I must follow him, but he shall not return to me.* Here you may see an acknowledgment of his own imbecillity, & weakness in recovering his dead Child, can I bring him back again? It hath been experienced, and found possible for a man, from the ashes of a Plant, to revive the Plant, and from its cinder to recall it to its stalk, and leaves again, but to call those that are ascended up to Heaven, or descended into the world of Damned Souls, is far beyond the power of Man; *Abraham* being full of faith as it is Evident, *Heb.* 11. 19. having commanded that his son *Isaac* should be offered, thought that God would raise him up again from the dead: therefore, why did not *David* hope the same, the reason, as *Peter* observes, upon this place in my Text, is diverse. *Abraham* had the promise concerning his Son *Isaac*, he knew that God would do whatsoever he desired, rather than his promise should not be fulfilled, therefore he came with a willing mind unto that offering: but *David* had not such promises concerning this his dearly beloved Son, but rather a threatning, seeing he was ready to die, or just newly dead; wherefore being not encouraged in the least (his own Conscience telling him, how it was Im-

possible,

possible, unless God the efficient cause of our Life, *by whom we live, move, and have our being*, would restore him to Life again) fully resolved with himself to leave off sorrowing, and to prepare himself to go to him, seeing he was not to return; *But now*, &c. and this brings me unto the last thing considered, and that was his confidence how he should follow, *&c.* Here you may see how that *David* did not doubt in the least, but that his sweet Babe was ascended up to Heaven, which is far beyond thought, and glorious beyond report, and that he himself should follow quickly after; some are of opinion, and will not stick to maintain their damnable doctrine with deviliſh Arguments, that Infants dying unbaptiz'd are not capable of salvation; which is as false as God is true, else, what became of those Children of *Bethlehem* and in the coasts thereof, from two years old, and under, among whom questionless some were uncircumsized or not baptized, when Murthered by bloody *Herod*, who would not suffer the King of Heaven, and Earth, and the whole World, to Reign in *Jury*, certainly their condition is very good, for although he had power to hurt their innocent Bodies, yet he had not power to hurt their poor harmless Souls, being hid with Christ Jesus, that sinless Babe, in God. Our Saviour seems to have a special love for Children above all other, which made him say in his holy Gospel, *suffer the little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven*, Matth. 10. 14. Now *David* knowing no less, might well believe that his Child was received into Heaven. O blessed Babe, which came to the wished Haven without any Tempest; enjoying the comforts of another Life,

before

before thou knew the cruel miseries of this Life, having thy head crowned with happiness, before thou wert covered with hair; thy dear Father (although a King) could never have pleasur'd thee in this vail of misery, as thou art now in the Kingdom of Heaven, where Likewise now the Father is. But *now he is dead*, so that you may see *David*'s shall go, came at last to is gone. The life, and spirit of all our actions is the Resurrection, and stable apprehension; that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious Endeavours; without this all Religion is a fallacy: how shall the dead arise? is no question of a true Christians Faith. *Job* was ever confident that our estranged, and divided Ashes should unite again, that our separated dust after so many pilgrimages, and transformations into the parts of Minera's, Plants, Animals, Elements, should at the voice of God return into their Primitive shapes, and joyn again to make up their primary, and predestinate forms; as it is evident by his own words; for, saith he, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this Body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for my self, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another*, Job 19, 25, 26, 27. what is made to be Immortal, nature cannot, nor will the voice of God destroy. As at the Creation of the World, all that distinct *species* that we behold, lay involved in one Mass, till the fruitful voice of God separated this united multitude into its several *species?* so at the last day, when those corrupted relicks shall be scattered in the wilderness of forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voice, shall command

command them back into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single, and individuals; then shall appear the fertility of *Adam*, and the Magick of that sperm that hath dilated into so Many millions, seeing our Souls are Immortal, nature cannot, nor will Almighty God destroy; wherefore *David* that Princely Prophet and good King knowing this, and being fully perswaded, that his Child was gone to Heaven, and that he should follow; left off his Doleful mourning, rised from his law, and lamentable lodging, chang'd his cloaths, washed his hands, went to prayer and brake his long fast, ever cheering up himself, knowing that he should quickly follow, as you may see here by his own words read unto you, But now he is dead wherefore should I fast, *can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*

The EJACULATION.

GOod Lord, is it so that there is no returning from the Grave? *Then assist us by thy divine Grace to improve every Inch of Time, before we go down to the Grave, and be seen no more. Is it true that our Dear and Pious Relations that are dead and gone will never return to us again? Then let us prepare to follow them to an happy Eternity; Good Lord, now seeing all this is really true, let us live as men and women that have already one foot in the Grave, Oh let the death of others shew the weakness of our own Bodies and the many Grey-hairs that are here and there upon*

our

our head put us in mind of our winding-sheet, and of the day of judgment, which is approaching very swiftly towards every one of us: Let the daily instances of our dying Relations take such a living Impression upon our hearts as may deaden them towards all objects on this side Heaven. Good Lord, let us all be all for Heaven, let all our thoughts be Heavenly thoughts, let all our speeches be Heavenly speeches, and let all our Actions be Heavenly Actions, and let all thine ordinances prove Heavenly ordinances to us, ever drawing up our Hearts from Earth to Heaven, seeing we must quickly return to Dust; Good Lord, it is a vain Imagination for any Man to think that he can be happy without God, who is the Author of all happiness; or to think that finite and sensual objects can satisfie infinite and spiritual desires? or to think that Temporal uncertainties are more valuable, and more desirable than an interest in Jesus Christ and Eternal Glory. What Joy? what inexpressible Joy will a good Conscience afford us, when we come to be arrested by the cold hands of Death, when we come to make our beds in the silent Grave. We must needs confess it is contrary to Reason, and much more inconsistent with Grace, that we should prefer Earth before Heaven; Yea, there is as little Reason for it, that we should endeavour to grasp so much of the Creature into our hands, when as one Death-Gripe will soon cause us to let go our fastest hold of Created Injoyments. Oh! therefore why should we go about to build a nest for our selves among the Stars, when we have seen so many of our dearest Acquaintance and nearest Relations carried to the Grave before us; and there made a Feast for the Worms to feed upon: Good Lord, therefore do thou make us to know our End, and the measure of our Days, what it is, that so we may be throughly convinced, how frail we are; let us

remember

remember that we have no continuing City here, and therefore it will be necessary for us to seek one that is to come. Let us not spend our flying Daies in idle Impertinences, but let us look after that Eternal Inheritance which will never fade away. O! let us all improve our Time and Talents for God, that when our Bodies return to the Grave, from whence there is no coming back, our Souls may go to God that gave them.

Bury my Dead out of my ſight.

SERMON V.

GEN. xxiij. 4.

Give me a poſſeſſion of a Burying place with you, that I may bury my Dead out of my ſight.

THis is the concluſion of all Fleſh; they were never ſo dear before, but they come to be as loathſom and intollerable now. When once the Lines and Picture of Death is drawn over the Fabrick of Man or Woman's Body, (as it is ſaid here of *Sarah*) all their Glory ceaſeth, all their good Reſpect vaniſheth away, their beſt Friends would be faineſt rid of them: even *Sarah* that was ſo goodly and amiable in *Abraham*'s ſight, muſt now out of his ſight, he muſt *bury his dead out of his ſight*.

But *Abraham*, as the Father of faithful men, and a Pattern to all loving Husbands in all Ages enſuing, doth not this till ſuch time as the dead *Sarah* groweth noyſom to all that look upon her. As long as he could by his Mourning and Lamentation proſecute her without offence to his Eyes, and danger to his Health, he did it: but now the time is come,

come, when Earth must be put to Earth, and Dust must return to Dust. There is no place for the fairest Beauty above Ground, when once God hath taken Life and Breath from it; it must go to its own Elements, and to the Rock and Pit from whence it was hewen, thither it must return.

After he had performed this, perhaps he mourned three or four Days for his Wife; he knew this Mourning must have an end, he knew that he must commit her to the Ground. Therefore when he had thus moderated himself, as first to shew by his Sorrow that he was a loving Husband, and then to shew in the ceasing of his Sorrow that he was a wise man, and a faithful Christian, He cometh to desire a possession of burial.

Give me. What? *A possession of burial.*

First, *A possession.* He would have it so conveyed, as no man might make claim of it, but that it should be for him and his for ever. Therefore it was, as it were, a Church-yard that he begged, such a one as was capable, and had sufficient scope and room for his whole Posterity in the time to come.

Give me a possession, a burying-place.

Here is the end why he would have this *Possession.* A strange kind of *Possession.*

Behold *Abraham*; see how he beginneth to possess the World, by no Land, Pasture, or arable Lordship: *The first thing is a Grave.* So every Christian must make his Resolution. The first Household-stuff that ever *Seleucus* bought in *Babylon* was a Sepulchre-stone, a Stone to lay upon him when he was dead; that he kept in his Garden.

Give me a Burying Place to Bury my Dead.

Behold, he calleth here *Sarah*, *his Dead*, he calleth her not Wife, though it is said after in the Text, that *Abraham* buried *Sarah* his Wife; yet that is in repesct of the time of her life, when they lived together, and in respect of the former Society, and Converse they had, but now he speaks to the point, she is no more his Wife, but his *Dead*.

My Dead.

Yet notwithstanding, though she was not *Abraham*'s Wife, yet she was *Abraham*'s Dead. This must teach a Man after he is freed by remaining for the *Dead*. A Man is bound to lament and sorrow for his *Dead*, as *Abraham* did here, to love the Memory of the *Dead*, to speak well of the *Dead*, when occasion serveth, to commend them for their Vertues, to use the Friends of the *Dead* (as far as is in their power) with all Courtesie, to be good to the Children of the *Dead*, to be good to all that come of that Issue for their sakes. *Let me bury my Dead.*

Lastly, it followeth, why he would *bury his Dead Out of my sight.*

A strange thing, *Out of my sight.* The best Friend in the World cannot endure the sight of a *dead* Body, it is a gastly *sight*, especially when it cometh to that dissolution, that the parts begin to have an evil savour and smell, as all have when they are *Dead*; then to keep themselves in Life and Health, it is necessary to avoid them, to *bury their Dead out of their sight.*

And

And what so sweet a *sight* once to blessed *Abraham*, as *Sarah*? What so sweet a spectacle to the World, as *Sarah*? The great Kings of the World, set her as a *Parragon*, and she came no where but her Beauty enamoured them; she was a sweet prospect in all Eyes, every Man gaz'd on her with great content, to see the Beauty of God, as in so many lines marked out in the face of *Sarah*. Yet now she is odious, every Eye that looked upon her before, now winks and cannot endure to look upon her, she must be taken *out of sight*.

Oh bethink your selves of this, you that take pride in this frail Flesh, that prank up your selves, to make you Graceful in every Eye; you that study to please the Beholders; you that are the great Minions of the World; you that when Age begin-neth to purle your Faces, begin to redeem your selves with Paintings; think of this. Mother *Sarah* the beautifullest Woman in the World, is loathsome to her Husband, her sweetest Friend, when once she is dead.

The Funeral Procession.

SERMON VI.

ECCLES. 12. 5.

Man goeth to his long home, and the Mourners go about the streets.

ALthough I might in the Kings (King *Solomon's*) name command, yet I will rather in the *Preachers* (his other style) humbly entreat your religious Attention to the last Scene, and Catastrophe of Man's Life, consisting of two Acts, and those very short.

1. The Dead's Pass, *he goeth*, &c.
2. The Mourners March, *they go about*, &c.

Little Children newly born, take in their first Breath with a sigh, and come crying into the World, assoon as they open their Eyes they shed Tears, to help fill up the Vale of Tears, into which they were then brought, and shall be after a short time carried out with a stream of them, running from the Eyes of all their Friends. And if the Prologue and Epilogue be no better, what shall we judge of the Scenes and Acts of the Life of Man, they yield so deep springs of Tears, and such store of Arguments against our abode in this World, that

that many reading them in the Books of *Hegesias* the Platonick, presently brake the Prison of their Body, and leaped out of the World into the Grave; others concluded with *Silenus*, *Optimum non nasci, proximum quam primum mori*, that it was simply best never to be born, the next to it to die out of hand, and give the World our *salve*, and take our *vale* at once. *Cic. prim. tusc.*

The dead go directly to their *long home*, the living fetch a compass and round about: the *termini* of which their motions shall be the bounds of my Discourse at this present.

Old Men are a kind of *Antipodes* to young Men; it is evening with them, when it is morning with these; it is Autumn in their Bodies, when it is Spring in these: The Spring of the year to decrepit old men, is as the Fall: Summer is Winter to them, and Winter death; it is no pleasure to them to see the *Almond-tree flourish*, which is the *Prognosticatour* of the Spring, or the *Grashopper* leap and sing, the *Preludium* of Summer; for they now mind not the *Almond-tree*, but the *Cipress*; nor think of the Grashopper, but of the Worm, because they are far on in their way to their *long home*, *and the mourners are already in the streets*, marshalling as it were their Troops, and setting all in equipage for their *Funeral*, no delectable objects affect their dull and dying Senses, but are rather grievous unto them; *desire faileth because Man goeth to his long home*, that is, it doth in the best, and should in all, for what a preposterous thing were it, for a Man that hath one foot already in the Grave, and is drawing the other after, to desire to cut a cross Caper, and dance the Morrice? or for him that is near his eternal Mansion-house, *Cupressus funerit.*

to hanker by the way, and feast and revel it in an Inne.

By *long home*, according to the Chaldee Paraphrase, is here meant the Grave, or the place where our Bodies, or (to speak more properly) our Remains are bestowed and abide till the time of the Restitution of all things, the place where all meet who lived together, the rendevouze of all our deceased Friends, Allies and Kindred, even as far as *Adam:* this home may be called a long home, in comparison of our short homes, from which we remove daily, these Houses we change at pleasure, that we cannot: there our Flesh, or our Bones, or at least our Ashes or Dust shall be kept in some place of the Earth or Sea, *till the Heavens shall be no more.* Job 14. 12. I answer.

By *Mourners* are here meant all that attend the Corps to the Funeral, whether they mourn in truth, or for fashion: and they are said here to *go about the Streets*, either for the reason alledged by *Bonaventure*, *quia prædolore quiescere nequiunt*, because they cannot rest for Hearts Grief and Sorrow, or they go about the Streets to call company to the Funeral, or because they fetch their compass, that they might make a more solemn Procession to the Church or Sepulchre. Among the *Romans*, the Friends of the deceased hired certain Women whom they called *Præficæ*, to lament over their dead: for the most part among the *Jews* this sad task was put upon Widows, for they took it upon themselves, as the words of the Prophet imply, and *there were no Widows to make lamentation*, and of the Evangelist also: *Acts* 9. 39. and *the Widows stood by weeping for* Dorcas; and indeed Widows are very proper for this imployment: When a Pot of water is full to the Brim, a little motion makes it run over. Widows, that are Widows indeed, and

have

have loſt in their Husbands all the Joy and Comfort of their Life, have their Eyes brim full of Tears, and therefore moſt eaſily they overflow.

There are but Three things appertaining to Man here.

1. Life.
2. Death.
3. Burial.

And ſee they are all Three in the Text.

1. *Man goeth*, there is his Life.
2. *To his long home*, there is his Death.
3. *And the Mourners go about the Streets*, there is his Burial deſcribed by Paraphraſis.

And ſo I am upon the firſt Stage.

The Doctrine.

Man's Life is a Voyage, his Death the term or period of this Voyage, his Grave his home, and Mourners his Attendance. The Hour-Glaſs is running, whether the Preacher proceeds, or makes a pauſe, and the Ship is ſayling whither it is bound, when we ſleep in our Cabbine; ſo whether we wake or ſleep, move or reſt, be buſie or idle, mind it, or mind it not, we walk on toward our long home.

We are expiring and dying, from the running of the firſt Sand in the Hour-glaſs of our life, to the laſt, from the moment we receive Breath, to the moment that we breath out our laſt gaſp.

Thus the *Man* in my Text goeth, or rather runneth ſtill in his natural Courſe, that is, every Man.

I need not direct any Man in his Natural Course from Life to Death, every Man knows it, and whether he knowes it or no, he shall accomplish it, the Spiritual Course is more considerable, which is *Itinerarium ad Deum*, a Journal to Eternity, a Progress from Earth to Heaven; this Progress a Man begins at his Regeneration, and in part endeth in his Dissolution by Death, but wholly and fully after his Resurrection; the way here is Christ; the *viaticum* the blessed Sacraments; the light the Scriptures; the guides the Ministers of the Word; the Thieves that lie in wait to rob us of our Spiritual Treasure the Divels; our convoy the Angels; our stages several vertues and degrees of Perfection, the City to which we bend our course, *Jerusalem that is above*, wherein are many Mansions, or eternal houses,

I am now come, though long first, to Man's long home, which cannot be described in a short time, and therefore I leap into my last stage, which as you may remember was:

The Application of the Text to this sad Occasion.

I must now use in the Application of my Text, a method direct contrary to that which I followed in my Explication; for therein first I shewed you how the natural Man goeth to his long, and the Spiritual to his eternal home; and after how, and why, and what sort of Mourners went about the Streets lamenting the deceased; but now I am to speak of the Mourners, who have already finished their circular motion, and then of the direct motion of the Man, the man of quality, the man of worth, the Man of estate and credit, who is already arrived at his *long Lete*, and now entring into his long home.

Touch-

Touching the Mourners I cannot but take notice of their number and quality; the number is great we see, yet we see not all who yet are the truest Mourners, pouring out their Souls to God with tears in their private Closets.

Illa dolet vere, quæ sine teste dolet.

Her portion of sorrow like *Benjamins*, is five times more than any others, whose loss of a Husband, and such a Husband is invaluable. Secondly the quality of the Mourners is not slightly to be passed by, *debeter iis religiosa mora*; for, not only great store of the Gentry and Commons, but some also of the Nobility, the chief Officers of the Crown, and Peers of the Realm; not Religion only and Learning, but Honour and Justice also hath put on Blacks for him, thereby testifying to all men their joint-respect to him, and miss of him.

Let them who have lived in credit die in honour; let them who in their life time did many good Offices to the dead, after they are dead receive the like Offices from the living. Out of which number, envy it self cannot exempt our deceased Brother. Of whose natural parts perfected by Art and Learning, and his moral much improved by Grace. I shall say nothing by way of Amplification, but this, that nothing can be said of them by way of Amplification. All Rhetorical Exaggeration will prove a diminution of them. In sum, he was a most provident Housholder, loving Husband, indulgent Father, kind Landlord, and liberal Patron.

The Night before he changed this Life for a better, after an humble Confession of his Sins in general, and a particular Profession of the Articles of his Belief, in which he had lived, and now was resol-

resolved to die, he added, I renounce all Popish Superstition, all Mans Merits, trusting only upon the Merits of the Death and Passion of my Saviour; and whosoever trusteth on any other, shall find when he is dying, if not before, that he leaneth upon broken Reeds. Here after the Benediction of his Wife and Children, being required by me to ease his mind, and declare if any thing lay heavy upon his Conscience; he answered, nothing he thanked God. He besought all to pray for him, and himself prayed most fervently, that God would enable him patiently to abide his good will and pleasure, and to go through this last and greatest work of faith and Patience; and the Pangs of Death soon after coming upon him, he fixed his Eyes on Heaven from whence came his help, and to the last gasp, lifted up his hand, as it were, to lay hold on that Crown of Righteousness, which Christ reacheth out to all his Children, who hold out the good fight of Faith to the end.

SER-

Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust. or the Grave is Man's Last home.

SERMON VII.

GEN. iij. 19.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

THE Remembrance of Death among other Remembrances, is as Bread amongst other Means; howbeit it is more necessary for the poor thirsty Soul, than Bread for the hungry Body; for a Man may live many Days without Bread, but the Soul cannot do so without the remembrance of Death: which like that Serpent *Regulus*, by no Charms can be charmed And it is the general Opinion of the best and most Holy Writers, That the most perfect Life is a continual Meditation of Death. When our blessed Saviour said, *If any man will follow me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross daily.* Commanded not that we should bear upon our Backs that heavy burthen of the Wooden-Cross, but that we should always set Death before our Eyes, making that of the ever blessed Apostle St. *Paul*, to be our Impress, *I die daily.* In the Second Book of *Kings*, it is reckoned, that the good King *Josias* did cleanse the People from their Altars, Groves, and high Places, where innumerable Idolatries daily encreased: And to amend this ill, he placed there in their stead, Bones, Skulls and Ashes of dead Men. Whose Judgment herein was very discreet; for from Man's forgetting of his Beginning and his End, arise his Idolatries; and so reviving by those Bones the remembrance of what they were before, and what they

they shall be hereafter, he did make them amend that mischief. Very many, nay, numberless are those Men which adore the Nobleness of their Linage; and out of a desire that they have, to make good their Descent and beginning, they multiply Coats one upon another, hang up Escutcheons, Blazon forth their Arms, tell you very large Histories of their Pedigrees and Genealogies, and many times most of them meer Lyes and Fables. The good Prophet *Ezekiel* did represent these unto us, in those Twenty five young Men which were Besotted and Ravished in beholding the labouring Sun, that glorious Creature, and vast Eye of all the World, whose gentle Heat brooddeth upon the Waters, and hatched in Six Days all the World; which by way of Exposition, signifieth the adoring of the Glory of their Birth. But leaving these to themselves, as silly Fools who glory in the Gold that glisters, God Almighty comes here unto old *Adam* with a *Memorandum* of Death, and teacheth him another Lesson, saying, *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.* The end ever holds a correspondence with its beginning; *Naked came I out of my Mother's Womb, and naked shall I return.* The Rivers come from the Sea, and thither again they return, and so doth the labouring Sun from the East, and thither it retires again. That Image of Gold, Silver, Brass and Iron, that had its Feet of Earth, must in the end turn to dust. *Barak* having asked, *Where are the Princes of the Nations?* makes answer himself, and saith, *The earth hath swallowed them up all?* Now to comment upon this same place, we may make the like question, and give the very self-same Answer, *Nonne omnia Pulvis, nonne Fabula? nonne in paucis ossibus memoria eorum conservatur?* The very greatest and famousest of us all, have been, are, and shall be but dust; and there is no Memo-

rial

rial to be left of us, but a few rotten and stinking Bones. But to proceed, because in Preaching, Plainness is ever counted the best Eloquence. In these words, (as they offer up themselves unto our consideration) you may with me, (as they naturally arise from the express words in my Text) observe these two regardable Circumstances.

First, How these Mortal Bodies of ours are said to be Dust.

And then secondly, How they shall return to Mother-Earth from whence they came. Now of these two in their due order severally.

And first of the First, and that is, How we are said to be Dust. Now as for the Walls of Flesh, wherein the Soul doth seem to be immur'd before the Restauration, it is nothing but an Elemental Composition, and a Fabrick that may fall to Ashes: *All Flesh is Grass*, is not only Metaphorically but Literally true; for all those Creatures we behold, are but the Herbs of the Field, digested into Flesh in them, or more remotely Carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhor. *Anthropophagi & Cannibales*, Devourers, not only of Men, but of our selves, and that not in Allegory, but a positive Truth; for all this huge Mass of Flesh which we behold, came in at our Mouths; yea, this Frame which we look upon, hath been upon our Trenchers: In brief, we have devoured our selves. Man is such a frail, sorry and base Creature, that the good Prophet *Jeremy* calls him to his own Face thrice Earth at one Breath, saying, *O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the Word of the* Lord, Jer. 22. 29. Man is Earth by Procreation, Sustentation, and by Corruption.

First, He is Earth by Procreation; for the first Man is called *Adam*, that is, red Earth; *Of the dust of the Earth made he Man.* Gen. 2. 7. The Patriarch

Abra-

Abraham, acknowledging the baſeneſs of his beginning, ſaid unto the Lord, *I am but duſt and aſhes*, Gen. 18. 27. Now Almighty God (the Creator of all things) made this Earth (of which he made Man) of nothing, according to the Text, *God created the Heaven and the Earth.* He made not this Heaven and Earth of another Heaven and Earth, but he Created both as having nothing, but nothing whereby and wherewith to build this goodly Frame, and ſo conſequently proud Man in reſpect of his Materials, is brought unto nothing: And therefore our Princely Prophet *David* ſays, *Pſalm* 144. 4. *That Man is like a thing of nought.* Yea, and to confirm this the better, St. *Paul* that ever bleſſed Apoſtle in his Epiſtle to the *Galatians*, ſays, *If any Man ſeem to himſelf that he is ſomething, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himſelf in his imagination*, Gal. 6. 3. *Adam* begat *Cain* and *Abel*, Gen. 4. *Cain* ſignifieth Poſſeſſion, *Abel* Mourning or Vanity; to teach us that Poſſeſſions are but Vanity and vexation of Spirit; yea, *Vanity of Vanities, all vanity*, Eccleſ. 1. 2. And as *Adam* begat Sons like to himſelf, ſo his Sons alſo Sons like to themſelves, of a loathſom Excrement, carried in thoſe Members of the Body which are leaſt honourable, brought forth into the World with intollerable Pain, ſo vile and ſo foul, that I ſhall ſpare to ſpeak, wanting Epithites whereby to expreſs my ſelf; only give me leave to Cry out with our Princely Prophet *David*, ſaying, *What is Man* (O God) *that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou viſiteſt him*; or with St. *Paul*, *O Man, what art thou who pleadeſt againſt God?* As if he ſhould have ſaid, (as *Cyprian* ſaid once to *Demetrius*) Conſider how baſe thou art in reſpect of God, even as *Clay in the hand of the Potter*; and then I think thou wilt not enter into diſpute with thy Creator. That any

Man

Man is miserable, let it suffice him that he is a Man, that is, *Infelicitatis tabula, nec non Calamitatis fabula*, a Map of Miseries, and as it were the Table of *Troy*: whomsoever thou seest to be miserable, thou maiest without all doubt conclude he is a Man; and therefore the first Voice uttered by the new-born Babe, is Crying, hereby Prophecying, that he is come into a World full of Care and Grief, Crying, and taking it grievously to heart because he is a Man, Blushing because he is Naked, Weeping and wailing because he is born into a most wicked and miserable World, and murmuring because indued but with a dull Genius, and made up of so base matter, which every Disease like a Storm is ready to totter down. God Almighty Created *Adam* of the basest matter, even of very Dirt, but this Dirt being Moulded by God's own Hand, and Inspiring it with so much Wisdom, Counsel and Prudence, it may be called *Cura Divini Ingenii*, the Curiousness of God's Wit: But Man growing proud hereupon, and hoping to be a God himself, God doomed him to Death, and wrapped him again in his dirty Swadling Clouts, with this Inscription, *Pulvis es, & in pulverem reverteris*, Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return. *Adam* did not without some Mystery cloath himself with green Leaves; for he gave therein as it were a sign and token of his vain and foolish hopes. But as the Mother when the Bee hath stung her Childs Finger, runs with all haste to get a little Dirt, and claps it to her little One, which doth asswage the Swelling, and give it ease: So those busie Bees of Hell daily stinging us, and striking into our Breasts the Poyson of their Pride and Arrogancy, Almighty God with a *Memorandum* of Death, with a *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return*, abates this Pride, and tells us of that swelling Arrogancy of ours. In *Ezekiel*,

kiel, the King of *Tyre* said, *I am a God*, but he was answered, *that he was but a man*, that is, base, vile and miserable: So holy *David* said, *Let the Nations know that they are but men*; that is, base and vile: and St. *Paul* said, *Are ye not men?* 1 Cor. 3. When we see a man swallowed up sometimes in the misery of the Body, and sometimes of the Soul, we say in the conclusion, he is a Man. Now if instead of the Gold of the Angels, there was found Rust, and that so fine Cloath as that was not without its Moths, and that incorrupted Wood without its Worm; what will become of those that are but Dust, who dwell in Houses of Clay? Verily they must (as fearful of their own harm) repeat this Lesson, *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return* One asking the question, Why God (having Created the Soul for Heaven) did knit it with so straight a Knot to a Body of Earth, so frail, and so lumpish? Whose answer was, That the Angels being overthrown by their Pride, He was willing to repair and to help this Presumption in Man, a Creature in his superiour part as it were Angelical, but having a heavy and miserable Body, which might serve as a Stay unto him, that if the nimbleness of his Understanding should puff him up, yet that Earth which Clogged his Body should humble and keep him down. Those that entred Triumphantly into *Rome*, had a thousand occasions given them to incite them to Pride, Arrogancy and Vanity: As their great number of Captives, their Troops of Horse, their Chariots drawn with Elephants or Lions, and their Ladies looking upon them from their Windows, and the like: But the Senate considering the great danger of the Triumpher, ordered one to sit by his Side, to whisper this still in his Ear, *Remember thy self to be a Man.* The Princes of the Earth have many Motives to

make

make them forget themselves, not regarding the Complaints of the Poor and Needy; yet as the Wise Man saith, *Wisdom 7. 5.* No King had ever any other beginning of Birth; they are as other Men, the Off-spring of the Earth, and the Children of Men, and to them it is also said, *Dust thou art, &c.* But to proceed,

As Man is Dust and Earth by Procreation, so likewise he is Dust and Earth by Sustentation, and that in two respects; In regard of Aliment and Indument, Meat and Apparel: It is truly said, That of which we consist, we are nourished with; Elements are Aliments, where we begin, we do receive; all Meats for our Bodies in Health, and all Medicines for the same, being Sick, are Earth and Earthy, even Dust and Ashes as we our selves are; we feed on the Things of the Earth, and walk and sleep thereon: As for Apparel and Ornaments, we borrow Wooll of the Sheep, Hair of the Camel, Silk of the Worm, Furies of the Beasts, and Feathers of the Fowls of the Air; like unto *Æsop*'s Crow, having some Plume from every Bird, something from every Creature. Flowers are richly decked, Plants with an infinite variety of coloured Leaves adorned, and other Animals as well Vegetative as Sensitive, comely covered; only Man, that unhappy and base Creature, is born to nothing but Beggery and Misery: So that we may justly exclaim and cry out with the good Prophet *David*, saying, *What is Man, &c.* Nay, what are we? If that the good Prophet *Jeremy*, who was Sanctified in his Mothers Womb, did bewail his Condition, what may we do who are Born in Sin, and Conceived in Iniquity, being Formed of most base and unclean Matter? God Created Stars and Planets out of Fire, Birds out of Air, Fish out of Water, but Man with other Animals out of the

Slime

Slime of the Earth; therefore remember and consider, O Man! what thou art, and thou shalt find thy self much worse than any other Creature whatsoever besides, even Dust and Ashes. Now from this Principle I will infer three or four Conclusions of very great Fruit and Consequence.

The First is this, If thou art Dust and Ashes, wherefore art thou proud, thou Dust and Ashes? Of thy Beginning? No; of thy End? No; Of what then? If thou shouldest see thy self Seated between the Horns of the Moon, think on the baseness of thy beginning, and thou shalt then see clearly that Pride was not born for Man, nor Anger and Pettishness appointed for Woman's Condition; Pride cannot sute with Dirt, nor Curstness with Woman's Softness. *Lord cleanse me from my secret sins, and spare thy Servant from those that are strangers:* By Aliens you may understand those of Pride, for it is a Stranger as it were, and another kind of thing, differing much from Man's base and vile Condition. There is not any Sin more alien and strange to Man's Condition than Pride, or that doth carry with it less excuse. Those Fools that are Painted forth, going about to build a Tower that should overtop the Clouds, and reach to Heaven. *Gen.* 11. 4. did in their very first word say, *Come let us make us Bricks*; Bewraying their Foolishness: What? go about upon Earth to rear a Foundation that should emulate Heaven, which is far beyond Thought, and glorious beyond Report! God Almighty said unto *Ezekiel*, *Take thou a Tile, and pourtray upon it the City of* Jerusalem, *the Walls, the Ditches, the Towers, the Temple, and a great Army of Men*, Ezek. 4. 1. Strange, yet true we see it is, that the Strength of Cities, the Power of Armies, is contained in a poor brittle Tile-stone. The good Prophet *Isaiah* threatned those of *Moab* with

with Whips and Scourges, *Isa.* 16. because they insulted, and proudly triumphed upon the Walls and Towers of his City: Speak Punishment unto those that rejoyce in Walls that are made of Brick. What, can earthen Walls raise up such Pride in Men? *Samuel* being to Anoint *Saul*, God gave him for a Sign that he would have him Prince over his People, That he should find two Men as soon as he was gone from him, near unto *Rachels* Sepulchre: God might have given unto him some other Sign, but he chose rather this to give him, to quell the Pride and Haughtiness of this new Honour; as if he should admonish and put you in mind, that the Ashes of so fair a Creature as *Rachel*, should read a Lecture unto you, what you must be. And this is the reason why the Church, though she might use other Metaphors to express the Misery and shortness of Mans Life, as is often made mention of in the Ornament of Grace, as by a Leaf, a Flower, and a Shadow; yet it makes more particular choice of Dust and Ashes, because the other are Metaphorical, these Literal: for nothing more properly appertaineth unto Man than Dust, and therefore the Scripture termeth Death, a Mans returning again unto the Earth from whence he came. The Flower, the Leaf and the Fruit, have some good in them, though of short continuance; as Colour, Odour, Beauty, Vertue and Shade, and albeit not good in themselves, yet they are the Image and Representation of Good; but Dust and Ashes speak no other good. Amongst the Elements, the Earth is the least noble, and the most weak, the Fire, the Water and the Air, have in them Spirit and Actitude; but the base Element Earth, as it were a Prisoner laden with Weightiness. A certain Poet styles the Earth *Bruta*, not only for that it hath an unpleasant Coun-

Countenance, as Deserts, Quick-sands, Dens, and Caves; but also for that it is an Inne of Serpents, Tygers, Panthers, and the like, so that it is good neither to the Taste, to the Smell, to the Feeling, nor to the Hearing, nor yet to the Seeing. Thou being therefore Earth, why art thou Proud, thou Dust and Ashes? And thus far of the First.

Now the Second Thing regardable, is, If thou art Ashes, why such a deal of Care in Pampering thy Body, which the hungry Worms are to devour to morrow? Consider those rotting and stinking Carkasses of your Relations, that lye here under the Ground, and the very thought thereof will moderate your desire of being over-dainty and curious in cherishing your own. *Isaac* on the Night of his Nuptials, placed his Wifes Bed in the Chamber where his Mother died. *Tobias* spent all the Night with his Spouse in Prayer, being mindful of the harm which the Devil had done to her former Husbands; as being advised from Heaven, that he should temper with the remembrance of Death, the Delights and Pleasures of this short Life of ours. The Camomile, the worse you treat it, and the more you tread upon it, the better it thrives; other Plants require Pruning and tending to make them fruitful; but this Herb hath a quite contrary condition, that with ill usage it grows the better. It is the pamper'd Flesh that brings forth Thistles and Thorns, but the Flesh that is trodden down and humbled, that yields store of Fruit: And this is likewise concerning the Second.

Now the Third thing to be considered, is, If thou art Dust, and to Morrow must become Dust and Ashes, why such a deal of coveting of Honours and Riches, which on a sudden may take themselves Wings and flye away. *Esau* sold his Birth-

right

right for a Mess of Pottage, but he excused his so doing, for that he saw his Death was so near at hand: *Behold I am ready to die, what will this Birth-right profit me?* But to be brief, as Man in respect of his beginning and proceeding, is Earth, even so he is Dust and Ashes in respect of his ending, which is the last thing now to be handled; for the Lord himself denounced (as it is evident in the words of my Text,) *Out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.* When that Death (mounted upon his pale Horse like a Serjeant sent from above, upon Action of Debt, at the Suit of Nature) comes with a *Habeas Corpus*, to pull down these Clay Walls, wherein our Immortal Souls are kept close Prisoners, within the narrow compass of these mortal Bodies of ours; then shall our Dust return unto the Dust as it was; then, yea even then, we shall be *Terra à Terrendo*, because then every one shall tread on us. A living Dog is better than a dead Lion; every *Thersites* will Insult over *Hector*, and every Scrub run upon *Achilles*. Every Child is ready to mangle the strong Oak when it is down, and he that durst not look *Cæsar* in the Face, is now bold to pull him by the Beard. Our Bodies are not only Houses of Clay, *Job* 4. 19. but as they be earthly, so Tabernacles, 2 *Cor.* 5. 1. Set up this Day, and happily taken down the next: And therefore the Years of Man are termed Days in holy Scripture, as the *Daies of* Noah, *the Daies of* Lot, and the *Daies of* Elias, because they lived but a few Days; as the Patriarch *Abraham*, *Few and evil have been the Daies of my Pilgrimage*, Gen. 47. 9. Although time may be divided into past, present and future, yet there is no time belonging essentially to our Life, but even the very Now, because the time past is certainly gone, and the future time uncertainly to come; and there-

therefore our blessed Lord and Saviour Christ enjoyned us to pray, *Give us this day our daily bread*, Matth. 6. 11. Not this Age, Month or Week, but only this Day, because we may not care for to Morrow, and therefore says wise *Solomon*, *Boast not thy self of to morrow*, Prov. 27. 1. *For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. All flesh is grass*, saith *Isaiah*; Grass withered or green. Oh Fool! this Night thy poor Soul may be fetched from thee, and so thou shalt have no need of daily Bread to Morrow. *Josiah* was a vertuous Governour, 2 *Kings* 23. and yet he had but his time. *In the the daies of* Josiah *the Son of* Ammon, *Jer.* 1. 2. *Noah* was a very upright honest Man in his time, *Gen.* 6. 9. and yet he had but his time. *In the days of Noah*, 1 Pet. 3. 20. *Herod* was a most mighty Man, and yet he had but his time. *In the daies of* Herod *King of* Judah, *Luke* 1. 5. If we be as strong as *Sampson*, and as mighty as *Alexander*, this Tyrant Death in time will take us all away; *Moses* upon Mount *Abarim*, *Aaron* upon *Hor*, and *Methuselam* after 99 years, were all cut down and brought to dust again, as they were. Although the good Prophet *Daniel* Propheſied of one who should have a time, and a time, and a half time, yet as it appeareth in the *Revelation* of *St. John*, all is but a time, and that a short time too. For although Antichrist exalt himself above all that is called God, yet he shall one day perish as a Man; he came from Earth, and (notwithstanding his double Honour, and triple Crown) he must (being Dust) return to the Earth as he was, and see Corruption. Wherefore I say unto you, as the good Prophet *Jeremiah* did unto them of old, *O Earth! Earth! Earth! hear the Word of the Lord.* Remember what thou was, what thou art, and what thou shalt be, when thou leavest this sad World behind thee. Thou

wast

waſt in thy beginning a moſt miſerable Wretch, yea a filthy ſtinking Worm, Conceived and Born in Sin; thou art now a Sackful of Dirt, and hereafter thou ſhalt be nothing but a Bait and Banquet for Worms. In thy Beginning thou waſt nothing, and now nothing worth; and if thou repent not of thy damnable Sins, thou art in danger hereafter to be worſe than nothing; conceived in Original Sin, now full of Actual Sin, and if that thou ſtill continue in thy Wickedneſs, thou mayeſt one Day feel the Eternal Smart of Sin: Begot in Uncleanneſs, Living in Unhappineſs, and Dying in Anguiſh and Uncomfortableneſs. Remember I pray you from whence you came, and Bluſh; where you are, and Lament; and whither you muſt in ſpite of your Teeth, and Tremble. Brag not of any thing in you, or on you; neither what you have been, are, or may be: for in reſpect of your baſe, weak and frail Fleſh, you are a Clod of Earth, are ſo ſtill, and in the end ſhall become nothing elſe but a Coffin of Earth under ground. Thy Grave ſhall be thy Houſe, and thou ſhalt make thy Bed in the Dark. Thou ſhalt ſay to *Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and Siſter.* Our Fleſh diſſolveth into Filthineſs, Filthineſs into Worms, and Worms into duſt; ſo our Fleſh which is Duſt, thar is nothing, returns into nothing, that is Duſt at laſt.

And thus I have ſhewed you at large, how we are ſaid to be Duſt, and likewiſe how we ſhall at laſt return thither again.

Wherefore now (to be brief) to put a Period to all, Remember what you are, and Meditate Daily and Hourly upon what you ſhall be, leſt that Death (like a Thief) ſteal upon you, as it doth upon many now-a-days: For Meditation is like Gunpowder, which in a Mans hand is Duſt and

Earth, but if you put Fire thereunto, it will overthrow Towers, Walls, and whole Cities. A light Remembrance, and a short Meditation of what you are, is like that Dust which the wind scattereth away; but a quick lively Memory, and enflamed Considerations of your own wretched Estates, will blow up the Towers of your Pride, cast down the Walls of your Rebellious Nature, and ruine those Cities of Clay wherein you live. As the Phœnix Fannowing a Fire with her Wings, is renewed again by her own Ashes; so shall you become new kind of Creatures, by remembring what you have been, are, and what you shall be; that you are but Dust, and shall return unto Dust again. *Moses* casting Ashes into the Air, made the Inchanters and their Inchantments to vanish. The Ashes scattered by *David*, put the King out of doubt, and made it appear unto him, that that was no God which he adored: *Job* came forth from his Ashes in better Estate than he was before: And as *Joseph* came out of Prison from his torn and tattered Rags, and had richer Robes put upon him, so you from out of these your Ashes, shall be stript of the Old Man, and put on the New. The forgetfulness of other things may be good sometimes, but of your selves, what you are, and shall be, never. This will require a continual Remembrance, therefore this cannot be to often inculcated, *Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return.*

THE

THE EJACULATION.

GOod Lord, *we confeſs that Man is but a Worm of Yeſterday, his Production was out of the Duſt, and muſt thither return in his ultimate Reſolution: for (as we have heard)* Duſt we are, and unto Duſt we ſhall return. *Let us therefore alwaies be in a readineſs for our laſt Change, ſeeing we know not how ſoon the ſilent Grave may involve us under its Wings, where we ſhall lie in Obſcurity, till the laſt Trumpet ſhall ſound, at the Morning Day of the Reſurrection,* Ariſe ye Dead, &c. *Good Lord, though now we appear as living Objects of thy Favour, yet we know not how ſoon the Scene may be altered; for this very Day we now breath in, may be the laſt we ſhall ever count: and ſo many waies may the Thread of our frail Lives be ſnapt aſunder, that we cannot promiſe our ſelves an Hours time upon Earth; a little Stone from the Houſe-top, as we paſs in the Streets, a ſlip of our Foot, or the ſtumbling of our Horſe, a ſudden miſchance (among a Million that may befal us) which we know not of, may reduce us to our firſt Original, and leave us a pale Carkaſs to be Sacrificed to the gaping Grave. Oh let us often therefore conſider where will be our Eternal abode, when the black Attire of our Funeral is over, and all our Weeping Friends gone to their ſeveral Houſes and Homes. Let us often think how meanly and poorly Clad we ſhall enter into our Coffins, with only one poor Shrowd and other Dreſſes fitted to cover us; and what*

will become of our rich Attire, our haughty Decklings, our over-curious Trimmings, in the Grave, whither we are all going? And when we are Arrested by the cold Hands of Death, how Pale and Wan to all shall we seem? Even ready to nauseate our Spectators: Good Lord, let such Thoughts as these keep us humble, and keep down all proud aspiring Thoughts, that shall at any time arise in our corrupted Hearts: For 'tis true, Dust we are, and unto Dust we shall return.

Job xxiv. 20.

The Worms shall feed sweetly on him.

THat is, the Grave shall be no securer to him than to others, there the Worms shall feed upon all men, and they shall feed sweetly on him, or it shall be a kind of sweetness and pleasure to him to have the Worms feeding on him, which is no more then what *Job* said upon the same Argument, (Chap. 21. 23.) *The Clods of the Valley shall be sweet to him.*

In these words you have *Job* describing the state of a Dead man laid in the Grave, he tells you *the Worms shall feed sweetly on him.* After *Job* had but spoke of Man's Conception in the *Womb*, he next tells you of his Corruption by the Worm, so suddainly doth a man step out of the *Cradle into the Coffin*, that sometimes there is no space between them both.

The Worms shall feed sweetly on him.

Those that have formerly fed upon their Sweet-meats, the time hasteneth when the Worm shall feed sweetly on them: As all Wooden Vessels are liable to be Worm-eaten, though they be never so curiously wrought, so will the *neatest Body, the finest Face*, be shortly a *Worm-eaten Face*.

The Design of the Expression and of the Context being to convince us of the certainty of our Deaths, and the uncertainty of our Lives: I shall conclude this Subject with telling you,

That no person can seem so brave and youthful at the present, but for ought any thing he knows he may the next Hour be a Banquet for the Worms to feed upon.

Prepare to follow. or it is the Duty of all to prepare for their last Change.

SERMON VIII.

ISAIAH 8. 38.

Set thy Houſe in order, for thou ſhalt dye and not live.

Dearly Beloved,

I Am now about to ſpeak of that which will ſhortly render me unable to ſpeak; and you are now about to hear of that which will alſo ſhortly make you uncapable of hearing any more, and that is *Death*. It will be but a little while before *Death* will cauſe both the Speaker to be Dumb, and the Hearer to be Deaf. Oh that I might therefore this day, ſpeak with that ſeriouſneſs unto you, as conſidering the time draws on apace, when I ſhall be Silenced by *Death*, and never more have an opportunity to ſpeak one word unto you. And Oh! that you might Hear this day with that diligence and reverence, as conſidering that after you are once *Nailed down in your Coffins, and Covered with the Duſt*, you will never hear one Sermon more, or one Exhortation, or one word more, till you hear theſe words pronounced by the great Judge of the Quick and Dead, *Surgite Mortui, & venite ad Judicium*; Ariſe ye Dead, and come

come ye unto Judgment. What is said in my Text, as it is likely you have often heard it with your Ears, so now you may see it accomplished, *It is appointed unto all Men once to die. Death* hath long since come into our Nation, and hath summoned many to make their appearance in another World, yea, you know that *Death* hath already entred into our Streets, and hath not been afraid to step over our *Threshold*, and to seize upon those that have been standing round about us; yea, it hath come into our very *Bed-chambers*,, and hath suddenly snatched away those that have been lying in our very Bosoms: So that we have had warning enough of the near approaches of *Death* unto our selves; and without doubt some of us have had the Sentence of *Death* within our selves, (as the Apostle speaketh;) and therefore it is high time for you and I seriously to consider what is said in my Text, *Set thy House in order*, &c.

Something we shall briefly speak now in order to the explanation of the words, that so you may once more hear (before you feel) the meaning of them; It is *appointed* or *enacted* by the Court of Heaven; *Statutum est*, it is a Statute or Law (more firm and certain than the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*) which is never to be repealed or abrogated. We are not therefore telling you what may, but of what must inevitably come to pass. It is appointed *unto Men*, that is as much as to say, unto all Men, *once to die*. It is an indefinite Expression, and so is to be understood of all the same kind, without some special exception from this general Rule. And indeed such an exception there is to be found in the Scripture; for, saith the Apostle, *We shall not all Die, but some shall be Changed, in a Moment, in the twinkling of an Eye*; there shall be some at the end of the World, who shall not

pass under *Death*, *but yet they must pass under a Change*, which is thought will be equivalent unto *Death*. But for the present time, and according to the common Method and Course of Providence, no Man or Woman hath any ground to expect that they shall escape the stroke of *Death*; for it is *appointed unto Men*, that is, unto *all Men*, *once to Die*: *Death* will no more spare him that wears a *Crown* upon his Head, than him that carries a *Spade* in his Hand, as the *Poet* Elegantly expresses it.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas, Regumque Turres, &c.

And the Scripture speaking of *Kings*, useth this Expression, *I have said ye are Gods, but ye shall die like Men.*

But what is the meaning of the Phrase *to Die?* I can assure you if you know not yet, it will not be long e're you will know the meaning of it: The Philosopher describes Death thus, *Est privatio Vitæ, ob Animæ separationem a Corpore*: As *Spiritual Death* is the Separation of God from the Soul, so *Temporal Death* is the Separation of the Soul from the Body; When those two (the *Soul* and *Body*) which have like Twins, dwelt lovingly together under the same Roof, must be parted asunder, and enjoy no more sweet and intimate Communion one with another, till the time of re-unition at the *General Resurrection*. This is that which must *once* be done, every one must here take their turn.

And though this happeneth to some at one time, and to others at another time, yet first or last, it will happen to all. The Greek word (*Thanatos*) which signifies Death, is taken from a word which signifies *extendere*, and indeed Death stretcheth out it self so far, that no Man can live out of the reach

of

of it. As surely as thou wast once Born, so surely shalt thou once Die.

Let me but ask you this one plain Question, and your own Conscience shall be the Judge in the Case: Couldest thou still remain a Drunkard or a Swearer, if thou didst but once seriously consider that thou must once Die? Or couldst thou so eagerly set thy Heart upon the empty, lying and dying Vanities of this World, didst thou but once seriously consider that thou must once, (and it may be before to Morrow) be taken out of this World? Or couldst thou neglect the means of Grace or Delight in Prophaneness, didst thou but seriously consider that thou must once die, and it may be before ever thou enjoyest another Praying or Preaching opportunity? *To die* is much, and as this must be once done, so there is more to be done than this, for *after this* cometh *Judgment*. Whether the particular or general Day of *Judgment* is here to be understood, needs no debate, seeing both will certainly follow after *Death*.

As for the certainty of *Death*, you need not look into your *Bibles* for a proof of that; I shall only desire you to open your *Weeping Eyes*, and let them but a little while be fastened upon the *Dead Corps* that now is before you, and if afterwards you can question this Truth, I shall say no more to you at present, but that it will not be long e're others may say of thee, as the Apostle *Peter* did to *Saphira*, Acts 5. verse 5, 6, 7, compared with the 9 and 10. Verses. *And* Ananias *fell down and gave up the Ghost; and the young Men arose, wound him up, and carried him out and buried him: And his Wife not knowing what was done, came in; and* Peter *said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold the Feet of them which have buried thy Husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out: Then fell she down straightway, and yielded up*

the Ghost; and the young Men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her Husband.

The same Bier, and it may be the same Persons which have carried thy Neighbour, thy Husband, thy Wife, thy Brother or Sister already to the Grave, behold they stand ready to do so much for thee: And let every one consider with himself, that he may be the very next in the Town or Family, for whom the Bier may be fetched to carry him unto his long home. And then as for the certainty of *Judgment*, though every one hath a sufficient Proof in his own Conscience of the truth of this, yet for as much as some have feared Consciences, and therefore would put off the Evil Day, and say with those, 2 *Pet.* 3. 3, 4. *And there will come in the last days Scoffers, walking after their own Lusts, saying, Where is the Promise of his Coming? since all things continue as they were from the beginning*, &c. You may therefore Consult these plain Scripture Proofs, *Eccles.* 11. 9. compared with *Rom.* 14. 11, 12. *For we shall all stand before the Judgment-Seat of Christ*; yet that is not all, but as it followeth, *So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.* 2 Cor. 5. 10. *For we must all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.*

ISAIAH

ISAIAH xxxviii.

Set thy House in Order, for thou shalt Die, and not Live.

MANS Body (before that dismal Conquest we all deplore) as well as the Poor Soul was conditionally Immortal, and so to this very day had ever continued, if it had not been for the damnable Sin of Disobedience committed by *Adam* and *Eve* our First Parents; But this was no sooner Gained than Lost, and the time of Mans Life ever since hath been as a Point, the Substance of it ever flowing, the Sense obscure, and the Whole Composition of the Body tending to Corruption: If that you should live three hundred years, or as many thousand of years; yet with all remember this, that at the last you shall be compelled by Death, Gods all-resting Bailiff to lay down these rotten, ruinous, and clay-decaying Tabernacles of yours, for *Dust you are, and unto Dust you shall return*, and peradventure you shall not have a good warning beforehand, as the good King *Hezekiah* had here, but be thrust out of House and Harbour, in less than an hours warning; For *Death, which will put a period to every Mans days*, 2 Tim. 4. 7. is like a Sergeant sent from above upon Action of Debt at the Suit of Nature mounted upon his Pale Horse will come on unawares, rap at your Doors, Alight, Arrest you all, and carry you bound Hand and Foot into a Land as dark as Darkness it self, from whence you shall be summoned at the last dreadful Audit to the Bar of Justice in the high Court of Heaven, when your Bill shall be brought in, how that you have

have ever Rebelled, and most notoriously transgressed against the Lord of Hosts, both in Thought, Word, and Deed, and have ever spun away our time as tho' that Death which is the end of all flesh would never follow, wherefore to the intent that *Hezekiah*, that good King might be made more certain of his fatal Destiny, occasioned by our first Parents, and have the less account to make at the great and terrible day of Doom (when Christ Jesus the Worlds Saviour shall descend from Heaven, which is the center of all good wishes, with his Heavenly Host of blessed Angels riding in Pomp, and great Majesty upon the Wings of the Wind, with the loud sounding Trumpet of God, and the all tearing Voice of the Arch-Angel to judge both the quick and Dead) God sent unto him the good Prophet *Isaiah* to incounter with him, and to put him in mind of his mortal Song. The whole verse runs thus, *In those days was King* Hezekiah *sick unto Death, and* Isaiah *the Prophet, the Son of* Amoz *came unto him, and said unto him, thus saith the Lord. Set thy House in order, for thou shalt die and not live.* These words, as they distribute themselves, do consist of 2 Principal and Essential Parts.

First of an Admonition, or earnest Exhortation, *Set thy House in Order.*

And then secondly of a sound and undeniable Reason, which is threefold Affirmative and Negative

First Affirmative, *for thou shalt Die*, and the Negative, *and not Live. Set thy House*, &c. Now of these in their due order severally, and first of the Admonition, or earnest Exhortation, *Set thy House in Order*, in which you have these three things regardable.

First the Reason warning, which was Almighty God by the mouth of the Prophet *Isaiah*, as is made ma-

manifeſt in expreſs termes in the former part of the Verſe: *And* Iſaiah *the Prophet, the Son of* Amoz, *came unto him, and ſaid unto him, thus ſaith the Lord.*

Secondly, the Perſon warned, or exhorted, which was none other but even good King *Hezekiah*, and by him all other.

And then thirdly and laſtly the matter of the Exhortation, and that was to *Set thy Houſe in Order.* Now of theſe which ſhall have the firſt place in my Diſcourſe ſhall be of the Perſon exhorting, and that was God. *Adam* who had attained unto the ſtate of Perfection in his Life and Converſation, relying wholly upon Natures firſt intentions never ſo much as once dream'd of Death, which is a Separation of Soul and Body, or any Alteration, until Almighty God, *unto whom all hearts are open, no ſecrets hid*, ſeeing his corrupt and baſe nature, came unto him, and told him plainly, and roundly to his face, how that he was but *Duſt and Aſhes, and thither ſhould return again*, Gen. 3. 19. Thus Almighty God by the mouth of *Moſes* the Faithful was ever warning the *Iſraelites* (being ever a moſt ſtiff-necked, and rebellious Generation) of their Mortality. *Deut.* 32. 21. ſaying, *They have moved me to Jealouſie with that which is not God, they have provoked me to Anger with their Vanities; And I will move them to Jealouſie with thoſe which are not a People, I will provoke them to Anger with a fooliſh Nation; for a fire is kindled in my anger, and ſhall burn unto the loweſt Hell, and ſhall conſume the Earth with her encreaſe, and ſet on fire the Foundation of the Mountains; I will heap miſchief upon them, I will ſpend my Arrows upon them; they ſhall be burnt with hunger, and devour'd with burning heat; and with bitter Deſtruction; I will alſo ſend the Teeth of Beaſts upon them, with the poyſon of Serpents of the Duſt*, and to raiſe

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this Blister the higher, *the Sword without, and Terrour within, shall destroy both the Young Man, and the Virgin, the suckling also, with the Man of Gray Hairs*, vers. 25. Thus Almighty God did threaten them, if that they would not *set their House in Order*, and repent, that he would bring them to the Dust again, wherefore *Moses* being a true Mirror of pity, out of his most tender Love, and boundless Affection towards them all in general, lest that Almighty God, should send forth his sharp piercing Arrows, and give them mortal Wounds in his heavy Wrath, and cruel Anger, cries out most bitterly, by way of Exclamation, saying, *O that they were wise, then would they understand this, and consider their latter end.* Thus the Father of Spirits, and Lives, having out of a *Chaos*, or nothing, created all, and fashioned Man after his own Image, seeing his corrupt and base Nature too inclinable unto all sorts of Wickedness, by a sudden *Metamorphosis*, transforms him into what he was again, just like the Cat in the Fable, which when she would not change her manners, having all her members made after the form of a Woman, according to hearts desire, was turned into a Cat again. Thus far concerning the first particular Circumstance, the Son warning even Almighty God by the mouth of *Isaiah* the Prophet: wherefore now to breviate my Discourse in fewer Words, lest that I should be too prolix in the prosecution, I shall proceed unto the second thing, subservient to this Explication, and that is the person warned, or here to *set his House in Order*, which was none other, but even *Hezekiah* that good King of *Judah, who brake down the brazen Serpent*, 2 Kings 18. 4. Who did receive presents from the King of *Babel*. 2 Kings 20. 12. Who restored all things that his Predecessors had taken out of the Temple, and established pure Religion among his People. 2 *Chron.* 29. 2,

And

And lastly who ordained Priests, and Levites to serve in the Temple, and also who appointed for their maintenance, 2 *Chron.* 31. 2. This, yea, even then was he unto whom Almighty God (*who hath no delight in the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he may turn from his Wickedness, and Live,*) sent the good Prophet *Isaiah*, saying, *set thy House in Order, for thou shalt die, and not live.* Hereupon I might insist longer, but that I shall demonstrate unto you as occasion is offered, and now proceed unto the third particular Circumstance regardable in my Text, the matter of this Exhortation, and that was to *set his House in order*, which is the scope of my Sermon, and the main thing. *Set thy*, &c. Now by this word *House*, you may understand, even every Humane Body, which although at its first Creation, was a most solid, sound, and incorruptible Substance; yet, by the entrance in of sin became capable of all sorts of Maladies; 'tis true, before that we knew what a damnable thing sin was, we had strong Houses, but ever since God Almighty lets us dwell in Paper thatched Cottages, and clay Walls, every Disease like a tempestuous storm totters us, and is ever and anon ready to overwhelm us. Now this ruinous House, and all decaying Tabernacle, which by the corruption of sin is become as a Pest-house, fetide, filthy, and unclean, before it can be set in order, must be swept clean and throughly rinced of all sins infective dregs.

First it must be throughly purged from the guilt of blood, which leaves such a stain behind it, that the whole Land could not be cleansed but by the blood of the shedder; for even so did holy *David*, who although he was a renowned, and glorious King, and holy Prophet of God, a Man justified even of his Enemies, thou art more Righteous than I; esteemed of his Subjects, thou art worthy of

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ten thousand of us, a Man more learned than his Teachers: Yea, *a Man even after Gods own Heart*; yet no way respecting the name, or applause of Men, but is content to shame himself for evermore, to record his Sins to his own shame, so that he may procure Gods Glory, and the good of his Church, *set thy House in order*, and not shroud in his head, nor run into a Bush as *Adam* did, but writing his fault even in his Brow, and pointing at it even with his finger, casteth his Crown down at the Lambs feet with the 24 Elders; with the poor Publican falls groveling to the Earth, thumps his breast, strikes upon his thigh, wrings his hands, and ever pours out his poor soul before the Lord of Hosts, and thus humbling himself unto the Dust of Death, at length from the bottom of his heart, with grief, shame, and fear, cries out most bitterly, and betakes himself unto a Psalm of mercy, saying, *Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou art the God of my health, and my tongue shall sing of thy Righteousness, make my House clean by cleansing me from the guilt of blood, and then shall I set forth thy praise.* Ever get your Houses throughly purged from that Sin, which is an high offence against Almighty God, who hath given it in command, saying, *Thou shalt not kill*, and if not another, much less thy self, for *thou must love thy Neighbour as thy self*, first thy self, and then thy Neighbour as thy self, the nearer, the dearer. I kill, and give life again, saith the Lord of Hosts; we are not masters of our own lives, but only stewards, and therefore may not spend them, or end them, when, and how we please, but even as God Almighty, who bestowed them, lest that we come, and defile our Bodies, which ought ever to be kept clean, and *set in order*. As murderers are enemies against God, whose image they deface against their Neighbours, who

are all members with them of one Common-weal, and politick Body, so are the most cruel Enemies against themselves, because by natural instinct every Creature labours to preserve it self, the Fire striveth with the Water, the Water fighteth with the Fire, the most silly Worm doth contend with the most strong Man to preserve it self, and therefore we are not to butcher our Neighbours, or our selves, but to expect Gods pleasure, and leisure to let us depart in peace, seeing that *we must all die, and not live.* That bloody Tyrant *Nero* had his hands so stained with the guilt of innocent blood, that when God saw that he would not repent, *and set his House in order*, caused him to die both a sudden and a shameful Death, and thus God dealt with many more, whom I shall leave to your consideration, wherefore that you may not taste of the same sauce, while it is said, *to day, set your House in order*, get them throughly cleansed from all guilt, and especially from the guilt of Blood, and then, when you die you shall receive incorruptible Crowns, you shall be like Kings and Princes, all Co-heirs in the Kingdom of Heaven, which for excellency is far beyond thought, and glorious beyond report.

Secondly, As the Body, before it can be set in Order, must be throughly cleansed from the guilt of blood; so must it likewise be purged throughout, and scoured well of all the Pollutions, and Corruptive Dregs, which Adultery leaves behind it, they are not a few, it is a Quotidian Fever to the Corps, a Canker to the Mind, a Corrosive to the Conscience, and a morral Bone to all the Body. It is an efficient cause of more cruel Maladies in the Body than any thing beside.

First, it sets the Body on fire, which ever after consumes away by an incurable Consumption.

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Secondly, it brings the Body into a Dropſie, which by no skilful Phyſitian with all his cunning Medicines, and drawing Iſſues can be once cured; till that Tyrant, and all-devouring Death come with its ſharp ſtinging Arrows, and execute its office. Concupiſcence is like a fire, and our Bodies unto ſeething pots which cannot be cooled, but either by taking away the fuel, by keeping it in continual motion, by caſting in of cold water, or laſtly, by taking it altogether from the fire. Therefore let every man in the fear of God, uſe theſe means preſcribed for the cooling of intemperate Luſt boiling in his fleſh.

Firſt I ſay, let him take away the fuel, let him refrain himſelf from eating, and drinking too much, leſt at laſt Luſt command like a Tyrant; for ſaturity is the father of wantonneſs, and uncleanneſs, the Daughter of ſurfeiting, *ſine Cerere & Libero friget Venus, without Nectar and Ambroſia* Concupiſcence cannot long continue, for Lady *Venus* dwells ſtill at the ſign of the Ivy-buſh: where there is cleanneſs of Teeth, uſually there is no filthineſs of Body, but if that we ſtuff our Corps as full as they can hold, making our mouths as Tunnels, our throats as Wine-pipes, and our bellies as barrels, we muſt expect nothing but Luſt ever to Tyranize over us.

Secondly, let every one keep his Body in continual Action, for Concupiſcence is begot of an idle Brain, and hatch'd in a lazy Body.

Quæritur Ægiſtus quare ſit factus Adulter?
In promptu Cauſa eſt, deſidioſus erat.

Egiſtus complaining why he ſhould be made an Adulterer, was quickly anſwered, becauſe he was idle. The Crab-fiſh being more ſubtle than many other

other Fishes against the coming of the Flood, when that the Oyster never fails to open, flings into her a little Stone, that she cannot shut her self again, and so the Oyster is devoured by the Crab; our Adversary the Devil is like unto the Crab; and we just like the Oyster, if that he find us idle and gaping, he takes his opportunity to confound us. Idleness is the Devils Pillow, saith *Origen*, and therefore like a pestiferous and dangerous Plague is to be shun of all: *Cupid* shoots still in a slug, and therefore hits none, but such as are sluggish.

Thirdly, Let every Man stir to cool his Body by washing of himself throughly with his Tears, as *David* did, who *watered his Couch with his Tears*, and *whose Eyes became a Fountain of Tears*. *David* and his people lifted up their Voices, and wept so long that they could weep no longer.

Fourthly, As the Pot is cooled by taking it altogether from the Fire; so indeed may the Lust of the Body, by shuning opportunities and occasions of Sin, for Liberty makes Thieves. *Daniel*, although but a young Man, was so indued with the Continency, that he did not only all he could to suppress Lust in himself, but also reproved the Lascivious Elders. *Joseph* a young Man resisted the Temptations of his own Mistress, and likewise St. *John* the Blessed Evangelist, although very young, almost a Boy, did what as in him lay to bridle his Nature, and to keep his House in order: Now seeing that filthy Lust doth not only dishonour, but also pollutes our Vessels, our Clay Bodies, let us take Saint *Paul*'s advice, which is *to abstain from its every kind*, for although it doth seem a Paradise to the Desire, yet it is a Purgatory to the Purse, a Plague to the Body, and a Hell to the Soul; and that which may stir up the Wanton the most, a Sin against his own Body; Dost thou then love thy Flesh?

Secondly, it brings the Body into a Dropſie, which by no skilful Phyſitian with all his cunning Medicines, and drawing Iſſues can be once cured; till that Tyrant, and all-devouring Death come with its ſharp ſtinging Arrows, and execute its office. Concupiſcence is like a fire, and our Bodies unto ſeething pots which cannot be cooled, but either by taking away the fuel, by keeping it in continual motion, by caſting in of cold water, or laſtly, by taking it altogether from the fire. Therefore let every man in the fear of God, uſe theſe means preſcribed for the cooling of intemperate Luſt boiling in his fleſh.

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Egiſtus complaining why he ſhould be made an Adulterer, was quickly anſwered, becauſe he was idle. The Crab-fiſh being more ſubtle than many other

other Fiſhes againſt the coming of the Flood, when that the Oyſter never fails to open, flings into her a little Stone, that ſhe cannot ſhut her ſelf again, and ſo the Oyſter is devoured by the Crab; our Adverſary the Devil is like unto the Crab; and we juſt like the Oyſter, if that he find us idle and gaping, he takes his opportunity to confound us. Idleneſs is the Devils Pillow, ſaith *Origen*, and therefore like a peſtiferous and dangerous Plague is to be ſhun of all: *Cupid* ſhoots ſtill in a ſlug, and therefore hits none, but ſuch as are ſluggiſh.

Thirdly, Let every Man ſtir to cool his Body by waſhing of himſelf throughly with his Tears, as *David* did, who *watered his Couch with his Tears*, and *whoſe Eyes became a Fountain of Tears*. *David* and his people lifted up their Voices, and wept ſo long that they could weep no longer.

Fourthly, As the Pot is cooled by taking it altogether from the Fire; ſo indeed may the Luſt of the Body, by ſhuning opportunities and occaſions of Sin, for Liberty makes Thieves. *Daniel*, although but a young Man, was ſo indued with the Continency, that he did not only all he could to ſuppreſs Luſt in himſelf, but alſo reproved the Laſcivious Elders. *Joſeph* a young Man reſiſted the Temptations of his own Miſtreſs, and likewiſe St. *John* the Bleſſed Evangeliſt, although very young, almoſt a Boy, did what as in him lay to bridle his Nature, and to keep his Houſe in order: Now ſeeing that filthy Luſt doth not only diſhonour, but alſo pollutes our Veſſels, our Clay Bodies, let us take Saint *Paul*'s advice, which is *to abſtain from its every kind*, for although it doth ſeem a Paradiſe to the Deſire, yet it is a Purgatory to the Purſe, a Plague to the Body, and a Hell to the Soul; and that which may ſtir up the Wanton the moſt, a Sin againſt his own Body; Doſt thou then love thy Fleſh?

Flesh? Abstain from Adultery, for it is rottenness to thy *Bones*; Dost thou thy Soul? Abstain then from it. Lord, for it is very unhoneſt; Or dost thou love thy Credit? Be sure then likewise that thou abstain from it, for it is very dishourable. This heat is an Infernal Fire, whose Fuel is Fulness of Bread, and abundance of Idleness; Evil Communications are the Sparks, Infamy the Smoak, Pollution the Ashes, and the End Hell, wherefore seeing this, get your selves throughly cleansed from this Infectious Disease, and suffer not Sin to raign in your Mortal Bodies, but with all haste, *set your House in order, for you shall die.* As the *Body* before it can *be set in order*, must first be purg'd of all *Blood*-guiltiness, and then of all those Distempers occasioned by Adultery, so must it likewise be Scoured from top to toe of all Pride and Arrogancy which are the other proper Sins of Satan; they that are proud, and vain-glorious, must of necessity be ever Factious; seeing that bravery ever stands upon comparisons; and likewise very violent, ever to make good their own vaunts; they are seldom or never at love with their Neighbours, it's true, one Tradesman will love another, and one Drunkard, according to *Horace*, will take Delight in the Company of another, sitting Hour after Hour, drinking of Soul-sick Healths; but for one proud Man to associate with another, and to love him as himself, is a thing seldom or never seen; just like the Foolish *Jea* cloath'd with the *Peacock*'s Feathers, he ever thinks himself Chief among all, though according to Natures Ordination a meer *Ignoramus*; he is ever casting beyond the Moon, till that he bring himself to destruction, which may well be so according to that of *Solomon*, *Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty mind before a fall*, Prov. 16. 18. The good Prophet *Isaiah* had such

such an invetterred hatred against the Sin of Pride, that he pronounced a woe against *Ephrim* the very Crown of all Arrogancy; saying, *Woe unto the Crown of Pride*, Isa. 28. 1. for it shall bring a Man very low, when humility shall raise him full high, as you may see by the words of the ever blessed Virgin *Mary*, who saith, *Luke* the 1. 52. that the *Lord hath put down the Mighty from their Seat, and hath exalted the Humble and Meek.* This Sin corrupts the whole World, therefore that you may get your selves free from all its Infections, fly it as you would the Plague or Pestilence, and with all haste *set your House in Order, for you shall die, and not live.* 4. The next Malady that you must get your selves Cured of before that your Houses can be set in order, is Envy, Hatred, and Malice, a Sin which hath been of too long standing: It was very common in *Hesiod*'s time, and not only among the Potters and Singers; but also among the very Vagrants, whereupon he took occasion to say, One Potter (saith he) there envies another, one Singer hates another, and one Beggar pronounceth a woe against another? A Man that hath no Virtue in himself ever is envying Virtue in another, and not in those that are far distant, but even in those that are full near, and dear unto him; ——*feriunt summos Fulmina montes*; as high Hills are most exposed to Thunder, and as the fairest Flowers are the soonest nipt by the venemous *Cantharides*; even so the most Eminent Gifts and Graces in Men, are the greatest griefs of the Malicious and Envious Misers, this Sin is a repining grief for other Mens Happiness; it is an evil Eye which wisheth good to no Man, but to it self; although the Squint-Eye, Male-content and Envious Wretch doth thus ever Travel with Mischief, and bring forth ungodliness, still disquieting of himself like the raging

Sea,

Sea, and ſtiring up ſtriſe all the day long; yet let him remember that this courſe of Life muſt be alter'd, that he muſt get his Body throughly drench'd from all *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Malice* (the greateſt Antagoniſt againſt Love, which ought to be embraced for all) and *Get his Houſe ſet in order, for he ſhall die and not live.*

Fifthly, The Body muſt firſt be purged from the Corruptions of Blood-guiltineſs. Secondly, from the cruel Maladies occaſioned by Adultery. Thirdly, of all putrifactions brought in by Pride aud Arrogancy, and fourthly, the infections procured by *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Malice*; ſo likewiſe it muſt be ever kept free from all Covetous, and greedy deſires, the root of all ill, and the very *Metropolis* of all Villany. *Judas* was not ſooner made Buyer, but that he ſhut himſelf into his Purſe, and became a Slave to a few pieces of Silver his own Priſoners, ſo that indeed at laſt it was more eaſie for a Camel to enter into the Eye of a Needle, than for him being conjured into the Circle of his Purſe to get out again. This Sin is ſo ſweet that it leadeth almoſt all Men unto Deſtruction, whom it once poſſeſſeth; What was it but only Covetouſneſs that brought *Dives* to the Pit of Hell, where being ever tormented with its Scorching Flames is ſtill dying, yet never dead, always crying out, O Immortal Death, O deadly Life, what ſhall I term thee, for if that thou be Life, wherefore doſt thou kill? and if Death, how doſt thou ſtill endure; for in Life there is ſome eaſe and comfort, and in Death an end; but in thee there is neither eaſe, nor end. O my dear and well beloved Friends, conſider this; and get your ſelves Cured of this Malady, which of it ſelf is able to bring a Man unto the Pit of Hell, fly it as a ſecret Enemy in your own Boſ, myea, and both in Body and Mind to.

As

As our outward form, so much more our inward form should make us loath and detest this abominable Sin of Covetousness, which turns topsy turvy all Humane Society, and sets more at odds, than naked truth brings to Unity, Peace, and Concord.

Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit, & erectos ad Sydera tollere vultus.

In the first Creation of things, when God made all Creatures Irrational, looking down to the Ground, then made he Man, a Rational Creature after his own Likeness, with a Countenance tending to Heaven, and all to put him in mind, although he was made *de terra & ex terra*, of the Earth and out of the Earth, never like the Worldling to mind the things of the Earth; but to keep his Body still clean swept, not suffering the least Dust, or filthy Rust to be in his Mortal Corps. But further, as the Body must be made clean, and purged of all those stinking Dregs, which those forementioned crying Sins have left in it; even so it must be ever kept clean from those Distempers which Drunkenness and Gluttony procure. This most beastly Sin of Drunkenness began presently after the Flood, and hath almost drowned the whole World with another Deluge.

The *Tuscans* were so much addicted to this, that they were never well; but in drinking, and quaffing of Soul-sick healths, and so were the people of *Germany*, whereupon was said,

Germani possunt cunctos tolerare labores,
O utinam possunt tam bene ferre sitim.

O I wish, saith the Poet, seeing that the People of *Germany* can endure any thing, that they could but refrain themselves from Drinking too much. Likewise it was said of one *Borosus*, that he was Born *bibere, non vivere*, to guzzle their time away and not live; and thus it may be said by too many now-a-days, who unless instead of it apply their Hearts and Minds to Sobriety and Temperance, shall not only procure to themselves loss of Estate, sickness of Body, but also to the poor harmless Soul Everlasting woe, and misery; O consider this, you that rise early in the Morning, and continue till Night in drinking of strong Healths; yea you that cannot afford your self natural Rest, but like the Hog betake your self to any sad Lodging for a while, and so return to your drunken trade again, still drinking other Mens Healths till that you drink your own away; never calling to Mind;

Una Salus sanis nullam potare Salutem,
Non est in poto vera Salute Salus.

That the Health of the sound is to drink no Health, but to his own. He, that is a common Drunkard, can but of necessity break all the Commandments of God. For first instead of giving that honour due unto Almighty God his Creator, he makes a God of the Creatures loving it with all his Heart and Mind; ever having more Gods than one. Secondly, he is ever ready to Blaspheme, and to back all his words with execrable Oaths. Thirdly, he is ever ready to commit Murder, as *Alexander* the Greatest did, who when he was Drunk slew his Friend *Clitus*. Fourthly, the Drunkard is ever ready to break the Seventh Commandment by reason of his large Commons and lewd Companions.

Fifth-

Fifthly, the Drunkard breaketh the Eighth Commandment as well as the rest; for although, like a cunning Fox he may refrain to take up at home, yet if it be to be had abroad, he is sure to have it; but indeed, that which is the worst of all is that he robs God of his due, which is of his poor Soul, which he hath purchased with his most precious Blood; and so brings both his Body and Soul to utter ruin and destruction. (O thou that spins away thy time, like a Swine in drinking, and eating;) ever have this in remembrance, and *set thy House in order, for thou shalt die and not live.* There are many more rusty, and filthy dregs of Sin, which as well as those must be scoured out of the Body before that it can *be set in order*, as of Lying, Swearing, Cursing, and such like; but those I shall leave to your consideration, hoping that you will not suffer the least of them to have any place in your Mortal Bodies.

And so proceed a little further concerning the very matter of our discourse, the thing that we are all warned unto, which is to *set our Houses in order, for we must die, and not live. Set thy House*, &c. As it is the Custom among the Nobles and Peers of this Realm, when that they know of the Kings coming to give them a visit, to have all about them in order and decency; so indeed ought every one of us to *set our Houses in order*, to keep our Bodies, which are the Temples of the Holy Ghost ever clean and decent, and still furnished with all sorts of Heavenly Graces to entertain such a Glorious Prince, who hath writ on his Thigh King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. It will not be long ere he come, for St. *James* said, *In his time behold the Judge standeth before the door*, and likewise, it was St. *John's* the Baptist Text, saying, *Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, he may come to day, or*

he may come to morrow, therefore make your selves ever ready, and set your House in order, for you shall die, and not live. First, you must furnish your selves with love, which is the complement of the Law, and an earnest desire of interchangeable affection between Christ and the Soul. Secondly, you must furnish your selves with Charity, which of all Virtues is still Chief, for St. *Paul* the Bishop of the Gentiles, comparing it with Faith and Hope, tells you that it is the Chief, for it ever Edifieth, still suffereth, never envieth, yea, and still continueth, 1 *Cor.* 13. 8. Thirdly, you must get your selves furnished with patience, that with all alacrity and chearfulness of Heart, you may endure all things for Christs sake. Fourthly, you must get your selves furnished with Humility, Virtue, which when the Lord of Heaven beholds it in you, which caused him to sink into your Hearts. Fifthly, you must get your selves furnished with Hope of Everlasting Faith and Salvation. And then sixthly and lastly with Faith, which is an evidence of things not seen, thus you must get your selves *set in order*, &c.

And thus far of the matter of this Admonition, and earnest Exhortation. Now I should come to the Reason, which is twofold, affirmative, and negative; Affirmative, *thou shalt die*; and Negative, *and not live. Set thy House in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.*

Now of these severally, and first of the reason affirmative, *thou shalt die.* Now there are three kinds of Death. First, the Death of the Body, which is a natural Death. Secondly, the Death of the Soul, which is a Spiritual Death. And then thirdly and lastly, the Death both of Body and Soul, which is Eternal Death. But that which good King *Hezekiah* was warned of, was but only the Death of the Body, which according to the Statute

Statute Law Decreed in that High Court of Parliament of Heaven, all Men shall once taste of, no Man can escape it, for so saith St. *Paul*, it is appointed unto all Men that they shall once die, to all once, to many twice, for there is a second Death, and that is truly a Death, because it is *Mors Vitæ*, the Death of Life; the other rather a Life, because it is *Mors Mortis*, the Death of the Death, after which there shall be no more Death. Now as *Job* saith, *Mans time is appointed, his Month determined, and his day numbered*, yea, and (as Christ Jesus the Worlds Saviour saith) his very last hour is limited; he was made of the Mould of the Earth, he shall return again to the Earth: And as all have one Entrance into Life, the like going out shall they have to Death: Nothing we brought in, nothing we shall carry out. Naked come I out of my Mothers Womb, and naked shall I return. A Change then shall come which of the wicked is to be feared, of the godly to be desired, and of all people to be daily and hourly expected. Remember them that have been before you, and that shall come after you, that this is the Judgment of the Lord over all Flesh to taste of Death. *All Men shall once die, for as much as all have sinned, and been disobedient unto the Laws of God.* This Death of the Body is not a dying, but a departing, a transmigration, and *Exodus* of our Earthly Pilgrimage, unto our Heavenly Home; yea, a passage from the Valley of Death unto the Land of the Living: Although our Souls and Bodies are separated for a while, yet shall they meet again in the receptacle of Blessed Saints and Angels with much joy, and receive an incorruptible Crown. The Body is a Prison to the Soul, and Death a Goal-delivery, that frees the poor harmless Soul of those Grievances, which formerly it did endure. Length of days is

nothing unto us, but much grief, and Age the durance of long Imprisonment; wherefore if that you would but seriously consider this, you might find Death to be rather a Friend than an Enemy, and by consequence rather to be desired than shun'd as *Simeon* did, as it is evident, *Luke* 2. 29, saying, *Now, Lord, lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace, according to thy Word*, which by some is used thus; Now, Lord, I hope that thou wilt suffer me to depart in peace, and keep my poor Immortal Soul no longer within the small circumference of this Mortal Body. The Thief upon the Cross laid down his Life most joyfully, because he saw Christ, and did stedfastly believe, that he should pass from a place of pain and misery, unto a Paradise of Pleasure, and so did St. *Stephen*, *Acts* 7. 56. The Royal Preacher King *Solomon*, lest that his Son should be deprived of such Happiness, doth by an Emphatical Irony dissuade his Son from those youthful Lusts, and sensual Pleasures, whereunto he feared that he should naturally be addicted, and that by the consideration of that dreadful account, he was to give unto God at the great and terrible day of the Lord; desiring him most earnestly not to let his House stand out of order, but ever to *remember his Creator in the days of his youth*, for old Age will come, saith he, and then thou shalt not be so fit by reason of much weakness and infirmities. Or else, Death may seize upon thee, *For Dust shall return unto the Earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it*, Eccles. 12. 7. In a moment, yea, at the twinkling of an Eye, when once this Tyrant Death comes, it will sweep us all away. It is the Custom among us here to let Leases, one, two, or three Lives, but God lets none for more than one, and this once expired, there is no hope of getting the Lease renewed, he suffers Man sometimes

times to dwell in his Tenement threeſcore Years, and ten, *Pſal.* 90. 10. Sometimes to fourſcore, but ſecures none far from home, and that for ſeveral Reaſons. Firſt, to bridle our curioſity leſt that we ſhould ſearch after things too high, for *quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*, thoſe things that are above us, are nothing to us. Secondly, to try our patience whether that we will put our whole truſt, and confidence in him, although we know not the time of our departure and diſſolution; and then thirdly, to keep us in continual watchfulneſs, for if that we ſhould know, when Death would come with a *Habeas Corpus* to remove us, it would make many more careleſs than they are, though indeed the beſt of us are careleſs enough. Here Men do know the date of their Leaſes, and the expiration of the Years, but Man is meerly a Tenant at will, & is put out of Poſſeſſion at leſs than an Hours warning. Wherefore now, while it is ſaid *to day, ſet your Houſes in order, ſeeing that you muſt die, and not live.* It is not ſufficient at the laſt Hour of Death to ſay, *Lord have mercy on me*, or, *Lord into thy hands I commend my Soul.* But even in all our Life-time, yea, and eſpecially in our youth, we muſt ſtrive ever to *ſet our Houſes in order, for we ſhall die and not live. Samſon* was very ſtrong, *Solomon* very wiſe, and *Methuſalem* lived many years, yet at laſt they with many more were brought to Mother Earth. If it ſeem pleaſant unto you at the preſent to let your rotten and ruinous Houſes ſtand out of order, yet with all remember, what the Prophet ſaith, *The day of Deſtruction is at hand, and the times of perdition make haſte to come on.* Art thou a young Man in the *April* of thine Age, and haſt thou thy Breaſts full of Milk, and doth thy Bones run full of Marrow, as *Job* ſpeaks, and thereupon doſt promiſe to thy ſelf length of days, yet thou muſt know, alſo,

that a man, even at the highest pitch of health, when he hath that same Fencer-like kind of strength, is nearest danger in the Judgment of the best Physicians, remember with all that observation of *Seneca*, Young Men (saith he) have Death behind them, Old Men have Death before them, and all men have Death not far from them; we may in a manner complain already that the great God of Battle threatens an utter ruin to all the World, the Earth hath trembled, the Lights of Heaven have been often darkned, Rebellions have been raised, Treasons have not long since been practised, Plagues of late have been dispersed, Winds have blustered, Waters have raged; and what wants there now, but those two Arrows of God, even Sword and Fire from Heaven for us to be consumed. Is it now think you a time to buy, to sell, to eat, to drink, and to live securely in sin, as they did in the days of *Noah*, and think of nothing else; is it now a time to say unto Almighty God, as the Nigard doth unto his Neighbour, *come again to me to morrow*, as that drousie Sluggard doth, *Prov.* 6. 10. *Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little foulding of the hands to sleep.* The foolish Virgins supposed that the Bridegroom would not have come like an Owl or a Batt in the night, there is time enough, said they, what needs all this haste; but poor Fools, they were excluded. Oh! I cannot forbear, my very Heart even bleeds within me to think of it, yea, all the faculties of my Soul and Body are strucken with horrour and amazement, while I declare unto you, how that many Thousands now are doubtless in Hell, who purposed in time to have *set their Houses in order*, but being prevented by Death, are for ever condemned. O here I could heartily wish (with *Jeremy*) *that I had in the Wilderness a Cottage*, Yea,

I

I could (wiſh with *Job*) *that I were a Brother to the Dragons, and a Companion to the Oſtriches*, whilſt I think of that wiſh I am now uttering; nay, I could willingly deſire (with the Princely Prophet *David*) *that my Heart were full of Water, and that mine Eyes were a Fountain of tears*, that I might weep Day and Night, for the too too common Sins of this our Age in every kind. Now you are in your preparations for Eternity, and therefore had need to be very watchful over your ſelves, to ſee that you *ſet your Houſes in order, for you ſhall die, and not live.* And this brings me now unto the very laſt thing obſervable in my Text, and that is of the reaſon Negative, *and ſhalt not live, ſet thy Houſe*, &c. *Chryſoſtom* prying into the baſe Nature of Man, and finding him ever out of order, teacheth him a ſeven-fold conſideration of himſelf.

Firſt, What he is by nature, what he is in himſelf? *Duſt and Aſhes*, Gen. 18. 2.

Secondly, What is within him? *much ſin.*

Thirdly, What is before him? a *burning Lake*, which is ſpoken of *Iſai.* 30. 33.

Fourthly, What is above him? an *offended Juſtice*, Deut. 32. 16.

Fifthly, What is againſt him? *Satan*, and *Sin*, two notorious, and deadly Enemies.

Sixthly, What is before him? *vanishing Life*, and *worldly vanities.*

And then ſeventhly and laſtly, He deſires man ſeriouſly to conſider, what is behind him? *infallible Death*, for *ſemel aut bis morimur omnes*; Some once, ſome twice, *we muſt all die, and not live*, You cannot, like *Enoch*, *Heb.* 11. 5. be tranſlated, but muſt ſuffer Death as well as other Men, being common to all. Whatſoever thou doſt affect, whatſoever thou doſt project, ſo do, and ſo pro-

ject all at once, who for any thing thou knowest, may at this very present depart out of this Life. *Hypocrates*, although he could not cure till Death came upon him. *Heraclitus*, who writ many natural Tracts concerning the last, and general consolation of the World, could not find out a Remedy, or a Medicine for his Distemper, but died out of hand. Thus you may see, how that God spares none, but sends one thing or other to bring us to our long home. And thus far concerning the Death of the Body shall suffice, which was the Death good King *Hezekiah* was forewarned of: Wherefore now I shall but only speak a word or two of the Soul, and likewise of the Death of the Soul, and Body, and so conclude.

First, as there is a Natural Death, *viz.* the Death of the Body, so likewise there is a Spiritual Death, *viz.* of the Soul, when it is deprived of those Graces, which formerly God did bestow upon it; for as the Soul is the light, and life of the Body, even so Almighty God is the light, and life of the Soul. When he takes his holy Spirit from us, then we walk in the shadow of Death, this Death is an ill Fruit of Sin; therefore let us *set our Houses in order*.

But secondly, As there is a natural Death, and a spiritual Death, so likewise there is an eternal Death, called in the Ornament of Grace the second Death. This Death, as well as the Death of the poor Soul is lamented by God. *Esay* 59. 2. *As I live* (saith the Lord) *I desire not the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he may turn from his Wickedness and live.* I might now likewise add a fourth Death, and that is a civil Death, an undoing of our Credit, and honest Reputation, which many Men die, but this I shall leave to your consideration, and so conclude. O my dearly beloved Friends,

consider

consider what you are all by nature? What is within you? What is above you? What is below you? What is against you? What is before you? What is behind you? and that is, *infallible Death*; For here is not one here amongst you, be he never so strong, never so healthly, but that within the Revolution of a few years shall be brought in spight of his teeth unto the Grave. Wherefore let your Houses be daily perfumed by a Morning and Evening Sacrifice of Prayer, Praise unto Almighty God, both which were appointed under the Law, *Exod.* 29. 38. 39. And this shadowed what was to be performed under the Gospel. God renews his Mercies to you every Morning, and protects you from manifold dangers every Night, whereunto you are subject, and you be so ungrateful as to banish all his benefits out of your Memories who is every Moment so mindful of you.

As therefore, beloved, you tender the Salvation of your poor Souls, look home, and mourn for your Original sin, steep your Eyes in Tears, write Letters of discomfort upon the Ground as you go; let the streams of your sighs, and the sweet Incense of your Prayers rise up like Mountains before the Lord of Hosts, and bedewing your Cheeks with tears; make your humble Confession unto God Almighty, not of sin alone, but of all your sins, of what nature, degree, or height soever they be, and by your unfeigned Confession so accuse your selves, that you may not hereafter be accused of the Devil, and so judge your selves, that you be not judged of the Lord. In a word, that you may escape all those torments, which by reason of sin are incident both to Body and Soul, seeing the *night is far spent, and the day is at hand* while you have time, *set your Houses in order, for you shall die, and not live.*

THE EJACULATION.

GOod Lord, *let us be always* ſetting our Houſes in order, *that we may be really willing, and truly fit to die when Death ſhall ſeize us: Let us be always a preparing for our laſt Change, for it is the living only who are in a capacity to praiſe Thee. The Grave, into which we are all going, is a place of ſilence, where there is no praying to Thee, nor praiſing of Thee; neither are any that go down thither capable of ſecuring their eternal well-fare; in the Grave there is no Preaching, nor hearing; there we ſhall be altogether inſenſible of the actings of God, and be altogether uncapable of acting any thing for God: Oh! that we therefore, who are within a few ſteps of our long aud laſt home, might ſeriouſly conſider, what a vain thing it is to dream that we ſhall ever enjoy our worldly Relatives, or that we ſhall ever poſſeſs our worldly accommodations. What need have we then to be* ſetting our Houſes in order; *for 'tis certain, we ſhall once die, and how ſoon we know not. Oh then! let your* Thoughts, Words *and* Actions, *be ſuch as may beſt become dying perſons, ſeeing all that would dye comfortable muſt* ſet their Houſes in order *before they depart.*

SERMON

Look on every day as your last. or the Frailty of the Life of Man.

SERMON IX.

JAM. 4. 14.

What is your Life? It is even a Vapour that appeareth for a little time, and afterward vaniſheth away.

THere is nothing that doth evidently ſet before Mens Eyes the Deceits of the World, and the vanity of things preſent, as doth the due conſideration of the uncertainty, ſhortneſs and frailty of Man's Life; for all humane Pride, and the whole glory and pomp of the World (having Man's Life for a ſtay and foundation) can certainly no longer endure the ſame Life abideth; ſo that Riches, Dignities, Honours, and ſuch like, howbeit, a Man may enjoy them for a ſmall ſpace on Earth, yet do they never continue longer with him, than unto the Grave.

The conſideration whereof, together with this preſent occaſion offered, have cauſed me amongſt all other places of Holy Scripture to make choice of theſe words which I have now read unto you;

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in which (as in a most bright shining Glass) we may behold both the frail Constitution of Man's Nature, as also the short continuance of his Life here on Earth, it being but a Vapour, and *What is your Life?*

This whole Chapter containeth four Dehortations; the first is from Lust, unto the fifth Verse; the second from Pride, to the Tenth; the third from speaking evil of our Neighbour, to the Thirteenth; the last from Presumption of words, to the end of the Chapter; to dissuade from which sin, he useth two arguments especially; the first is drawn *Ab incertitudine rerum*, from the uncertainty of things, and that's contained in the words immediately going before my Text; the second is drawn *à Vanitate Vitæ*, from the vanity of Man's Life, and that's set down in the words of my Text. Which words contain two general parts, a Question and an Answer; *What is your Life?* There's the Question; the Answer followeth in the next, *It is even a Vapour*, &c.

First of the Question, *What is your Life?* Wherein observe, that Life is twofold; for there is a Created Life, and there is an Increated Life; the latter is only to be found in God, the former is a quality in the Creature, whereby it liveth, and moveth, and acteth it self.

Now Created Life is twofold, Spiritual and Natural: Again, Spiritual Life is twofold; sometimes it is taken for the Life of Grace, which God's Children only do enjoy in the Spiritual Kingdom of Christ in this World; which by way of excellency, is called *the Life of God*; not so much for that it is from God, as also all other kinds of Life are, as because God liveth in them that are his, and approveth this Life in them: And it is called (for the same respect) *the Life of Christ*, because Christ

Christ liveth in his through a super-natural Faith and Spirit; and they live unto God, and conform their Life unto his Will: And it is called *a new Life*, *a Christian Life*, and a *renewing of the Mind*, *Will* and *Affections*. This Life is opposed to Death in Sin, and to the old Man. Sometimes it is taken for the Life of Glory, whereby the Soul (being joyned again to her Body) shall lead a Life, which the Apostle calleth *Spiritual*; not in respect of the Substance, but of the qualities, 1 *Cor.* 15. 44. whereby the Faithful shall live for ever, and it is laid up in Christ, and the end of the World shall be disclosed, and which is opposed to the second Death, and it is called *Eternal Life*. Thus much of the *Spiritual Life*.

Now the Natural Life also is twofold; for either it may be taken generally for the Life of all Creatures, whereby they live, move, and have their being; or more particularly for the Life of Man, which natural Life in Man is the act and vigour of the Soul, arising from the conjunction of the Body with the Soul; this Life is given by God, continued by Meats and Drinks, and other necessary helps, and ended by Death; this is the Life properly meant in this place.

It is even a Vapour, &c. A Vapour (according to the Philisophers) is a thin fume extracted out of the Earth, by the Sun in the night time, but in the morning (or afore) it is scattered with the Wind, or dispelled with the Sun; or else, if the Sun do not appear in his Brightness, it falleth away of it self to the Earth from whence it came, or was drawn by the heat of the Sun. Such as is the nature of a Vapour, even such is the Life of Man; for he is extracted out of the Earth by the Sun of Righteousness, and he either perisheth before he seeth the Sun, or else in the Morning of his Youth,

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or if he escape the mid and noontide of his growth, yet at the last he falleth away by Age to the Earth from whence he was taken. The Text thus explained, we may observe these Points of Doctrine for our Instruction.

The first is the Frailty of our Constitution, in these words, *It is even a Vapour.*

Secondly, the Shortness of our continuance, *Which appeareth for a little time.*

Thirdly, The vanity or nullity of our Life after Death, in these words, *And afterward vanisheth away.*

First, Of the Frailty of our Constitution; the Apostle doth not compare the Life of Man to Silver or Gold, or Iron, or Brass: which are durable Substances; or some Body that is *Corpus perfecte mixtum*, that is, perfectly mixed or compounded of the four Elements; but to a Vapour that is *Corpus imperfecte mixtum*, that is, such a Body that is imperfectly mixed; and that for two Reasons: First, because it hath not *perfectum Miscibilium numerum*, that is, all the Elements in it; then also because it hath not *perfectum Mixtionis modum*, the true manner of a mixt Body, and therefore it vanisheth away into Air; either *per attenuationem*, by rarefaction and attenuation (as the Philosopher speaketh) *aut per condensationem*, when it returneth to the Earth from whence it came. And well might this our Apostle compare the Life of Man to such an Imperfect Body as a Vapour is: For first, if we consider our Birth, we are brought forth in the danger of our selves and them that bear us. Our Feet are not our own, neither are they able to carry the bulk and trunk of our Body; our Tongues are not our own, our Hands are not our own; but we lye bound and wrapped for many Months together; we Live, and yet we seem not to breathe;

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in our Youth we are liable to many Diseases: If it be true that the Physicians say, our Eyes are subject to an hundred Perils, how much more is the whole Body? Some cry, My Head, My Head, as the *Shunamites* Child; some are troubled with lame Legs, as *Mephibosheth*, some with Gouty Feet, as *Asa*; some are pained in the Belly, as *Jeremy*. This is that miserable Frailty which the Prophet *Isaiah* signifieth in these words; Almighty God said unto his Prophet, *Cry*; and the Prophet answered, *What shall I cry?* God said unto him, *All Flesh is Grass, and all the glory thereof like the Flower of the Field, the Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth away, but the Word of the Lord continueth for ever*: Upon these words St. *Ambrose* saith thus; Truely it is even so, for the glory of Man flourisheth in the Flesh like unto Grass; which although it seem to be great, it is in very deed but little; it buddeth like a Flower, and fadeth like Grass, so that it hath no more but a certain flourishing in appearance, and no firmness and stability in the Fruit. For what firmness can there be in the matter of Flesh? Or what good things (of any long continuance) are to be found in so weak a Subject? To day thou maist see a young Man, in the flourishing time of his Age, with great Strength, Lusty, and jetting up and down in the Streets in great Bravery, with a jolly lofty Countenance; and if it so fall out, that this very next Night he be taken with some Disease, thou shalt see him the next day with a Face so far altered and changed, that whereas before he seemed very amiable and beautiful, he shall now seem ill-favoured, miserable and loathsom to beholds; nay, Mans Fading away is such, and so sudden oftentimes, that there can be no reason given of his Death; for many have gone to Bed well in the Even, that in the Morning have bee

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found dead in their Beds; and many ſuddenly have dropped down in the Highways and Streets, as they have walked about their Affairs: And this is no wonder, if we conſider the Subſtance of Mans Body, which being a Building compact of green Clay, is eaſily overthrown with a ſmall puff of Wind. This being then the frailty of our Conſtitution, the conſideration thereof ſhould be uſed, to put away and abandon our natural Pride, and make us humble our ſelves under the Hand of God. An Example hereof we have in *Abraham*, who ſaid, *Gen.* 18. 27. *Behold, I have begun to ſpeak to my Lord, who am but Duſt and Aſhes.* Mark here how the conſideration of his frail condition, made him to abaſe and caſt down himſelf in the ſight of God: In like manner, if we could but conſider how Frail we are, it would ſtraightway pull down our Peacocks Feathers, and make us with *Job*, to abhor our ſelves in Duſt and Aſhes.

Secondly, The next Point I am to treat of, is the ſhortneſs of our continuance, intimated in theſe words, *Which appeareth for a little time*, &c. *Man that is Born of a Woman* (ſaith *Job*) *is of ſhort continuance and full of Miſeries; he ſhooteth forth as a Flower, and is cut down; he vaniſheth alſo as a Shadow, and continueth not*, Job 14. 1, 2. In which words, in that *Job* compared Man to a Shadow and a Flower, he notably ſetteth forth the ſhort continuance of Mans Life; a Shadow we ſee, if the Sun be never ſo little overclouded, it vaniſheth away; and a Flower, we know, is a comely and beautiful thing, yet for all that, there is nothing found more fading and vaniſhing; even ſo Man during the time of his Childhood and flouriſhing Youth, ſeemeth to be of a wonderful Comelineſs, but his Beauty is of ſmall Price, becauſe it is more brittle than Glaſs, ſeeing that Man carrieth always

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the Cause of Death in his Veins and Bowels. We see at this day, what a great matter it is for one to live Threescore and Ten, or Fourscore years, and this is commonly the ordinary Race of Mans Life; insomuch as when they live so long, they account themselves not to be evil dealt withal, as the Prophet signifieth when he saith, The days of Man are at the uttermost but Threescore and Ten Years; and if the Strongest do reach to Fourscore, what followeth is but labour and grief. Now if we should deduct those years which Infancy and Childhood spendeth, if also we should take away that time which passeth away when we sleep, it would be a small number of Years that would remain; which remnant if we should compare with the Life to come, it would seem but as a drop of Water compared with the whole Sea; so short is his Fading Life in regard of that which lasteth always. Neither is our Life so short only, but as it is short, so is it uncertain, how long it shall continue; for though there is nothing more certain than Death, yet is there nothing more uncertain than the hour of Death; and therefore a certain Philosopher compared the Lives of Men to Bubbles that are made in Water pits, when it raineth, of the which some do vanish away suddenly, even at their very rising; others do endure a little longer, and out of hand are decayed; others do continue somewhat more, and others less: So that although they do all endure but some little time, yet (in that little) there is great variety. This being then the shortness and uncertainty of our Lives, it should teach us so much the rather to embrace our Saviours Counsel in the Thirteenth of St. *Mark*'s Gospel, *Watch, because ye know not the day nor the hour*: The which is as much as if he had more plainly said, Because ye know not that Hour, watch every Hour:

hour; and becauſe ye know not that day, watch every day; and becauſe ye know not the Month and the Year, watch therefore every Month and Year. And to make this matter more plain by a Similitude: If thou ſhouldeſt be invited to a Feaſt, and being ſet at the Table, ſeeſt before thee many and ſundry ſorts of Meats, a Friend of thine ſecretly admoniſheth thee, that among ſo many dainty Diſhes there is one Poyſoned; what in this Caſe wouldſt thou do? which of them dareſt thou touch or taſte of? wouldſt thou not ſuſpect them all; I think (though thou were extremely hungry) thou wouldſt refrain from all, for fear of that one where the Poyſon is. It is made manifeſt unto thee already, that in one of thy ſeventy Years, thy Death lieth hidden from thee, and thou art utterly Ignorant which year that ſhall be, how then can it be, but that thou muſt ſuſpect them all, and fear them all? O that we underſtood the ſhortneſs of our Life! how great Profit and Commodity ſhould we then receive by the Meditation thereof!

Thirdly and laſtly, the vanity and nullity of our Life after Death, intimated in theſe words, *and afterward vaniſheth away:* The whole Courſe of Mans Life is but a flying Shadow, a little ſpot of time between two Eternities, which will quickly diſappear; the ſame Earth which we now ſo negligently tread upon, may ſuddainly receive us into her cold Imbraces. Well may Life then be ſaid to be vaniſhing away, Though now we are in perfect Health, yet before to morrow ſome dear Friend or other may paſſionately follow our Hearſe to the Grave. Our time paſt is like a Bird fled from the Hand of the owner out of ſight, and our preſent time is vaniſhing away, and on Earth we have no abiding.

But here consider, if Life be so vanishing and uncertain a thing, then

1. This reproveth those that Squander away their precious time, as if their abode on Earth would be too long to prepare for Eternity, if they did not mispend it half; but it is time for us to cry out, *The time past is more than enough to have wrought the Will of the Flesh*, 1. Pet. 4. 3. or as it is *Rom.* 13, 14. 'Tis high time to awake out of Sleep.

2. If Life be thus vanishing, then be not over solicitous as to future Events, but willingly submit to a Divine Providence; be not so much concerned for to Morrow, do not cumber your selves with too much Provision for a short Voyage.

3. If Life be thus short and vanishing, then do much work in a little time; shall we loose any of that time which is so fleeting and so uncertain. And thus I have briefly shown you the frailty of the Life of Man, and the profitable use we might make of this Consideration; That our Life is but *a Vapour which appeareth for a little time, and afterward Vanisheth away.*

4. If Life be so short and uncertain, then *look upon every day as your last*; so did the Apostle *Paul*, who said, *I die daily*; as there is nothing more certain than Death, so there is nothing more uncertain than the time of Death. We are all *Tenants at Will*, and therefore the great Landlord of Heaven and Earth may turn us out of our *Clay Houses* when he pleaseth. It was a worthy Custom of a *Roman* Emperor that would have his Man come every morning to his Bed-side, and pronounce these Words.

Remember thou art a dying Man; certainly such are justly to be reproved, who look upon Death as at a great distance from them. It is a common saying

ing of some, that they *thought no more of such a thing, than of their dying day*; surely it argues a very wicked frame of Heart to be so forgetful of *Death*, when 'tis that we are to expect *every minute*, and know not but each day that comes *may be our last*.

THE EJACULATION.

GOOD *Lord, what is the Life of Man? is it not like unto a* Vapour, *which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away? Is it not like unto a* Bubble, *which quickly swelleth to a considerable bigness, and as quickly sinketh again? Is it not like unto the Grass which groweth up and flourisheth in the Morning, but is cut down before the Evening come?*

Oh Lord, though Life be sweet, yet common experience shews that it is short; and as our Life is short in it self, (though we should live to the very outside of the strength of Nature) so will it seem much shorter, if it be compared with Eternity it self: And yet as short and as uncertain as our Life is, we have a long work to dispatch before we go away from hence, and be seen no more; we have a great way to go by a setting Sun; a great Race to run by a short Breath; and if Life be but as a Vapour, how little reason have we then

to ſquander away precious time? Yea, how great reaſon have we to redeem the time that is paſt, and to improve every Inch of the preſent time: Let us remember that we have no continuing City here, and therefore it will be neceſſary for us to ſeek one that is to come: Good Lord, therefore do thou make us to know our end, and the meaſure of our days, what it is, that ſo we may be throughly convinced how frail we are.

SER

The Swan-like Note of A Dying Chriſtian.

SERMON X.

Being the laſt Sermon this Author Preacht at *Grafham*, in *Huntingdonſhire*.

Beloved Brethren,

THE Lord hath ſet it home upon my Heart, ever ſince I came amongſt you, earneſtly to deſire and to pray for the Salvation of your Souls; it hath been no ſmall Encouragement to me to lay forth my weak endeavours in the Miniſtry, when I conſider that he which converteth a Sinner from the Errour of his way, ſhall ſave a Soul from Death, and hide a multitude of Sin, *James* 5. 20. To ſave a Soul from Death, is ſo glorious an Imployment, that herein I cannot chuſe but rejoice with the Apoſtle, when I ſee the word of the Kingdom working effectually in any Soul.

I bleſs God every day without ceaſing, that he hath given me a full proof of my Miniſtry in the Hearts and Conſciences of ſome, even in this place, ſince I came among you, ſo that I may ſay with

Paul,

Paul, 1 *Cor.* 9. 2. and they indeed are and shall be unto me, and I unto them a Crown of rejoicing at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on their behalf I pray, that their Faith may grow exceedingly, and that their Love unto Jesus Christ, and unto all Saints may every day more and more abound, and I commend them unto God, who is able to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding Joy.

As for others, I am jealous over them with a Godly Jealousie (as the Apostle speaketh) continually praying, that they may not be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ, but that they may hold fast the mystery of Faith in a pure Conscience.

Some indeed there are, that cause me secretly to groan in my Spirit and my Heart. I even bleed over them, and I do pity them in the Bowels of Jesus Christ, fearing least they should (like the five foolish Virgins) fall asleep, and hereafter endeavour to enter into Glory when the Door is shut. But now, dearly beloved, being come to Preach my last Sermon amongst you, I request you all both good and bad to attend with double diligence, to what shall be spoken unto you from that sweet portion of Scripture which you find recorded.

PHILIPIANS I. XXIII.

For I am in a straight between two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ which is far better.

IN these Words are these two Parts, First, a Declaration of St. *Pauls* desire, *For I am in a streight between two, having a desire to depart*; Secondly, an Inclination of the ground of it, which was this, because he might *be with Christ*; the word signifies *solvere Anchoram*, to loosen the Anchor, or to cut the Cable, that the Ship may sail after. While St. *Pauls* Spirit was tied up by the Flesh, he desired it should be loosened by Death, that it might Sail after into Glory. Spiritual *Desires*, they are always quickest and strongest, whensoever they are neerest the perfect enjoyment of their desired *Object*, Christ. As the motion of every natural Body is quickest and strongest, the nearer it comes to the *Center*; so the nearer fulness of Glory, the more *fervent* the Soul is in its desires after Christ. Sirs, my Text is usually the *dying Expression* of a *living Saint*; for when a believer draws near to his *End*, he sings most sweetly, like the *Swan*, and earnestly cries out, *Make haste my beloved*, he having *a desire to depart, to be with Christ*, evermore: upon a dying Bed, a Christians *Pulse* beats strongest *Heaven-ward*. We groan, as being in a great straight, knowing, *to depart is far better, much more better*; as if he should have said, Oh! there is no comparison between the enjoyment of God in the State

State of *Grace*, and the enjoyment of God in a State of *Glory*.

And here methinks, I hear the dying Chriſtian joyfully breathing out his earneſt and longing deſires, for a Diſſolution, in the very words of a late Grave and Serious Poet, who in an Heavenly Rapture, and ſweet Extaſie of Spirit, ſpake in the following manner, *viz.*

VVhy lingreſt thou bright Lamp *of Heaven? why*
Do thy Steeds *tread ſo ſlowly on? muſt I*
Be forc'd to live when I deſire *to die?*

Laſh thou thoſe Lazie Jades, *drive with full* ſpeed,
And end my ſlow-paced *days, that I may feed*
VVith Joy on Him, *for whom my heart doth bleed.*

Poſt *bleſſed Jeſus, come* Lord flee away.
And turn this Night into the brighteſt Day,
By thine approach, come Lord, *and do not* ſtay.

Take thou Doves-Wings, *or give* Doves Wings *to me,*
That I may leave this World, and come to thee,
And even in thy glorious preſence be.

I like not this vile VVorld, it is meer droſs,
Thou only art pure Gold, *then ſure 'tis loſs*
To be without a Throne t' enjoy a Croſs.

VVhat, though I muſt paſs through the Gates *of* Death,
It is to come to thee that gav'ſt me Breath,
And thou art better (Lord) than Dung-hill-Earth.

VVhen ſhall I come? Lord *tell me, tell me when?*
VVhat, muſt I tarry Threeſcore years and Ten,
My Thirſty Soul *cannot hold out 'till then.*

Come dearest Saviour, come, unlock this Cage
Of sinful Flesh, lovingly stop the Rage
Of my Desires, end thou my Pilgrimage.

Give me a Place on High, to Sit and Sing
Anthems of Praise to thee mine only King,
Whose ratling Sounds may make the Heavens Ring.

But here I know the timerous Soul will object against this truth, and say, Oh, how can the Christian so earnestly desire to be with Christ in the fulness of Glory? were it indeed but a short step into Glory, or were the way strewed with Roses and Flowers, and with all the *Spices* of the Merchant, it might be so, but there is a Lion in the way (as *Solomon* speaks in another case) there is *Death* the King of Fears, that stands frowning upon the Soul at the last cast when the Soul is upon its very *Entrance* into Christ, his prepared Mansions of eternal Glory; and therefore it were more desirable, to dwell safely upon the Earth in a sensible Heaven made up of the greatest worldly profits, and the most delightful creature Comfort, rather than to venture over the terrible mountain of Death (the very Epitomy of all Discouragements) into the doubtful possession of those invisible Depths of spiritual Glory, which the Scripture tells us, is only attainable after this Life.

I answer, that by nature of this Objection, you may presently know the name of the Objector. It comes from off a carnal heart, and fully speaks the temper an *Epicurean* Will, that is, against leaving its carnal interest in the Earth, for uncertain interest in Heaven But Death, though it be an intervening Cloud, which seems to darken or cast a mist upon the Lustre, and Comfort of a believers spiritual injoyment in God; yet it doth but seem to do so, and indeed it doth not at all extinguish the earnest desires of a serious lively Christian after

Christ

Christ in the fulness of Glory, and that especially when the believing Soul looks upon *Death* under these Considerations.

First, that to die is no worse a thing than to tread in the very steps of *Jesus Christ*, we might indeed have been afraid to die if *Jesus Christ* had not first stept into the cold grave before us, but if we will shew our selves true Soldiers unto Christ our Captain, we must not fear to venture, where he hath broken the way before us; Now *Christ* hath died that he might by his Death procure the Death of Death, and that he might free Believers from the fear of Death, the sting being taken out of it.

Secondly, Death is only ordained to refine, and not to ruine Nature, Death ends our sins and miseries, and not our life, as it may be made out unto you by this following Illustration, those Trees, which seem dead in the Winter, yet they revive in the Spring, because the Body and the Arms of the Tree, they are joyned to the Root, where the Sap lies all the Winter, and by means of this conjunction the Root it conveys life unto all the parts of the Tree. And the Bodies of Believers they have the Winter to, when as they are turned into the Dust, but their Life it is hid with Christ, at last they are revived and raised up into Glory.

Now here you may observe the great difference of Tempters, according to the various Complexions of Mens Spirits; the *Atheist* he dares not die for fear of being put out of his being, and the profane Person he dares not die for fear of exchanging his present bad being for a worse, but the Believer he earnestly desires to die, that besides this present temporal being, he might enjoy a future eternal well-being.

Indeed to a wicked Man, the best had been, not to have been, and this next best, were to live long; it was ill with him, that ever he was born, and worse,

A Carnal Mans continual cry is this, *Dum Spiro, Spero*, I love to live, for my present hope is my only help; for indeed, such an one hath only help in this Life; but a Christians common Expression is this, *Dum Exspiro Spero*, Expiration is my Expectation, for such an one hath hope in the Life to come, when a wicked Man dies, he thinks he shall live worse, but a Christian when he dies he knows he shall live better, he cries with the holy Apostle, *for one to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* Job. 19. 25. *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth, and though after my Skin Worms destroy this Body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.*

Thirdly, Death was never intended to be as a privation of good, but as a priviledge for good to the Believer, and it is attended with these several Priviledges.

First, Corporal and Temporal Death, it serves to set out the Beauty and Excellency of eternal Life. It is Gods usual method to set out one contrary by another, *Contraria juxta se posita magis elucescunt.* In War God commends Peace to us. In Adversity, Prosperity, in Sickness, Health, and in Death, he commends eternal Life to us.

As the Limner lays the Foundation of a curious Picture in a *Dark Ground-work*, so God doth often times lay the foundation of our sweetest Mercies in the greatest miseries; and this he doth that his Mercies may appear more lovely in our eyes; and thus he sets off the joys of Heaven by the troubles we meet with on the Earth. It is said of *Zeno* that he was wont to eat bitter things, that he might the better taste sweet, and he would say, sweet things were nothing worth, if they were not so commended to us. And so bitter Death, it is but an Engine devised by infinite Wisdom, and for

set out the Unspeakable sweetness of Everlasting Joy.

God could as easily have received all his redeemed ones into the immediate imbraces of Divine Love and Glory, without letting them know what it was to be tempted, to be afflicted or to die, but only for the better sweetning and endearing fulness of Glory to them.

Secondly, Deaths mortal Wound, it is but preparatory to an immortal weight of Glory. Death it is the midnight of all troubles and sorrows, which is in Travel with a morning of everlasting Joy, and Comfort. Death it is the *Saturday* or last day of our Weekly labours, which ushers in a *Sabbath* of eternal rest. Rev. 14. 13. *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, saying unto me.* Write, *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works follow after them.*

Here the Believer hath labour without rest, but in Heaven he shall have rest without Labour. Death tends indeed to a Believers perfect everlasting reign and rest.

The Believers Afflictions upon Earth, they are fore-runners of Deliverances, they are as throws to the Birth of future Comforts. The Whale which swallowed up *Jonah*, God appointed as the means of bringing himself to the Shore. And so the trouble which we often times think may swallow us up, it brings us to our harbour Death, it lands us safely upon Glory. One excellency sets out the state of a dying Christian in these Words. *Per Augusta ad Augusta, per Spinas ad rosas, per Procellas ad Portum, per Mortem ad Vitam migramus.*

Lastly, Death it is as a Bridge that all Saints must walk over to the everlasting Hill of endless Peace, to the perfection of Grace, to the participation of Glory, to the full possession of Christ.

1. Death it leads us to the perfection of Grace, the believer would live that he might be more perfect, but when he dies he is perfect indeed, a dying life, that is, a dying to sin, it frees us from a living Death, well doing fits us for dying. Holiness frames us for Happiness.

2. Death it leads us to a participation of Glory, the consummation of Grace is the inception of Glory, Grace that puts the Soul into a capacity of enjoying glimps of God as in a Glass darkly, but glory brings the Soul, *ad visionem beatificam*, into an immediate converse with God face to face, 1 *Cor.* 13. 12. *For now we see through a Glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known.*

3. Death it leads us into *a full possession of Christ*, Luke 23. 43 *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*, so saith *Paul*, Then shall we be ever with the Lord, comfort, comfort ye one another with these words, to be always with Christ will be very comfortable indeed. Death that deprives us of commerce with men, yet it delivers us up into an immediate communion with God and Christ, and the blessed Angels; Saints in Heaven shall be as the Angels, nay, saith *John*, now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. *Death* speaks the sad disjunction of the Soul from the Body, and the sure and sweet Conjunction of the Soul with Christ, and therefore saith *Paul*, and every Christian, when he is in a right temper, *I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is best of all.*

And thus I have endeavoured to lay open before you those Soul supporting, and Soul encouraging Arguments, the consideration of which, makes the be-

believing Soul so willingly, and so boldly, to look Death in the Face, to invade Death in its own Quarters, which is indeed but as a Passage or Bridg, whereby the Soul is carried over unto the Mountains of *Mirrh*, and unto the Hill of *Frankincense*, where it shall lie down with Christ on his *Green Bed of Love*, which is perfumed all over with the fulness of increated Glory.

And thus having shewed you many Arguments, the Consideration of which doth much facilitate a Believers passage through Death into Glory. I shall in the next place, for a further Illustration of this truth, present unto you the admirable carriage and department of some famous Christians, since Christ his time, as in Relation to their contempt of Death, and earnest desiring to be with Christ in Glory; and in this Relation, I shall begin with *Ignatius*, who lived while Christ was upon the Earth, and so proceed to several other remarkable Instances in successive Generations.

Ignatius, when he was sent by *Trajan* the Emperour to *Rome*, there to be devoured of Lyons for his free reproving of Idolatry; instead of fearing Death, he thus couragiously expressed himself. *I wish*, says he, *that I could see those wild Beasts that must tear me in pieces, I would speak them fair to dispatch me quickly, and if that would not do, I would incite them to it.*

Hierom of *Prague*, the renowned *Bohemian* Martyr, he uttered these words, with much chearfulness, at his very giving up the Ghost, *Hanc animam in flammis affero, Christe, tibi; freely do I burn for the sake of Christ.*

Oecolampadius lying upon his *Death Bed*, and a certain Friend coming to him, *Oecolampadius* asked him what news, unto whom his Friend answered, I know none, but says he, I can tell you some good

news, *nam ego subito cum Christo regnabor, I shall suddainly be with Christ upon his Throne.*

Melanchton, a little before his Death, he would often say, *capio ex hac vita migrare propter duas causas; primum, ut fruar desiderato conspectu filii Dei, deinde ut liberer ab immunibus Theologorum odiis; I desire to die to injoy a sight of Jesus Christ*, &c.

But what need I tell you of the resolute and undaunted Carriage of Christians in former ages, we need look no further than upon the carriage of Christians in latter Ages.

Casper Obevian, the famous Lawyer, lying upon his Death Bed, he would often say, *O Lord let not my journey be long deferred ere I be with thee. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, he had rather depart this Life, and take but one Feast in Glory, than take many fees and still live in this miserable World.*

Strigelius, the learned *Suetzer*, falling sick, he would often say, *Seperare se finem vitæ suæ ad esse, He hoped this Sinful Life was now at an end, that he might injoy God perfectly.*

Grinæus, the learned *Helvetian*, died with these words in his mouth, *O præclarum illum diem, cum ad illud animarum concilium Cælumque profiscar*: Oh fairest day! when I shall make a journey to Heaven? that convocation of Souls; should I but relate the dying Speeches of Mr. *Rollock*, the learned and devout *Scotch-man*, they would melt any Heart that shall hear them, he breathed out these words with his Life.

I Bless God, says he, *I have all perfect Senses, but my Heart is in Heaven: And Lord Jesus why shouldst thou not have it; it hath been my Care all my Life time to devout it unto thee, I pray thee therefore take it that it may live with thee for ever, Come Lord Jesus put an end to this sinful miserable life, haste Lord, tarry not, come Lord Jesus and give me that life, for which*

thou

thou hast redeemed me. Nay further, that I might. Christians, leave your Spirits in this sweet temper of contemning Death, and desiring to be with Christ in Glory, where I should much rejoice and indeed earnestly pray that I might meet you all. I shall yet mind you of some remarkable instances in this kind, even in our own Nation.

Mr. *Cooper*, that famous Champion for the Truth, when he was brought to be burnt at the Stake in Queen *Mary*'s days, and there having a box set before him with a pardon in it, as soon as he perceived so much, he cried out, *If you love my Soul away with it, if you love my Soul away with it.*

Dr. *Taylor*, when he was brought to *Hadly* in *Suffolk* to suffer Martyrdom for his Profession of Christ, the History says, he was as merry in his going from *London*, as though he had been a going to some Banquet or Bridal. And when he was brought unto the place of Execution, he kissed the Stake uttering these Words, *Now I am even at home, Lord Jesus receive my Soul into thy Hands.*

Before Mr. *Bradford* was Martyr'd, his dear Wife came running into his Chamber, and said Mr. *Bradford*, I bring you heavy news, for to morrow you must be burned, your Chain it is now a buying, but when Mr. *Bradford* had heard these Words, he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and said, *I thank God for it. I have looked for this a long time, this news comes not to me suddainly but as a thing that I waited for every day and hour, the Lord make me worthy of it.*

And when he was brought into *Smithfield* to be burnt, where there was another young Man to suffer with him, he turned himself to the young Man, and said, *Be of good Comfort Brother, for we shall have a merry Supper with the Lord Jesus Christ this Night.*

Bishop *Jewell* lying upon his Death-bed, he would often say, *Now Lord let thy Servant depart in Peace, break off all delays, Let me this day quickly see the Lord Jesus,* And observe further, one standing by him, and praying with Tears that the Lord would be pleased to restore this Godly Bishop unto his former Health, he over-hearing of him seemed to be very much offended, and replied thus, *I have not lived so, that I am ashamed to live any longer, neither do I fear to Die, because I have a merciful Father.*

And now truly Friends, out of the tender Affection which I bear unto all your Souls, I could heartily wish, that this might be the dying Language of you all, that you might every one be able to say from a good and clear Conscience, at last, *I have not lived not so that I am ashamed to live longer, neither do I fear to die, because I have a merciful Father.*

And further, I do protest in the presence of God, with Saint *Paul*, in the 4th, to the *Philip.* at the first Verse, That it is my greatest joy and richest Crown, if that ever since I came among you, I have spoken any thing leading to mutual Love and Peace. And if all my pains and endeavours among you in much weakness have taken any effect upon any of your Spirits, to win you unto a love of Christ, that so you may be holy here, and happy hereafter, I shall sincerely rejoice.

But I shall say no more at this time, but only conclude with the words of Saint *Paul*, *Phill.* 4. I pray mark the words, for they will be the last I shall speak among you.

Verse 1. *My Brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.*

Verse.

Verse 4. *Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say Rejoice.*

Verse 5. *Let your moderation be known unto all men: The Lord is at hand.*

Verse 6. *Be careful for nothing: but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.*

Verse 7. *And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*

Verse 8. *Finally, Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any Virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

Verse 9. *Those things which ye have both learned and received, and heard and seen in me, do; so I have received them from Christ; those things do and follow. And the God of Peace, shall be with you.*

THE

THE EJACULATION.

GOOD Lord, *let our Souls be filled with breathings and pantings after Grace and Glory, Let us be ever willing* (*with* St. Paul) to depart and to be with Christ. *Let us dayly look and long to be in Heaven, where we shall sit down in the same Throne with our blessed and glorious Redeemer, where there will be no more sinning nor sighing, nor more weeping for dead and dying Friends. Let us long, long to be there, where time will be no more, but all will be swallowed up in an endless Eternity of joy and delight. Lord, let us often ponder upon the blessed state above, for certainly, one deep and serious consideration of the never fading Glory of the other world is enough to wing our hearts with earnest desires* (*as we have heard it did thy Holy Saints and Martyrs*) *to depart and leave this vain world to be with Christ. And good Lord, let us, when we leave a* Weeping House) *and the many instances of our dearest Friends going so often to the Grave before us, shew that we must quickly follow*) be received into that Celestial Mantion above, which will prove an eternal House of Joy.

The Eye that hath ſeen him ſhall ſee him no more.

SERMON XI.

Upon ACTS 20. 38.

Sorrowing moſt of all for the words which he ſpake, That they ſhould ſee his Face no more.

IN the latter part of this Chapter you have the Declaration of two things; *Firſt*, You have declared the Carriage of the Apoſtle *Paul*, that was, he Preach'd while he was at the Church of *Epheſus*. *Secondly*, You have declared the Character of the Church of *Epheſus*, when they were parting with this Bleſſed Preacher, in the words that I have read, and the verſe before, or the two laſt verſes, and it was full of Love, and manifeſted in three things;

1. *They fell upon his Neck and kiſſed him*, that's the cloſe of the 37. verſe.

2. *They accompanied him unto the Ship, when he was to launch into the Ocean: They went with him as far as they could, as ſome of them it may be will to the very edge of Eternity.*

3. *They ſhew'd to him their Love, by their Weeping,*

and

and Sorrowing at parting: They cannot part with dry Eyes.

They sorrowed most of all, especially for this, that they should see his Face no more. It was not so much that *Paul* was to go from them, but that they should see his Face no more.

From this practice of this Church, I would lay down this Doctrine, 'That it is the property and 'practice of the Saints and People of God, to be 'sorrowful and affected at the final parting with 'their Pastors and Teachers, This was that that most of all cut their Hearts, *That they should see his Face no more.*

That Patriarch *Jacob*, that wrestled and prevailed when he came to die, as you read in *Gen* 49. and the last verse, That *he pull'd up his Feet into the Bed, and he's goone:* Now see what a Mourning there was for him in *Gen.* 50. 1. Joseph *fell upon his Fathers Face and kissed him*, and verse 3. *And the* Egyptians *mourned for him threescore and ten days*; here was a mourning for *Jacob*, and verse 10. *They came to the Threshing floor of* Atad, *which is beyond* Jordan, *and there they Mourned with a great and very sore Lamentation: And made a Mourning for his Father seven daies.*

The young Prophet in the 1 *Kings* 13. who without doubt in the main was Faithful to God, though seduced out of his way, and out of his Life by an old Prophet, whereby a Lion was appointed by God to destroy him, but see now how the old Prophet was affected with it as soon as he hears it, causeth the Ass to be Sadled, and goes and brings the Carcase home to the City to Mourn, and to Bury him, and laid him in his own Grave, in the 30. verse, and brings all to Mourn over him, and charges his Sons that when he was dead, that they Bury him in the same Sepulchre where the Man of God

was,

was, and lay his Bones beſides his Bones.

I ſhall now inſtance in the New Teſtament, it was ſo with them of *Epheſus* when they parted with *Paul*, *They ſhould ſee his Face no more.* He had been ſuch a Preacher that they could not part with him without Tears, or with dry Eyes.

Devout Men alſo carried Stephen *to his Burial, and made great Lamentation over him.*

When Chriſt was carrying to be put to Death, there followed him a great multitude of People, and Women which alſo bewailed and lamented him, *There was great lamentation*: Oh they could not part with Jeſus Chriſt without lamenting, *That they ſhould ſee his Face no more.* But it will be here objected in the next verſe, that Jeſus Chriſt in *Luke* 23. 28. turn'd to thoſe Women that wailed and wept, and ſaid, *Daughters of* Jeruſalem, *weep not for me, but for your ſelves.* That therefore there ought not to be weeping or lamenting for the departure of any Eminent Saint, ſeeing he forbids it for himſelf; it argues indeed we ſhould not weep for them, but for the want of them, which is ours.

Why ſhould thoſe that are Hearers be deeply affected at the final departure of Holy Miniſters. I anſwer, This ariſes from the love that is between them: There is a mutual Love between a Faithful Preacher and a Sincere Hearer.

Where there is Love, there is Mourning in the abſence of it.

It's ſaid that *Iſrael* loved *Joſeph* more than all his Children, and therefore when News came to *Jacob* that *Joſeph* was not: Oh! ſaith *Jacob*, ver. 35. *I will go down into the Grave unto my Son mourning.* So *David* lamented for *Abſolon*, *Oh* Abſolon *my Son, my Son* Abſolon; and *David* lamented exceedingly for *Jonathan* in that 1 *Kings.* I am diſtreſſed for

thee

thee my Brother *Jonathan*; if you love your Preachers so as its said of them that could pull out their Eyes for them while living, you will even weep out your Eyes for them now dead.

I could tell you of a thing that I have lookt upon as a Piece of Prophesie, it was Printed and Writ Ten Years before the Fire of *London*, and it was this,

London *look to it, what Heaven's a doing,*
Thy Flames are coming when thy Lots *are going.*

When I consider who is gone, and who are going, I dread. What became of *Prague* when *Jerom* was dead? What became of *Germany* when *Luther* was dead? And what will become of *England* when such as these are dead.

Let me call upon this Congregation this Evening, that we would be in the *Ephesians* Practice, they Mourned when *Paul* was going, and they should *see his Face no more.* Your Preacher is gone, *And you shall see his Face no mo e.* I would I could raise you to their height of Mourning.

He begat you in Christ Jesus, though none of his own, but Christs, and you may get one to succeed him, but not to exceed him, but I desire that Man to tell me where.

The Good Mans Epitaph.

SERMON XII.

REV. 14. 13.

And I heard a Voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, Write, Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; ſo ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their Labours, and their Works do follow them.

THE Scripture will afford us many Texts for *Funerals*. Methinks there is none more fit, nor more ordinarily Preached on than two: And they are both of them *Voices from Heaven.*

One was to *Iſaiah* the Prophet. He was commanded to cry. *The Voice ſaid, Cry. And he ſaid, What ſhall I cry? All Fleſh is Graſs, and all the goodlineſs thereof, is as the Flower of the Field.*

You will ſay, That is a fit Text indeed; ſo is this here; A *Voice from Heaven too.* But St. *John* is not commanded to cry it, as *Iſaiah* was; he is commanded to write it.

That

That that is written is for the more assurance. *It seemeth good to me* (saith St: *Luke* in his Preface to his Gospel) *Most excellent* Theophilus, *To write to thee of those things in order, that thou mightest know the certainty.*

Philosophers (who saw no further than the Clouds of Humane Reason) could say, *A wise Mans Life should be a continual Meditation of Death.*

Joseph of *Arimathea* had his Sepulchre in his Garden, and *Jesus Christ* at the Publicans Feast, falls into a serious discourse of his Passion, and Ascension, to teach us that in times and places of greatest Pleasure, we should put our selves upon Theams of Mortality. Heathens indeed had their Burying-places without their Cities, but Christians in and about their Churches, as signifie that in our Devotions, we should think upon our dissolutions, which was one reason why *Alphonsus* King of *Arragon* used to confess, that dead Men were his best Friends; they gave him sound and seasonable Counsel, to remember Mortality here, and provide for Eternity hereafter.

To this end; St. *John* in his Book of the *Revelation*, is sometimes advising us to make Preparation for Death.

And sometimes encouraging us against the approaches of Death, by describing the glorious Reward of the Saints departed, as in this Text, *Blessed are the dead*, &c.

From whence we may observe that they that die in a state of Grace, live in a state of Glory. This Observation I take to be the Scope and Quintessence of the Text, and therefore shall make it the proper Subject of my present Discourse.

First by way of Explication, to shew what it is to die in the Lord. That implies two things especially. 1. To die in the Lord is to die for the Con-

Confession of the Faith. 2. To die in the Profession of the Faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. And lastly, To die in the Lord, is to die in the peace of a good Conscience. A Conscientious Man dies Blessedly, howsoever, or whensoever, or wheresoever he dies; therefore when St. *Paul* had received the Summons of Death, he fled to the Castle of his good Conscience; there he sat like *Noah* in his Cabbin, in an Ark, pitch'd within and without. I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; and here is my Comfort, *I shall go to my Grave with a Conscience as clean as my Winding sheet*; it follows, *I have fought a good Fight, finished my Course, kept the Faith, henceforth is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness.*

This Truth is confirmed by a double Reason, *They Rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.* Their Blessedness consists in two things. 1. In a cessation from all Sin and Misery, *They Rest*, &c. 2. In a possession of all Glory and Felicity, *Their Works follow them.*

First, *They Rest*, &c. The Kingdom of Heaven is often in Scripture termed a Rest, a place of Rest.

The World indeed is a troubled Sea, but Heaven is the Haven of Rest; the World is an *Egypt*, a place of Burden and Bondage, but Heaven is a *Canaan*, that resembled by the Bosom of *Abraham*, a place of sweet Refreshment, and *Soul-satisfying Rest.*

The Saints departed Rest from the Labours of their

Corruptions.
Afflictions.
Temptations.

And

And lastly, They Rest from the Labour of their particular Calling and Vocation, which is toilsome and troublesome, ever since God past this Doom upon Man for his offence in Paradise, *In the Sweat of thy Brows shalt thou eat Bread.* Indeed, Man in the state of Innocency, was not excused from Labour: Paradise, which was *Adams* Store-house, was his Work-house too; God put him into the Garden, not to sleep in those sweet Bowers, not to spend his time idly in those pleasant Walks, but to dress and keep it (*ut operaretur*) that he might work and labour in it, only here is the difference, Labour then was a Recreation to the Mind, and now it is an Affliction to the Body.

The second Reason is laid down in the last words of the Text, *Their Works follow them*, therefore they are Blessed: Their Happiness is not only privative, consisting in a freedom from Sin and Misery, but positive also, in a possession of all Peace and Glory, in a consummation of Grace, in a perfect Fruition of God, and a Blessed Communion with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Their Works follow them, not their Works in kind, but their Works in Issue and Effect, the Fruits and Reward of their Works, the Blessings of God which lye in the Promises to Works of Piety and Charity, These follow them to Heaven: Indeed Faith leads the way, that must be our Harbinger to take up our Lodging in the *New Jerusalem*, that like the Star in the East, leads us to *Bethlehem*, where Christ is, but then good Works follow after, they are our Attendants to the Court and Kingdom of Glory.

The Use, If the Saints departed rest from their Labours, here is then comfort in the general against all Crosses and Calamities in the World, and in particular against the fear of our own Death, or the Death of Friends.

Blessed

Bleſſed are the Dead, they reſt, &c. Death (like Lot's Angels) plucks us out of the *Sodom* of Sin and Miſery, and placeth us in *Zoar*, a City of Reſt and Tranquility: Like *Peter*'s Angel, it ſhakes off the Chain of Mortality, and opens the Iron-gate, the Gate of Pearl into the *New Jeruſalem*; like *Lazarus* his Angel, it conducts the Soul from Earth to *Abraham*'s Boſom, from this Vail of Tears to the Kingdom of Glory. Moreover, as Death helps us to our Reſt, ſo it is our Reſt: Why ſhould we fear it?

The Scripture terms it but a taking away of the Soul to Peace, a ſweet Sleep of the Body. *Our friend* Lazarus *ſleepeth*, and the Patriarchs are fallen aſleep, St. *Stephen* fell aſleep: Our Burying-places are but *Dormitories*, Sleeping-places. *The Righteous is taken away from the Evil to come; and he ſhall enter into Peace, they ſhall reſt in their Beds.* Such a Bleſſed Reſt have the Righteous in Death; as our Saviour wept, becauſe his Friend *Lazarus* was to be deprived of it; it is both the Obſervation of an Ancient Father, and the Reſolution of an Ancient Council, concerning Chriſts weeping over *Lazarus*, John 11. 35. *Doluit* Lazarum, *non dormientem, ſed reſurgentem.* Chriſt did not weep becauſe *Lazarus* was dead, and taken out of the World, but becauſe he was to return from the Grave into a Troubleſome World after he was gone to his Reſt.

It may be for the ſame Reaſon, the *Thracians* of old uſed to lament at the Birth of their Children, but rejoice at their Funeral.

The time will come that we muſt part with our *Iſaac*'s, our *Benjamin*'s, neareſt Friends, and deareſt Comforts. Then remember my Text; if they *die in the Lord*, take no care for them, they are Bleſſed, they are at their Reſt.

But

But some will say, Shall we meet with our Friends again departed in the Faith? Yes, without peradventure, if we walk in ways of Obedience to the end.

It was *David*'s Comfort upon the death of his Child. While the Child was living *he fasted and wept, and lay upon the Ground*; but when it was dead, *he arose and anointed himself, and eat Bread.* His Reason is very strong and convincing.

1. An impossibility of Recovery, *He shall not come to me.*

2. An assured Hope of meeting again in Heaven, *But I shall go to him.* He shall not come to me, that would be for his loss, to part with his Rest in Heaven, for a restless condition on Earth; but I shall go to him, I have not lost him for ever, we shall meet again as comfortably as *Jacob* and *Joseph* met in *Egypt*; meet again in Heaven and never part. Now you know it never troubles us to see the Sun set, because we know it will rise again in the Morning; it never troubles us to part with a Friend when he goes to Bed, because we hope to see him again in the Morning. Beloved, the Death of a Friend is but like the setting of the Sun, or the uncloathing of a Man when he goes to Bed, there will be a glorious appearing in the Morning of the Resurrection, and therefore St. *Paul* condemns immoderate sorrow for the dead, *I would not have you sorrow as those that have no hope.* Nature will be sorrowful, but let Grace moderate the sorrow, and keep it within the bounds of hope; and the ground of hope is set down, *If ye believe that Jesus died, and is risen again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.*

'Tis true, the Scripture mention some that shall not die, as they that shall be found alive at the Coming of Christ to Judgment. St. *Paul* tells us in plain

plain terms, *we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed.* The meaning is, they shall not so sleep, as to continue in the state of the dead, but be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an Eye; yet such a change, as they shall have a dissolution, and in the same moment, a redintegration, a real Death, and a real Resurrection, though no sleeping in the Grave of Corruption.

You see one Generation passing, and another Generation coming, one Friend and Neighbour drops into the Grave after another, and when your turn shall be you know not. This you may be assured of, Death will come certainly, and it may be speedily, it may be suddenly. *What Man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death?* Psal. 89. 48.

Now I beseech you embrace and improve these few directions, in order to a Pious Life, and a Peaceable Death.

First, if you would live to the Lord, and die in the Lord, labour for exemplary purity of Life: *Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom, but he that doth the Will of the Father.*

Secondly, If you would live to the Lord, and die in the Lord, give the World a Bill of Divorcement, otherwise it will clip your Wings, and clog your Souls, and hinder your pursuit of Heaven; there is nothing in all the World that is worthy of your Affections, nothing but what is transitory, and unsatisfactory, and therefore look on it and pass away.

Gregory Nazianzen, speaks of a Land which had abundance of Curious Flowers in it, but no Corn for Bread to satisfie the Peoples Hunger; the World is very like that Land, here are many Flowers, which may please our Sences and our Phantasies, but here is no Corn for Bread, no substantial satisfying Comforts.

As

As Death should be the Subject of your Meditation, so Heaven the Center of your Affections. *Richard* the First, sometimes King of *England*, gave charge that his Bowels should be Buried at *Charron*, but his Heart at *Roan*, the Faithful City, the City of his Love. Truely the World deserves but our waste parts, we may Bury our Bowels in the Earth, but our Hearts should be laid up in Heaven, the Royal City, the *New Jerusalem*.

That so after a troublesome Life, we may have a peaceable Death, and after Death a glorious Reward of Everlasting Rest in Heaven, according to this voice from Heaven in the Text. *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.*

I have now done with the Text, and now come to address my self unto that sad occasion, which hath given my present Discourse this Mourning Suit. The occasion of our present meeting is to Solemnize the Funeral of our deceased Neighbour and Friend, to do our last office to her Body, by affording it the benefit of a Christian and Comely Burial.

Concerning whom, I might upon very good and warrantable Grounds, enlarge my Discourse in the description of the blessedness, both of her Life and Death, but as the Orator said, *Quid opus est verbis?* What need is there of words, when her deeds are so manifest.

She died the death of *Moses*; he died leisurely, God gave him notice of his Journey before-hand, for his better preparation, *Go up to the Mount and die*: So departed she from the World, not before she expected Death, not before she provided for Death. God was pleased in Mercy to give her warning, before she flitted, to ring her Passing-bell in her Soul many days before she died; and where-

as

as many are flattered with hopes of Life, till the very Hour of Death; yet she was upon a meditation of Death from the first beginning of her sickness: Death was not sudden to her, either in respect of Expectation, or Preparation; she had her Wedding-garment on, and her Lamp trimmed with Faith and a good Conscience; she was ready for Death, and ripe for Eternity; behold she is coming to the Grave, and she comes as a shock of Corn from the Field in due Season.



M Hopes

Hopes of a joyful Resurrection.

SERMON XIII.

JOB. 19. v. 25, 26, 27.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth.

And though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Then I shall see for my self, and mine Eyes shall behold, and not another, though my Reins be consumed in me.

AS if he had thus argued: 'He that waites 'by Faith in the Redeemer of the Re-'surrection of his Body to eternal Life, after Death hath done its worst, is not 'a wicked man, or an Hypocrite, as you have 'charged me.

'But such is my Faith; I believe in the Redeemer, 'and I look to rise (after this body is consumed 'and eaten of Worms) to an eternal happy Life; 'therefore I am not such as you judge me to be, 'neither wicked nor hypocrite. You account me 'as rejected of God, yet I know that God is my 'Redeemer, I know that he lives for ever, and 'that

Good Night.

NOW art thou drawing near thy home, Heaven is within sight, and its Melody almost within hearing, thy Lord hath the Curtain in his hand ready to draw it, to shew thee all that glory that hitherto he hath been but telling thee of, and give thee a Possession of all that which hitherto thou hast enjoyed only in Hopes and Title. What dost thou fear and shrug, and tremble at, Oh my Soul, thou peevish froward Creature? Shall his Angels stand waiting to convey thy departed Soul home with Songs of Triumph? And shall nothing of all this abate thy Fears, silence thy Complaints, and bring thee to a Chearful Submission? Fear not then my Soul, but boldly throw thy self into his Arms, who will certainly keep that safe which thou committest to him.

'But what if I was willing to bid adieu to my 'Fathers House, and leave this World, and all its 'Enjoyments behind me, as being sufficiently tired 'with the Frustrations of a pursued Happiness 'therein? Yet methinks, the change I shall pass 'at Death, will be so very great and amazing, I 'fear I shall not bear it. To go hence from them 'I know, to a Place and Company I never knew or 'saw in all my Life; to leave my Friends, Relations, Neighbours, with whom I have a long time 'lived, and with whom I have familiarly conver-

'sed

'ſed, to go into a Country where I may not meet 'with one face I know; how ſtrangely ſhall we look 'on one another? What little content do I take in 'any company on Earth, where I meet with ſhineſs? 'Will it not be ſo in Heaven?

Anſw. Art thou truly Godly? ſaid the pious *Wadſworth*, in his Anſwer to the Fear of Death; and doſt thou ſay thou knoweſt none in Heaven? that is ſtrange. Who is he whom you call Father every time you pray? what are you born of God? united to God by faith and love? and hold communion with him, and yet not know him?

Well, ſayſt thou, but if I know him, it is but very little, *I never ſaw him in all my Life*? what if thou haſt not ſeen him with thy eyes? yet haſt thou not believed in him whom thou haſt not ſeen, and rejoiced with joy unſpeakable, and full of glory? Though thou haſt not known him after the Fleſh, yet thou haſt after the Spirit.

But comfort thy ſelf, though thou haſt known him but little, and that through a vail darkly, yet he knoweth thee moſt perfectly: He knows thee by name, and ſeparated thee to himſelf from the Womb, and effectually called and juſtified thee; he knows thee by thy name, and knows thy dwelling, and viſiteth thee every morning, and is with thee living, and will not leave thee dying; and when he hath taken thee to himſelf in the Heavens, thou ſhalt know him as he knows thee, that is intimately, perfectly.

But ſayſt thou, if I know in ſome meaſure God and his Son, the Lord of that City, I know no more. There are ten thouſands of Angels there, and I know not one of them, and as many Spirits of juſt men, ſome little acquaintance I had with

ſome

that he is mine for ever, and therefore do not think, because I have no hope of this life, that therefore I despair of life: Do not take upon you, that you only know these mysteries, and that I am ignorant of them, as my Friend *Bildad* concluded in the 18*th*. Chapter (this is the portion of Man that knows not God,) for even I also know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand upon the Earth at the latter day.

In the former Verse we have considered and improved the Confession of *Job*'s Faith in the Redeemer.

First, As living or eternal.

Secondly, As rising from the Dead, or raising the Dead to Life.

Thirdly, As judging both the Quick and Dead. He in these two Verses enlargeth the Confession of his Faith concerning his own personal Resurrection. Which,

First, He asserts in the Close of the 25th Verse, *In my flesh shall I see God.*

Secondly, In the strong actings of his Faith he assureth himself of it, notwithstanding all the difficulties that might obstruct and hinder it in the 26th Verse, and in the Close of the 27th. *Though after my Skin Worms destroy this Body; though my Reins be consumed within me*, yet I believe I shall see God: These Impediments do not weaken my Faith.

Thirdly, He declares the Benefit or Happiness which shall accrew unto him after the Resurrection of his Body, which he doth.

First, In those words, *I shall see God.*

Secondly, In those, *I shall see him for my self.* In both which Expressions, he sets forth the Happiness of the Saints after the raising of their Bodies out of the Grave, and the re-union of Soul and Body.

Fourthly, He maintains the identity of his flesh or body in the Resurrection, or that the same body which falls shall rise. And this is in a twofold notion.

First, An identity specifical, it shall be the same Body in kind.

Secondly, An identity numerical, or individual, shall be the same particular Body he had on Earth, and laid down in the Earth. Both which are evidenced and evinced from those passages in the Text: *I shall see him in my flesh*; *Mine eye shall behold, and not another*. *I, my, mine, and not another*, imply nothing, if not himself, or no other thing but himself.

From all we may collect, how excellent a confession of Faith *Job* made about that great mystery of the Resurrection, and how firmly his Soul was established in it.

Verse 26. *And though after my Skin Worms destroy this Body.* As if he had more largely said; 'After 'I am dead, and laid in the Grave, where Worms 'do not only eat my Skin, and consume this upper 'Garment, but my whole Body also: yea, and not 'only the outward Limbs and Members of my Body, 'but my very Bowels and Entrails. Though my 'Reins be consumed within me: though Worms 'devour, and rottenness invade whatsoever I am, 'or have of a Body, though I am spent from Head 'to Toe, from Skin to Reins, without and within, 'yet notwithstanding all this, I believe that I shall 'rise again, and see God in my flesh.

And mine Eyes shall behold, and not another.

We have in this Text, *see*, and *see*, and *behold*. The word in the original is different from what we had before, *I shall behold him*. It signifies more than the bare seeing, or the gathering in the Species of any object into the eye. It signifies a very vehement

vehement beholding; a critical discerning, view, and sight of the thing. *Whom I shall behold*, That is, with deep intention, both of Eye and Mind, to find out and rejoyce in all the Excellency, Beauty, Glory, and Worth that is in him. A Man may come into a Room, adorned with goodly Pictures, he sees them in passage, he hath a transient view of them, and he takes some pleasure in this view. Another beholds them, to see the Workmanship, how the lines are drawn, and Features shadowed to the life; he views with Skill and Art, this pleaseth much, and gives the accurate Beholder high contentment. So here, *Mine eye shall behold him*: That is, I shall even set my self to take a view of him, to gather up (as it were) into my self the Idea's of his divine Perfections, and so to receive all those delight and contents which rise from such an excellent object.

Mine Eye shall behold, and not another; that is, the sight which I shall have of God in my glorified State, shall not be at the second hand, but such I shall have my self. The joy which I shall then receive shall not be of any report or narrative that others shall give me of the Glory of God. I shall see with mine own Eyes, not others, or not by another.

The knowledge we have here, is but like that which the *Samaritans* had of Christ by the Womans report; but that which we shall have in Heaven shall be like that which they had of Christ when himself came personally among them, and spake immediately. Or we may illustrate it by that of the Queen of the *South*: The knowledge which we have of God here, and of his Glory and Excellency, is like that of the Queen of the *South* in her own Country; there she had a report of *Solomon*'s Person, of his Government, of his Riches and Dignity, and such a report, as did not only affect and

astonish her, but provoke her to undertake that great Journey, that she might see for her self, and her Eyes behold, and not another; and when she came to the Court at *Jerusalem*, and beheld *Solomon* in his Person and Attendance, when she observed the service of his Table, and heard his wisdom, there was no more Spirit in her, (1 *Kings* 10 5.) that is, she was as one astonished, whose Spirits are sunk and dissipated. Where the natural Spirit doth not act, it is said not to be. When we come to the Court of Heaven, as the Queen of the *South* to *Solomons* Court, and there behold how much God is beyond, and above all that we have hitherto heard of him here at home in our own Country, we shall be rapt up into admiration, and there shall be indeed no more of this low and narrow Spirit in us for ever.

All these conceptions about, and interpretations of the Text, are pious and profitable; but that which I rather take to be the proper meaning of these words (*Mine Eye shall behold, and not another*) is this; *Job* (as was touched in giving the analysis of these two Verses) speaks here of the Identity of his flesh in the Resurrection: *I shall see him, I shall see him for my self, mine Eyes shall behold him, and not another.* That is, *I, the Man* who stand here before you, the same who *Job* now speaketh; I the very same numerical Person shall see God in this very flesh, and with these eyes; they shall be indeed new dressed and dyed, trimmed, and made fit to come into the presence of the great and glorious God; yet it shall be even this flesh, and these Eyes, in which I shall come into the Presence of God, and and behold my Redeemer. I shall be altered from what I was, but I shall not be another than I was, I shall be changed into a better condition, but I shall not be changed into another person. My

qualities

qualities shall have a perfective alteration, but I shall retain the same matter, and be the same man. A man raised glorious and immortal, is what he was, except his Morality, and hath no more than he had, except his Glory. The Philosopher acknowledgeth there may be a specificial, but not a numerical Restauration of that which is corrupted. But *Job*'s Faith was clearer than *Aristotle*'s reason: He believed a Personal Resurrection, *Mine Eye shall behold, and not another*; I shall not be changed into another Person, whatever changes I undergo, I shall be *Job* still, the same *Job*. Hence observe:

Every Man at the Resurrection shall receive the same Body that now he hath, and be the same Man which now he is.

One of the Antients hath a large Discourse upon this subject, wherein he discovers some, who tho' they granted the Soul immortal, yet denied the Resurrection of the same Body: Such were the *Marcionites*, *Basilidians*, and *Valentinians*. These, saith he, went halves with the *Sadduces* in their opinion. The *Sadduces* denied Spirits. Hence (*Acts* 23. 6.) *Paul* perceiving that the Assembly was mixed of *Sadduces* and *Pharisees* (and wisely considering, that if he did but mind them of their differences between themselves, they would not so strongly agree and combine against him) he made his advantage of it, by professing openly that he was a *Pharisee*. And the sacred Historian tells us what the peculiar tenents of the *Sadduces* were, (*v.* 8.) *The Sadduces say there is no Resurrection, neither Angel nor Spirit*, (they denied both) *but the Pharisees confess both*. They held, that there were immortal Spirits or Souls, united to the bodies of Men, that those bodies should arise, and be reunited to the Soul. They also confessed that there were Angels, who are Spirits subsisting properly without Bodies Now, as the *Sadduces* de-

nied the Reſurrection of the Body, ſo others denied the Reſurrection of the ſame Body: Theſe he calleth ſharers or halvers in the *Sadduces* Opinion; though not ſo groſly as they, yet too too groſly departing from the Faith. And indeed, they who deny the Reſurrection of the ſame body, do (by implication) altogether deny the Reſurrection of the body: For if the ſame numerical Body ſhould not riſe, it could not be called a Reſurrection; Reſurrection is the riſing of that which fell, and the taking up of that which was before laid down: So that it would be the Creation of a new Body, not the Reſurrection of the old, if it were not the ſame Body. And it conduceth much to the comfort of Saints, and may be the terrour of wicked Men, to keep cloſe to the Faith of this Article. The Apoſtle ſeems to touch it (2 *Cor.* 5. 10.) *We ſhall all appear before the Judgment-ſeat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things he hath done in his Body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* That hand which hath been doing for Chriſt, that very Tongue which hath been ſpeaking for Chriſt, that whole Body which hath been moved, and acted for Jeſus Chriſt, as an inſtrument of his Glory, that ſhall receive the Reward: As alſo that Hand, that Eye, that Tongue, that Foot which hath moved, and ſtirred againſt Chriſt, that alſo ſhall be puniſhed, and receive according to the evil committed in the Body. Judgment would not be exact, unleſs as there hath been a copartnerſhip between Soul and Body in their works, ſo alſo they ſhould be co-Partners both in reward and puniſhment.

If it be objected, how can the ſame numerical Body riſe again, eſpecially in ſuch caſes, when thouſands of Carcaſſes are mingled, and their Duſt promiſcuouſly heapead together, or ſcattered abroad?

When

When the Bodies of Men are devoured by wild Beaſts, and digeſted into the ſubſtance of Fowls and Fiſhes, eſpecially when the Bodies of Men are eaten and concocted into the Bodies of other Men? How can theſe numerical Bodies riſe? I anſwer, firſt, if we will not reſt in matters of Faith, till we have a clear rational account of them, our Faith may quickly be at a ſtand. I anſwer, ſecondly, that as it is eaſie to make Objections againſt Faith, ſo Faith hath one anſwer as eaſie as theſe Objections. The Apoſtle gives it, and into that all ſuch doubts muſt be reſolved (*Phil.* 3. 20.) For having ſhewed the preſent condition, or diſpoſition of the Spirit of Saints in the former Verſe; *Our Converſation is in Heaven, from whence alſo we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* He preſently ſhewes what the future condition of the Saints Bodies ſhall be. *Who ſhall change our vile Bodies, that they may be faſhioned like unto his glorious Body.* (How is this, Who puts this vile Body into ſuch a Glorious faſhion? Trouble not your ſelves for that, there is power enough to do it, it is done,) *according to the working, whereby he is able to ſubdue all things to himſelf.* This is an anſwer to the hardeſt Objections, Chriſt can ſubdue all things, therefore thoſe which are hardeſt.

There is no difficulty to Omnipotency.

You ask how the ſame Body can be reſtored? I ask how the firſt body was Created? Tell me how God Created Heaven and Earth out of nothing? So that as the Apoſtle ſpeaks (*Heb* 11. 3.) *Things which are ſeen, were not made of things which do appear:* How were theſe things done? If you argue by reaſon, you will be pos'd and gravel'd in theſe as well as in that other; yea, you will be at a Wall, and not able to anſwer above that which is ordinary, and every day done, and ſhall continue to be

done in all the Generations of Men (*Solomon* puts the queſtion *Eccleſ.* 11. 5.) *Tell me how the Bones grow in the Womb of her that is with Child:* Can you tell how the Child is framed? Thou canſt not give an account of thy own Production, nor find out the Work of God in forming the Body? Therefore as to the manner how ſuch things are done, we muſt have recourſe only to the Almighty power of God, to the All-powerful God, *who is able to ſubdue all things to himſelf. Mine Eye ſhall behold, and not another.*

Though my Reigns be conſumed within me.

I touch upon the Interpretation of this Clauſe, before, as it ſuits with that paſſage, *verſ.* 26. *Though after my Skin, Worms deſtroy this Body, and though my Reins be conſumed within me.* Though I be totally conſumed, Skin without, and Reins within, yet notwithſtanding I believe that I ſhall riſe and ſee God. Thus it was joined with the firſt Words of the 26*th.* Verſe, to ſhew the triumph of Faith over all Difficulties that lie in the way of the Reſurrection.

The Yearly Mourner.

SERMON XIV.

JUDGES 11. *ult.*

And it was a Custom in Israel *that the Daughters of* Israel *went yearly to lament the Daughter of* Jeptha *the* Gileadite *four Days in a Year.*

TO a place appointed for their meeting to this end, possibly to the place where she was Sacrificed, to express their sorrow for her loss, according to the manner, or to discourse of (so the Hebrew Lamed is sometimes used) the Daughter of *Jepthah*, to Celebrate her Praises, who had so willingly yielded up her self for a Sacrifice.

We find our Saviour weeping over *Lazarus*'s Grave, insomuch as the people could infer thence, *See how much he loved him*, *John* 11. 35, 36. I know no Divinity that excludes Humanity; but delights always to plant it self in soft Breasts, and either make or finds good Nature. I find in the Catalogue and Spawn of highest Crimes (which the dregs

dregs of these last times should bring forth, want of natural Affection reckon'd, 2 *Tim.* 33.

So then, 'tis not only not unlawful, but a Duty to Mourn with those that Mourn, if you will receive the Apostles Prescription, *Rom.* 12. 15. It is in the Scripture noted as an extream Judgment and Curse on the Wicked, *Job* 17. 15, (*Psal.* 78. 64.) his Widows shall not weep, as either wanting leisure from other Sorrows, or liberty from their Cruel Enemies.

Tears are the first Office we do for our selves, and the last for others.

They may not please themselves, that can with dryest Eyes behold the Sickness, the Losses, the Funerals of Friends, as who had attained a greater measure of Religion or Discretion, or the Spirit, or who had subdued their Desires to a perfecter Resignation, and submission to Gods Will. Let them question themselves whether this stoutness, proceeds not from a Spirit void of Sense and Natural Affection, and not from an humble Resignation to the Providence and Pleasure of God; whether this Ca'm arise not alike to that of the dead Sea, from a Curse?

On the other side, Though Religion forbids not Mourning, yet it forbids us to Mourn as those that have no hopes; though it excludes not all grief, yea it moderates our Grief, and teacheth us to turn our sadness to an *holy sorrow.*

Weep

Weep not, She is not Dead but Sleepeth.

SERMON XV.

LUKE 8. 52.

And all wept and bewailed her; But he said, Weep not, she is not dead but sleepeth.

OUR Life is divided into Labour and Rest, which *Nature* wisely hath contrived into *waking* and *sleeping*, in an admirable manner providing the preservation of our being by a seeming dissolution of it We must intermit it to continue it: Die we must one half of the natural day, that we may live the other. Lye down and sleep (as it were) to *die in the night*, that we may awake and arise to *live on the Morrow*; so well acquainted is our Life with Death, that our whole Age appears the Changes and Intercourse of both. Nay this kind of Death is that which continueth Life; such is the Frailty of the Creature, that it immediately owes its being to a kind of not being, to a privation, though not simply of Life, yet——*Tali*——to something very well

well like Death. For tell me, ſtrongeſt Conſtitution! How long canſt thou labour without the relief of reſt? How long canſt thou awake without refreſhment of ſleep?

But would not have you to be ignorant, Brethren, concerning them which are aſleep, that ye ſorrow not, as others that have no hope; For if we believe that Jeſus died and roſe again; even ſo them which ſleep in Jeſus, God will bring with him, as affirms St. *Paul*, 1 *Theſſ* 4. 13. 14. *John* 11. 12.

Whence it appears, that if ſhe ſleep, ſhe ſhall do well; and ſhall we take it ill, that our Friends are well? Shall we be troubled upon Earth, becauſe our Friends are at reſt under it? Forbid it Religion! *Pereat contriſtatio, ubi tanta eſt conſolatio. Be not ye ſad becauſe your Friend is gone to a ſtate of Joy.*

If Nature ſadned at departure, will let fall a Tear, let Faith gladned with Hopes of meeting again, wipe away that Tear. Wreſtle not with the Decrees of Heaven, nor murmur at the procedures of its Providence; 'twas God that cloſed her Eyes in ſleep, that forbids your Eyes to weep. *Weep not* (for) *ſhe is not dead but ſleepeth.*

The Diviſion of this Text is made to my hands by the meeting of this Congregation, three Parties are viſible in the preſence. Which diſcover three parts legible in the words.

1. The Dead, ——*She.*
2. The Mourners, ——*All wept.*
3. The Preacher, ——he ſaid, *Weep not.*

Weep not. This (I ſaid) is the Mourners Comfort, to improve it into practice, thereby to leſſen the number, or to lighten the weight of their Mourning. I profeſs my ſelf unfurniſhed of any other Argument, than the numberleſs Felicities and weight of Glory, which Crown thoſe that are not *Dead* but *Sleep.*

Yet

Yet whilst we live in this Valley of Tears, natural Affection will so far prevail upon our Reason, that even the Father of the Faithful, when he was to sow his nearest Relative in the Earth, could not but Water it with a shower from his Eyes. *For Abraham came to Mourn for* Sarah, *and to weep for her*, Gen. 23. 2.

Attend the first words Christ spake to a Woman after his Resurrection, was it not, *Why weepest thou? Joh.* 20. 15. Indeed before Christ had opened the Gates of Death, *Mary*, nay the whole World had cause enough to weep. But now Christ the Head was risen, and had made way for all his Members to follow; now Jesus had beaten Death at his own Weapon, and kill'd it by dying, since he hath changed the Grave into a Bed, *Death into Sleep*, and made the Land of Darkness the ready way to the place where Light dwelleth. Tears are both unreasonable and unseasonable, *why weepest thou?* is as much as *weep not.*

Considerable are the *Syren* and the *Swan*, whose different Fate is thus: The *Syren* Sings away her Life in wanton Ayres, and Charms of Lust, the treacherous Inticements to Destruction, but when she dies, she breathes out her Soul in Howlings, Sighs and Sobs, in Pangs and Horror. The *Swan*, who spends her days in Innocence as white as her Livery, in pensive Notes of Sadness, mournful and black as her Feet, when she dies she expires in joyful Anthems, the voice of joy and gladness.

So when Death calls the Aged Swan from Streams;
She dying, sings her own glad Requiems.

Good People, had you the Reversion of a Rich Living, or Office, would you weep because it is

fain

faln into your Possession? *Invidi non amantis*, 'twere more of Envy than Love to bewail an Earthly Happiness. I close, as Jesus to the Daughters of *Jerusalem*, *Weep not for me, but weep for your selves*, not for me that am dying, but for your selves that are living; for your selves that have refused my Doctrine, despised your Saviour, condemned your Innocent and Righteous Prince.

For the Sins and Sufferings of the Living, I confess, there is weeping work enough for him who hath *Jeremy*'s wish, *His Head a Fountain of Tears to weep day and night*: But for the dead that die in the Lord weep not. *Weep not, she is not dead but sleepeth.*

The Application.

Since the Fate of Rest in the state of Separation; and Happiness, at meeting again of Soul and Body, depends upon the Holiness at parting: Let us be composed in both, that neither the disorder of the Body, nor multitude of Business, either ill done, or undone, may disturb the quiet of the Soul.

Before Men go to Bed they put off their Cloaths, or else they sleep both unhandsomely and uneasily. So let your Souls divest those Habits which Sin and Custom hath too long made fashionable.

Lastly, Good Men before they go to Bed they always pray. St. *Paul* adviseth, *Pray always*, though not with the Lip, yet with the Life.

When Survivors see a Soul that hath lived long in this Region of Holy Duty, to ascend to Heaven as the Angel, *Judg.* 13. 20. *In the Flames of the Altar*, their Charity and Hopes are sufficiently instructed to say, *Nolite flere. Weep not, she is not dead but sleepeth.*

The

The Character.

I have done with the Text that I brought hither to you, and now apply my self and discourse, to that Text that brought you hither to me; from that I presented to your Ears, to that presented to your Eyes: I close the Book of Life, and now open the Book of Death.

So St. *Ambrose* Interr'd *Theodosius*; *Nazianzen*, the Immortal *Athanasius*; and St. *Hierome*, the excellent Lady *Marcella*: Nay, St. *John* hath taken short Notes of a Sermon made by Christ at the Funeral of *Lazarus*, *John* 11. 12, 13, *&c.* wherein are Discourses of Faith, Resurrection and Glory, raised from the Dead, and applyed to the Living. I need no other, because I can follow no better precedent, Therefore hear me, or rather hear her speak, for the Dead can speak, *Heb.* 11. 4.

Our dead Sister speaks first in the dignity of her Extraction, fairly proclaim'd to you by the Heraldry of her Hearse, but fairer far in the suitable Character of her Life, the worthiness of her Birth had no other influence on her, but to engage her to worthiness of Action, which she so nobly improved, that the Vertue of her Life dignified the Honour of her Descent; so the Glory she received from her Father on Earth, by the Acts of Humility, and Charity, she enhanced to the glorifying her Father which is in Heaven.

Her Beauty, which was a depository from Heaven, she beautified with so much Piety, and adorned with so much Religion, as if she had been intrusted to preserve both the Lustre and the Vertues of the Celestial Bodies in her Epitome.

But the Beauty of her Soul was a Sun to this Taper, from whence her starry Actions received a mighty Splendor. When

When she spake, Wisdom dictated and Wit delivered, she hung her Language at your Ears as Jewels, much of worth in a small bulk; and as Jewels her Speech was Rich, both in Lustre and in Medicine; the Conceits of her Mirth would raise a Smile, but the Gravity of her Conveyance commanded Reverence.

Her Reproofs, like Lightning, quick, but short, such as would melt the Blade, yet not singe the Scabbard; kill the Sin, but preserve the Sinner.

Her Promises were made in her Head, but kept in her Hand; as a Nail fastned in a sure place, driven by Understanding, and clenched by Affection.

Her Attire neither sordid nor curious, nor too early in, nor too late out of Fashion; not like those Mushroom Gentry, who declare their late rise from Peasantry and Poverty by the Herauldry of the Dirt and Rags on their Back.

Her Table was both wholesome and handsome enough to satisfie the Stomach of the hungry, and well enough to fancy the Palate of the Curious: yea when the Sword had Carved her Meat to the fifth part, her good Chear was as much as ever.

Her Visits were like the Sun's, beneficial where-e're she came, and treading in her Saviours steps, *She went up and down doing good.*

Her Access was free but not loose, her Door, as her Heart, was open to all Friends; so that without much shifting the Scene she would easily make her House a Court, an Almes-house, a School, and an Hospital all in a day.

She had Treatments for the Greatest, who came as *Agrippa* and *Bernice* with great Pomp. She had Relief for the Poorest, who as *Lazarus*, lay at the Gate; Instructions for the Ignorant, and Charitable Remedies for the Sick; Christian Applications

for

for all, feeding the Hungry, cooling the Thirsty, cloathing the Naked, visiting the Sick, and harbouring the Traveller; what God requires in acts of Neighbourhood here, and Reward hereafter, the whole Voyzenage can witness with me, and for her, that she was a great parallel to *Dorcas*, Acts 9. 36. *This Woman was full of good Works and Almesdeeds which she did.*

Finally Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, she did them, therefore if there be any vertue or any praise, let her have it.

Her Relation as a Wife, shews her, without disparagement, a rare example and standard to her Sex.

Society is the most precious Comfort in Nature, the richest Jewel in her Cabiner, *Adam* not in perfect Paradise, not happy without it; of all Societies with Man, that of a Wife is nearest, being made of his own Rib, and dearest, lying in his own Bosom.

Her Affection was great as *Jonathan*'s, wonderful and passing the love of Women, 2 *Sam.* 2. 26.

Marriage made her Husband and her one Flesh, but Love made them one Soul. She Married not only his Person, but his Interests and Concernments, loved his Loves, wished his Desire, as inseparable as *Ruth* and her Mother-in-law, *Ruth* 1. 16, 17. not to be parted but by Death. *She owed him an Affection equal to her Life*, being often ready to lay it down for his Preservation, as appears by her Swooning at any News might threaten ill to him, as if her Soul conceived it but Duty to be Bail for her Husband.

The Head of the Woman is the Man, 1 Cor. 11. 3.

so

so her Husband wore the principality, she received influence from him, and gave conformity to him. *But a Vertuous Woman is a Crown to that Head*, Prov. 12. 14. so she gave safety, plenty, and honour to her head, as *Crown* may signifie. *The Heart of her Husband did safely trust in her she did do him good and not ill all the days of her life.* Longer she is not obliged; ---*Till death us depart*--- was their agreement; Death ends her natural Relation, and enters her into a Divine; which she began here by her Religion.

Her Religion was not as her Sex, Female; that is, all Face and Tongue, but pure and solid, not despising the Form, but delighting in the Power of Godliness. She attired not her Devotion as the *Lacedemmonians* did their Gods, according to the several Fashions of each City, so to gain Reputation from Man; but she persevered in the constant substantials of Religion, so to gain Grace and Favour from God.

To whom with the Father and Holy Ghost, be Glory and Honour, now and for ever.

Good

some of the latter on earth, but since arrived thither, they are so transfigured, so wonderfully changed, I shall not know one of them when I see them.

What if thou knowest not one Angel in all the Heavens? is it not enough that many of them may know thee? But how do I know that? How? thou hast been their special Charge ever since thou wast born to Jesus Christ. Are they not all ministring Spirits to them that are Heirs of Glory. How kindly did an Angel comfort *Mary Magdalene*, and the other *Mary*, when they early came to visit the holy Sepulchre of our Lord? How well did he know their Persons, and their Business; when he said, Mat. 28. 5. *Fear not, I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified; he is not here; for he is risen, as he said: Come see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly, and tell his Disciples that he is risen from the Dead, and behold he goeth before you into* Galilee, *there shall ye see him so, as I have told you.* What Discourse could be more kind, friendly, and familiar than this?

But that thou shouldst think thy self an utter stranger to all the Spirits of the Just, is more strange, when there may be some of thy near Relations there, and many of those that thou hast had for many years such sweet Fellowship in the Ordinances of the Gospel. If I shall sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob* in the Kingdom; surely, I shall know them to be such.

Besides, their Natures in Heaven are all perfectly gracious and holy, and I shall be like them, and we shall all know each other to be so; and what sinfulness can there possible be among such, who are satisfied in each others sincere love and affection? Thou mayst be acquainted with a thousand Saints or Angels in an hours time as if thou hadst known them a thousand years. And

And if this be so, be not, poor Soul, amazed at this great change of Company at Death: For it is but as dying Doctor *Preston* said, *I shall change my Place, but not my Company.*

Return therefore to thy Rest, Oh my Soul; for God will assuredly deal bountifully with thee; So that Death will bring a Good-Night *to thee here, and a good* Morrow *hereafter.*

The End of The House of Weeping

THE

The Houſe of Weeping, *Farther Enlarged.*

SERMON I.

The certainty of a Dying Hour.

HEB. 9. v. 27.

It is appointed unto Men once to Dye, but after this the Judgment.

Dearly Beloved,

I Am now about to ſpeak of that which will ſhortly render me unable to ſpeak; and you are now about to hear of that which will alſo ſhortly make you uncapable of hearing any more, and that is *Death:* It will be but a little while before *Death* will cauſe both the Speaker to be Dumb, and

the Hearer to be Deaf. Oh that I might therefore this day, ſpeak with that ſeriouſneſs, ſenſibleneſs, and ſuitableneſs unto you, as conſidering the time draws on apace, when I ſhall be Silenced by *Death*, and never more have an opportunity to ſpeak one word unto you. And Oh! that you might Hear this day with that diligence and reverence, as conſidering that after you are once Nailed down in your *Coffins*, and covered with the *Duſt*, you will never hear one Sermon more, or one Exhortation, or one word more, till you hear theſe words pronounced by the great Judge of the Quick and Dead, *Surgite Mortui, & venite ad Judicium*; Ariſe ye Dead, and come ye unto Judgment. What is ſaid in my Text, as it is likely you have often heard it with your Ears, ſo now you may ſee it accompliſhed, *It is appointed unto all men once to dye. Death* hath long ſince come into our Nation, and hath ſummoned many to make their appearance in another World; yea, you know that *Death* hath already entred into our Streets, and hath not been afraid to ſtep over our *Threſhold*, and to ſeize upon thoſe that have been ſtanding round about us; yea, it hath come into our very *Bed-Chambers*, and

and hath ſuddenly ſnatched away thoſe that have been lying in our very Boſoms: ſo that we have had warning enough of the near approaches of *Death* unto our ſelves, and without doubt ſome of us have had the Sentence of *Death within our ſelves*, (as the Apoſtle ſpeaketh;) and therefore it is high time for you and I ſeriouſly to conſider what is ſaid in my Text, *It is appointed*, &c.

Something we ſhall briefly ſpeak now in order to the explanation of the words, that ſo you may once more hear (before you feel) the meaning of them; It is *appointed* or *enacted* by the Court of Heaven; *Statutum eſt*, it is a Statute or Law (more firm and certain than the Laws of the *Medes* and *Perſians*) which is never to be repealed or abrogated. We are not therefore telling you of what may, but of what muſt inevitably come to paſs. It is appointed *unto Men*, that is as much as to ſay, unto all men, τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, it is an indefinite Expreſſion, and ſo is to be underſtood of all the ſame kind, without ſome ſpecial exception from this general Rule. And indeed ſuch an exception there is to be found in the Scripture; for, ſaith the Apoſtle, *We ſhall not all Dye, but ſome*

ſhall be Changed, in a Moment, in the twinkling of an Eye; So that this general Rule in my *Text* is to be underſtood with an *Exceptis excipiendis:* There ſhall be ſome at the end of the World, who ſhall not paſs under *Death*, but yet they muſt paſs under a *Change*, which is thought will be equivalent unto *Death*. But for the preſent time and according to the common Method and courſe of Providence, no Man or Woman hath any ground to expect that they ſhall eſcape the Stroke of *Death*; for it is *appointed unto Men*, that is, unto *all* Men, *once to Dye: Death* is a ſure Striker, it never miſſeth, and is certain to have its blow, and it will ſtrike home, it will hit the Nail on the Head, and it will ſmite down every one that ſtands in its way; whether Poor or Rich, young or old; it will no more ſpare him that wears a *Crown* upon his Head, than him that carries a *Spade* in his Hand, as the *Poet* elegantly expreſſes it:

Pallida Mors æquo pulſat pede
Pauperum tabernas, Regumque Turres, &c.

And the Scripture ſpeaking of *Kings*, uſeth this Expreſſion, *I have ſaid you are Gods*,

Gods, but ye ſhall dye like Men: So ſome have thought Kings to be no leſs than Gods, when they have ſeen them ſitting upon their Thrones; yet it will appear that they are no more than men, when they ſhall be ſeen lying in their *Tombs*. But what is the meaning of the Phraſe *to Dye?* ἀποθανεῖν. I can aſſure you if you know not yet, it will not be long e're you will know the meaning of it: The Philoſopher deſcribes Death thus, *Eſt privatio Vitæ, ob Animæ ſeparationem à Corpore:* As *Spiritual Death* is the Separation of God from the Soul, ſo *Temporal Death* is the Separation of the Soul from the Body; When thoſe two (the *Soul* and *Body*) which have like Twins, dwelt lovingly together under the ſame Roof, muſt be parted aſunder, and enjoy no more ſweet and intimate Communion one with another, till the time of re-unition at the *General Reſurrection.* ἅπαξ ἀποθανεῖν, This is that which muſt *once* be done, every one muſt here take their turn, and that is indeed to be turned off from the Stage of this preſent Life, into the bottom of the *Grave:* And though this happeneth to ſome at one time, and to others at another time, yet firſt or laſt, it will happen unto all once.

The Greek word (θάνατος) which signifies Death, is taken from a word which signifies *extendere*, and indeed Death ſtretcheth out it ſelf ſo far, that no Man can live out of the reach of it. As ſurely as thou waſt once Born, ſo ſurely ſhalt thou once Dye; and though this is but once to be done, yet ſeeing it will be done to the purpoſe, it ſhould be more than once thought on beforehand; yet one ſerious thought of once Dying, and of what will come after, will certainly deaden the Soul as to the Actings of Sin, and quicken it unto the Actings of Grace. Let me but ask you this one plain Queſtion, and your own Conſcience ſhall be the Judge in the Caſe: Couldeſt thou ſtill remain a Drunkard or a Swearer, if thou didſt but once ſeriouſly conſider that thou muſt once Dye? or couldſt thou ſo eagerly ſet thy Heart upon the empty, lying and dying Vanities of this World, didſt thou but once ſeriouſly conſider that thou muſt once, (and it may be before to morrow) be taken out of this World? or couldeſt thou neglect the means of Grace, or delight in Profaneſs, and ſlight Seriouſneſs and Heavenly-mindedneſs, didſt thou but ſeriouſly conſider that thou muſt once Dye, and it may be before

fore ever thou enjoyeſt another Praying or Preaching opportunity? μετὰ τοῦτο κρίσις, *To dye* is much, and as this muſt be once done, ſo there is more to be done than this, for *after this* cometh *Judgment*. Whether the particular or general Day of *Judgment* is here to be underſtood, needs no debate, ſeeing both will certainly follow after *Death*. I think there are none but are afraid to look grim Death in the Face, and therefore Death is called *Rex Terrorum*, the King of Fears: But once to dye, and after that is paſt, that *Judgment* ſhould paſs upon every one, this is indeed a terrible expreſſion, and may well be a dreadfull conſideration unto every one who hath no Intereſt in *Jeſus Chriſt*; (who hath not him to be his *Advocate*, who ſhall then be his *Judge*.) And this you will certainly find and feel to be true, whether you fear it or not; for God hath appointed it, and if none can diſappoint him, then all muſt firſt dye, and after that be judged, *&c.*

And thus having *Explain'd the Words of my Text*, I ſhall next ſhew you what *Obſervation* or *Doctrine* may be drawn from them, and it is this:

Doct. *That it is past all dispute, that all Men must pass through* Death *and* Judgment.

As for the certainty of *Death*, you need not look into your *Bibles* for a Proof of that; I shall only desire you to open your *Weeping Eyes*, and let them but a little while be fastened upon the *Dead Corps* that now is before you, and if afterwards you can Question this Truth, I shall say no more to you at present, but that it will not be long e're others may say of thee, as the Apostle *Peter* did to *Saphira*, *Acts* 5. vers. 5, 6, 7. compared with the 9. & 10. Verses: *And Ananias fell down and gave up the Ghost; and the young Men arose, wound him up, and carried him out and Buried him: And his Wife not knowing what was done, came in; and Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold the Feet of them which have buried thy Husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out: Then fell she down straightway, and yielded up the Ghost; and the young Men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her Husband.*

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The ſame Bier, and it may be the ſame Perſons which have carried thy Neighbour, thy Husband, thy Wife, thy Brother or Siſter already to the *Grave*, behold they ſtand ready to do ſo much for thee: and let every one conſider with himſelf, that he may be the very next in the *Town* or Family, for whom the Bier may be fetched to carry him unto his long home. And then as for the certainty of *Judgment*, though every one hath a ſufficient Proof in his own Conſcience of the truth of this, yet for as much as ſome have ſeared Conſciences, and therefore would put off the evil Day, and ſay with thoſe, 2 *Pet.* 3.3,4. *And there will come in the laſt dayes Scoffers, walking after their own luſts, ſaying, Where is the Promiſe of his coming? ſince all things continue as they were from the beginning*, &c. You may therefore Conſult theſe plain Scripture Proofs, *Eccl.* 11.9. compared with *Rom.* 14. 11, 12. *For we ſhall all ſtand before the Judgment Seat of Chriſt*; yet that is not all, but as it followeth, *So then every one of us ſhall give account of himſelf to God.* 2 Cor. 5. 10. *For we muſt all appear before the Judgment Seat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath*

done, whether it be good or bad. Now when you are about any badneſs, and doing any evil, I dare ſay you never think of this ſuddain and ſtrict account that you are to give to God of all your Thoughts, Words and Deeds: But howſoever, we ſhall next ſhew you the reaſons and grounds, why it will and muſt be thus, that all muſt dye, and that all muſt come to Judgment. The reaſons of the Doctrine then are, *Firſt*, We have Gods (*Ipſe Dixit*) αὐτὸς ἔφη, for it. God hath ſaid it ſhall be ſo; and if his words be true who is Truth it ſelf, and if he can make good the words which have once paſſed out of his Mouth, who is Almighty, you muſt all Dye, and after that come to Judgment; and tell me, when God hath once ſaid it that it ſhall be ſo, who can ſay it ſhall not be ſo, and make good his words when he hath done? *Secondly*, All have ſinned, and therefore all muſt Dye and be Judged, *Rom.* 5. 12. *Wherefore as by one Man ſin entred into the World, and Death by ſin, and ſo Death paſſed upon all Men, for that* (or *in whom* as it is in the Original) *all have Sinned:* in whom, *&c.* Treaſon ſtains the Blood, the firſt Man *Adam* having ſinned, and all that were

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in him, (as we all were) deriving Guilt from him, ſo we muſt all come under the ſame Penalty of Death, which he by ſinning made himſelf and his Poſterity obnoxious unto. *Thirdly*, The Juſtice and Mercy of God requires it ſhould be ſo; for as God will openly manifeſt his Juſtice by the Puniſhing of unbelieving Sinners, (who in this Life have eſcaped Puniſhment by the hands of Divine Juſtice) ſo he will openly manifeſt his Mercy in the Pardoning and Saving of all Believers (who have ſeemed in this Life to ſerve God without Reward.) You may read to this purpoſe at your leiſure, 2 *Theſſ.* 1. 7, 8, 9, 10. compared with *Matth.* 25. 31, 33, 34, 41. Though now there ſeemeth to be little difference between the Godly and the Ungodly, between the Righteous and the unrighteous, between thoſe that ſerve the Lord and them that ſerve him not; yet then it will be a plain Caſe, that it was better to be a poor Believer, than a rich Unbeliever; then it will be put out of all doubt, who was the wiſeſt, and who ſhall be the happieſt Man, whether he that preferred Chriſt before the Creature, or he that valued the Creature more than Chriſt: yea then will appear a great difference

rence between the Sanctified and the Glorified: though the Sanctified were happy in enjoying of God on Earth, in having Communion with him in Duties and Ordinances; yet will the Glorified be more, yea most happy, when they shall fully and perfectly enjoy immediate Communion with God, without the use of all means, according to the Philosophical Maxim, *Finis nobilior est mediis*; The principal ultimate End is more excellent in it self, and more desirable and valuable than the Means conducing unto the End: But this you that have feared, loved, obeyed and served the Lord in this World, will most understand in the World to come.

We shall next come to make some brief USE of the Doctrine: and the USE is Fourfold.

1. Of Information.
2. Of Reprehension.
3. Of Consolation.
4. Of Exhortation.

1. *USE* of Information.

And we may hence be Informed, that if it be certain (both in Scripture and by common experience) that all must dye, and after that be Judged; then it argues gross Ignorance

Ignorance for any one to think, that it is poſſible for him to make ſuch a Covenant or agreement with *Death* and Judgment, that they ſhall not come near him. Indeed ſuch Atheiſts and Fools there have been, as the Scripture ſpeaks, and it is likely ſome ſuch there may be amongſt us. But hath God appointed that thou muſt once dye, and afterwards come to Judgment? Then what art thou, Oh poor Worm, that thou ſhouldeſt once Dream that thou canſt null or make void this Ordinance and Decree of Heaven? Shall the weak Earthen Veſſel, (as the Prophet ſpeaketh) riſe up againſt the Potter, and ſay, Now I am made, I will not be broken in pieces? or doſt thou know how to bribe Death, that it may alwayes ſtand at a diſtance? If any ſhall think that he may eſcape Eternal Judgment, let me deſire ſuch a one to make ſure how he may eſcape in the firſt place Death: for if thy old ſinful Companions (to whom thou haſt ſometimes in thy Cups ſpoken thus deſperately) ſhall ſee that thou canſt not Ward off the Stroke of Death, they will not have any reaſon, or thy ſelf, to believe that thou canſt put by the Day of Judgment. The Hebrew word מות or מָוֶת, which

which ſignifies *Death*, is from the root מות, which ſignifies to dye *ſurely*, or to dye *ſuddainly*, which fully intimates the nature of Death unto us, which is alwayes ſure and often ſuddain. He that lives the longeſt (if any may be ſaid to live long) muſt dye at the laſt; and he that lives moſt Years, lives but a few Minutes or Moments in reſpect of Eternity; and upon this conſideration *Methuſelah*, which was the longeſt Liv'd Man, was indeed but a ſhort Liv'd Man: It was good old *Jacob*'s Anſwer unto King *Pharaoh*, when he asked him how old he was, *Few and evil* (ſaith he) *have been the dayes of the Years of my Pilgrimage*; and *Job* tells us, that *Man who is born of a Woman, is but of few dayes*: in the Hebrew the Expreſſion is (קְצַר יָמִים) *ſhort of Dayes*; Winter dayes are the ſhorteſt dayes, and indeed the Life of Man is but a ſhort Winter day, as it followeth, ſhort of dayes *and full of Trouble*. This Life is but a momentaneous Life, and yet *Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas*: as ſhort as our Life is, yet we have a great work to do (namely the ſecuring and ſeeking the Salvation of our Souls) and if this work be not done before our time be done, we ſhall be undone to all Eternity.

2. *USE*

2. *USE* of Reprehenſion.

And it ſerves juſtly to reprove thoſe who being convinced in their Conſciences, and knowing very well, (even as well as the Preacher can tell them) that they cannot poſſibly eſcape either Death or Judgment, yet do they never prepare for Death, or once think how they may ſtand in the day of Judgment. Read what is written *Pſal.* 14. 5. *The ungodly are not ſo, and therefore the ungodly ſhall not ſtand in the Judgment*: If God himſelf knows who ſhall be Damned, and who ſhall Periſh for ever and ever, this will be the caſe of all unrepenting and unbelieving Sinners; as the Scripture ſaith, *Except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh; and whoſoever believeth not, ſhall be Damned*; and yet it may be, thou art ſo far from Repenting and Believing (though Death may be very near thee) that thou doſt not know to this very day, what ſaving Repentance or a true juſtifying Faith is. It may be neceſſary for you to think on *Job*'s Queſtion, *Man giveth up the Ghoſt, and where is he?* or whither goes his Soul when it is once gone out of his Body? Is his Soul gone to Heaven or to Hell? into everlaſting Happineſs, or into Everlaſting

laſting Miſery and Torments? It will be worth the while to make this Preinquiry of the future Eſtate of thy Precious and Immortal Soul. It is related of Saint *Gregory*, Biſhop of *Neo-Cæſarea*, that he bleſſed God for this great Mercy, that when firſt he undertook that great Charge upon him, he found not above ſeventy Believers, and when he left them, he had not in all his Juriſdiction ſo many Unbelievers. It will be a Crown of Rejoycing to every good Miniſter that can ſay ſo much, and much more cauſe of rejoycing will every one have to himſelf, who can prove himſelf to be ſuch an one in the great day of Judgment; but Unbelievers, as they muſt ſhortly paſs under the Pangs of *Death*, ſo they muſt next expect to paſs under the Pains of Hell, if God knows what will become of them after this ſhort Life is ended.

3. *USE* of Conſolation.

You that are Believers, you muſt alſo expect to paſs through Death and Judgment, but yet this will be a great and ſufficient ground of Confidence and Comfort unto you, that Death ſhall meet you without a Sting, and you ſhall have boldneſs in the

the day of Judgment, upon the account of Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous, 1 *Cor.* 15. 54, 55, 56, 57. I cannot ſay that any Believer ſhall not paſs under a black Cloud, or that he ſhall not *Walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death*, but this I can ſay, as once did *Athanaſius*, concerning the Perſecution which was under the Emperour *Valens*, *Nubecula eſt, & citò tranſibit:* You ſhall but come under a little Cloud, and when that hath once paſſed over your Heads, you ſhall find and feel the Light of his glorious Face, who Sits upon the Throne Shining ſweetly and warmly upon your Souls.

Laſt *USE* of Exhortation,

And that in a word or two, is this: Oh live as Men and Women that know, and certainly believe that you muſt once Dye, and after that come to Judgment. It is an excellent Character that is given of *Origen*, *Quemadmodum docuit ſic vixit, & quemadmodum vixit ſic docuit*; that is, he Preached as he practiſed, and he practiſed as he Preached; he Taught as he Lived, and he Lived as he Taught; ſuch a Preacher is indeed ſent of God, who having firſt read his Text in the Pulpit, others may after-

afterwards read the Expoſition of it in his Life and Converſation: And ſo I ſay unto every Hearer of me this day: Do you talk as you walk, and do you walk as you talk; even like thoſe that know and believe, and conſider that they *muſt* ſhortly, and *may* ſuddenly paſs through *Death* and Judgment.

Such a Conſideration would, I am ſure, put you upon new Thoughts, new Reſolutions, new Diſcourſes and new Actings: ſhall I ſay of any of you that hear me this Day, that you do not believe or think that you muſt once Dye, and afterwards come to Judgment? I dare not ſay ſo of any of you; yet this I will ſay, if you do verily believe ſo much, it will ſoon appear in your Expreſſions and Actings.

For all ſuch that ſhall enter into Heaven, Heaven muſt firſt enter into them, and they do here lead a *Heavenly Converſation*, who ſhall Live in *Heavenly Glory* hereafter. *Amen.*

The

The EJACULATION.

OH Lord our God, in thee, and by thee we live, move, and have our being: As thou didſt at the firſt breathe into Man the Breath of Life, and he became a living Soul; ſo when thou ſhalt be pleaſed to command that Breath again out of Mans Body, then will he preſently become a dead Carkaſs; and ſo ſhort is the Life of Man, that many times he doth but Cry and Dye, yea ſometimes his Mothers Womb doth prove his Tomb, ſo that he doth not once Cry to tell the World that he did once Live.

Neither is the Thred of Mans Life at any time Spun ſo ſtrong, or drawn out ſo long, but at one word of thy Mouth it is ſoon ſnapt in two: Seeing therefore we do but Live to Dye, we beſeech thee (Oh Bleſſed God) let us Dye to Live; let us live well, that ſo we may dye well; let Death never ſurprize us unlooked for, or unprepared; nor let it ever ſeize upon us in an unconverted unregenerate State while we live, that ſo when we Dye Corporally, we may live Spiritually and Eternally with thee in a State of Glory.

Good Lord, let us not ſo live as to be aſha-

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med to Live any longer, or to be afraid to look grim Death in the Face, when it comes to ſeparate our Souls from our Bodies, and to ſummon our Souls to make their appearance before the great Judge of the Quick and Dead. Let us with thy Servant Job *wait all our appointed time, untill our Change doth come: indeed it will be our greateſt Wiſdom to wait for Death, which always waits for us, and to expect that at all times, which* will *come at ſome time, and* may *come at any time.*

Let us Pray, and Preach, and Hear, and ſo ſpend our time, as thoſe who know and conſider that all they do, they do it for Eternity, and we ſhall never have but one caſt for Eternity: Heaven and Glory is here to be won or loſt for ever.

Bleſſed God, thou haſt taught us in thy Word, that it is better to goe to The Houſe of Weeping, than to the Houſe of Feaſting, *for that is the end of all Men, (and thou haſt ſaid* That the Living will lay it to Heart: *) Oh Lord, we have this day been at the* Houſe of Mourning and Weeping, *and we have ſeen the end of one, yea, of many of our Friends and Acquaintance, within a ſhort ſpace of time, (and in the Death of our Friends we may read our own Death) and yet ſhall not we who are left behind them*

in

in the Land of the Living, lay these awakening Instances of Mortality to Heart? shall we hear and see daily our nearest and dearest Relations giving up the Ghost, and departing out of this World into another World; and yet shall we once think that we shall ever live to enjoy the Treasures and Pleasures of this present evil World? But seeing, Lord, this World is a dying World, and all its glory is a dying glory, let our Minds and Hearts therefore be set upon the Glory of Heaven, which is a never fading Glory: Oh did we believe and consider how much better a Believers future Estate will be, than his present State is, then should we think that Time is too long before we do, and that Eternity will be too short when we shall enjoy our Gracious Redeemer upon his Throne of Glory: Let us ever live as those that have one Foot in the Grave already. Thousands and Millions, yea innumerable Millions of Thousands are gone to their Graves before us, and do we think, that we that are but enlivened Dust, animated Shadows, dying lumps of Clay, can keep our dying Bodies from being a Feast for Worms, or keep our Souls from being turned out of their Tenements of Clay, from seeking new Lodgings in another World? Oh! let us therefore every

day

day be looking into our Graves, and familiarize Death unto our Thoughts, before it comes; let us consider how many signal admonitions thou dost daily give us of our approaching end; Is not every Distemper and Sickness of Body as it were a little Death, and a fair Warning to put us in mind of our last Change? The Grey hairs which are here and there upon our Heads, the deep wrinkles which are engraven upon our Foreheads, the loss of Teeth, the Dimness of Sight, our Deafness in hearing, our Palsie-hands, our feeble trembling Limbs, and the frequent Sight of seeing Friends laid out in their Winding Sheets for Dead, and carried to their Houses of Clay, the silent Grave, are Circumstances and Symptoms serving to remind us, that the time draws near wherein we must Dye, and that our departure is at Hand: Let us therefore live as dying Men, and let us dye as Living Christians; let us set our House and our Heart in order, remembring the Text, It is appointed for all Men once to Dye, but after this the Judgment.

SER-

SERMON VI.

All Men both good and bad ſhall ariſe to Judgment.

ISA. xxvi. xix.

Thy dead Men ſhall live together, with my dead Body ſhall they ariſe: Awake and ſing, ye that dwell in duſt: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the Earth ſhall caſt out the dead.

I might ſpend an hours work in delivering unto you the ſeveral opinions of Men concerning the meaning of theſe words; I find ſuch difference among the Learned about the Interpretation thereof.

Some would have them to bear this ſenſe: That the Prophet by (the earth raiſing up of her dead ſignifieth) the delivering of Gods people, the Jews, who being trodden on, and oppreſſed by their enemies (as dead) ſhould have a reſurrection: that is, a reparation of their decayed

Eſtate; they ſhould have a time of refreſhing; even as the Dew makes the leaves to ſpring; that is, they ſhould have a time of deliverance.

Many other Opinions I might recite unto you: But I will not trouble you with them at this time: But becauſe there is not one word in my Text, but may very well fall upon the common place of the Reſurrection (as *Junius* and *Tremellius Hyeron. Auguſt: Lyra*, and all the moſt judicious Interpreters have well obſerved) I reduce whatſoever may be ſpoken of them to theſe two heads: either to the Reſurrection of the dead in Chriſt, or to the Reſurrection of thoſe which are contemners, and deſpiſers of God: both which, as the Nothern Rivers have many turnings, yet they all meet in the main Ocean: ſo the Elect, and the Reprobate (though there be main difference, and diſcrepancy betwixt them) yet they all meet in the general Reſurrection, all (I ſay) muſt *ariſe*: The Godly unto everlaſting glory; to eternal bliſs and happineſs: The Wicked, to perpetual Torments and Condemnation.

Having thus ſet the letter of my Text in

in tune, and ſhewed you the general drift and ſcope of the words: I proceed now to the particular meaning, and interpretation of them.

Thy dead Men ſhall live, &c. As there hath been a Death; ſo there muſt be a Reſurrection. Gods people, that have dyed from the beginning of the World, or ſhall die to the end of it hereafter, are but as the ſeed ſowen in the Earth: They muſt endure rottenneſs for a while: but *being ſowen in diſhonour, they ſhall riſe in glory.* The miſeries they endured in this life, they were but the tokens and forerunners of Death: But let them hope, yea, let them know aſſuredly, that there will come a day of refreſhing: when God ſhall ſay unto theſe bones, I will cauſe breath to enter into you, and you ſhall live, and will lay ſinues upon you; and will cauſe fleſh to grow upon you; and will cover you with skin.

Mr. *Gualter* ſaith, that *Nulla Conſolatio tanta eſt, quanta mortuorum Reſurrectio.* There is not any Conſolation of a Chriſtian ſo great in his life, as the Reſurrection of the dead. And therefore it cannot be, but that it muſt needs be a moſt ſingular

comfort, to know that one day there ſhall be a Reſurrection.

Now that there ſhall be a Reſurrection of the fleſh again at the laſt day, is a matter moſt clear, and manifeſt, for the Argument of the Reſurrection follows a *Majori ad minus*: from the greater unto the leſs. Did God make Bodies again, when they are turned into Duſt, which is a leſs matter;

Mans Eſtate in this life is unſetled: All the miſeries, calamities, troubles, and vexations of this life, as they have their *Receſſus*, ſo have they their *Acceſſus* alſo. As they have a departure, ſo have they a return: But after the Reſurrection there ſhall be no ſorrow any more, nor vexation, or anguiſh: God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes; ſo all grief from the hearts, and ſorrow from the ſouls of ſuch as are his, even in the Kingdom of Salvation.

I hope there is no miſt before your eye-ſight, but that in my Text (as in a moſt clean glaſs) you may behold all this, which I do tell you. For herein is preſented unto your view a moſt perfect proof of the Reſurrection to come: and how you

may

may behold the perſons that ſhall appear at the Reſurrection, moſt lively and excellently deſcribed unto you.

Thy dead Men ſhall live, &c.

See here are many Members make the whole Body: nay, the whole Body of my Text is but as one Member: I find a repetition, and reiteration of the ſame things again.

As the whole Sea is but water, and the leaſt drop thereof is water: ſo the whole bulk of my Text is but Reſurrection; and every ſmall limb, and lineament: every part, and member thereof, that's Reſurrection alſo.

For firſt, *thy dead Men ſhall live: with my dead both ſhall they ariſe:* What's all this but a manifeſt proof of the Reſurrection?

Secondly, *Awake and ſing:* Who? with the dead: nay, dead carkaſſes: You that dwell in duſt; under-earth Citiſens: This is a Reſurrection alſo.

Thirdly, *The earth ſhall caſt up?* What? why, the dead: which is a probability, and neceſſity of the Reſurrection, what then is here but a manifeſt, evident, and apparent truth of the Reſurrection? But yet, though every part of my Text ſeems

to

to be a proof of the Reſurrection; Yet as it is ſaid of Bees that they are not ſo like, but there is ſome accident, by which they may be known one from another: ſo although all thoſe members of my Text be alike, yet they have ſome diſcrepancy, by which they may be known one from another.

Shall any demand? when the elect, and choſen people of God have a diſſolution of Soul and Body: Whether their hope of riſing any more dyeth with them? I anſwer no: The dead ſhall live. I, but they will reply, They ſhall live: that is true, their ſpirit ſhall live: but as for their Body that ſhall never riſe at all: But I tell you in the ſecond place, they ſhall have *Corpora reſurrecta*: with their Body ſhall they riſe.

But, they will further ask by whoſe authority ſhall they riſe? who ſhall be the Author of that Reſurrection? I tell them, here is an *Awake: the voice of the Lord ſhall cauſe it: with the ſound of the Trumpet they ſhall be raiſed.*

But yet one may further object: grant they ſhall ariſe, and with their Body: and awake: better is it for them not to ariſe

and awake: than to riſe, and be raiſed to miſery: But I anſwer they have, *Ariſe, and ſing*: the Reſurrection then ſhall be a joyful end.

But yet, perhaps they will ſay, ſhew ſome probability: ſhew us ſome ſign: Why, behold the herbs, and flowers in the garden ſhew it: *The dew is as the dew of herbs.*

If you ſhall ask me, how they ſhall ariſe? Why, *The Earth ſhall caſt them out.*

The firſt propoſition then ſhews the entity of thoſe that riſe at the laſt day. *The dead ſhall live.*

The ſecond is an Expoſition of the former: *With my Body ſhall they ariſe.*

The third is a Confirmation: *Awake*: Shewing by whoſe means they ſhall riſe.

The fourth is a Congratulation at their ariſing: ſhewing the quality of thoſe that ſhall ariſe: *They ſhall ſing.*

The fifth is brought in as an illuſtration, or probability ſhewing the Reſurrection: It ſhall be as the ſpringing up of herbs by the dew.

The ſixth ſhews the neceſſity of the Reſurrection, as the concluſion of all. *The Earth ſhall caſt out her dead.*

Thy

Thy dead Men ſhall live. Theſe words ſhew the Entity, and Reſtauration of life, that ſhall be unto the dead at the general Reſurrection at the laſt day.

The Dead ſhall live, ſayeth my Text: Yea, I ſay theſe Subjects; theſe Dead; theſe Carkaſſes; this Duſt, inveterate Duſt; theſe under-earth Citiſens (as I ſaid before) they ſhall live, they ſhall riſe again. Though theſe Bodies have lain a long time putrefying in the earth, yet this ſhall not hinder Gods divine power; but he will raiſe them up again.

For ſhall the Potter do what he will with his clay, and ſhall not God do what he will?

But it may be objected: Firſt, that theſe ſeem to imply a main oppoſition, or rather impoſſibility; that Death, and life ſhould be coupled together. For what is Death, but a privation of life; a ſeparation of the Soul, from the Body? and yet not only Dead, but even twice Dead (as I may ſay) ſhall live, ſhall riſe again.

Another objection, or doubt that may ariſe is this. Walk but ſome paces back look but to the fourteenth verſe of this preſent Chap. and you ſhall find that the

Dead

Dead ſhall not live; they ſhall not riſe again. Why, how can this be? what doth the holy Ghoſt ſay, yea, and nay; can ſweet and bitter water come from the ſame fountain? Can ſweet, and ſower fruit come from the ſame tree? Shall they live, and not live again; and yet both true?

For the better clearing of this doubt and the reconciling of theſe places, we muſt diſtinguiſh of Life, and Reſurrection: for there is a Reſurrection unto glory: and there is a Reſurrection unto condemnation.

We muſt alſo put a difference betwixt the Dead: for by (Dead) we may underſtand either the wicked, which are Dead in ſins and treſpaſſes: or the Godly; which are Chriſts Dead.

That ſaying in the fourteenth verſe that (*the Dead ſhall not live, neither ſhall riſe*) is to be underſtood of the wicked, who as the Juſt (which are meant in my Text) ſhall never riſe, that is, to glory.

But when it is ſaid in my Text (*Thy Dead Men ſhall live*) by (Dead) we muſt underſtand the Godly, which are properly ſaid to be Chriſts Dead: And thus (by Chriſts Dead) we may underſtand, firſt, all

thoſe

those which are dead in the Lord, such as died in this faith, in this law, and favour: as died Gods children by adoption and grace. Secondly, we may understand those also; All Martyrs which have layd down their lives, and shed their most pretious blond for Christs sake. For all these Dead shall live unto God as we read, Rev. 14. 13. *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord.* Which indeed is most true, for that Death is not to be feared which a man dieth for Gods cause. For they that die so, shall be happy out of hand, and free from all labours hereafter: Yea, they shall be rised unto life, and glory; And have everlasting rest with them in the Kingdom of Heaven.

True it is that all men must die; both good and bad: *Statutum est hominibus semel mori*; It is appointed unto all men to die

If Death come to attach the Body, there is no *supersedeas*, nor *quare impedit*, will serve the turn.

Death is like that common net in the Ghospel which gathereth all into it, both great and small.

Death is like the gathering Host of *Dan* that sweeps all away with him. All both learned

earned, and unlearned: high and low: ich, and poor: do meet together in his, that there is one condition of them ll as concerning Death.

Though *Noah* lived five hundred years: hough *Lamech* lived ſeven hundred venty and ſeven years: though *Methuſelah* lived nine hundred ſixty and ne years: *Gen.* 5. Yet in the Epilogue of eir hiſtory, I find that they all returned nto their Duſt.

And whatſoever the Chronicles of the ings of *Judas* and *Iſrael* omit (I ſtand t upon it,) yet ſtill I find this recorded them all, that they died, and were ried with their Predeceſſors and Fathers. Death is that *Symbolum* that muſt be payd: hen we have eaten and drunk to our ntent, the reckoning muſt be payd.

We ſoon run the race of our life: *Mors ima linea rerum*; Death is the utmoſt of all. Our life it is not unfitly compard unto a line: for it is *linea circumducta*; a line that is drawn round: *fluit in lon-n*; it goeth forwards and about: But the laſt, it runs to the ſame point again. *ſt we were, and to Duſt we ſhall return.* But what then, is there no fan to

purge

purge the chaff from the wheat, is there no difference betwixt the good and the bad? Do all die alike? yea ſurely (Beloved) there is a main difference, read but the 11 of *Exod*: and there you ſhall find that the Lord putteth a main difference between the *Iſraelites* and the *Egyptians*. So you ſee there is a difference betwixt the ſon of the free Woman, and of the bond Woman: betwixt *Jacob*, and *Eſau*. For if you mark my Text, ſayeth it not that all Dead ſhall live again: (but *thy dead Men ſhall live*) meaning Chriſts dead. Thoſe which die in the Lord, and for the Lord. Thoſe which live by his Spirit, and die in his favour. I ſay, which live by his Spirit, for there are ſome which live by the Spirit of *Chriſt*; others which live by the Spirit of *Antichriſt*: Some live by the ſpirit of the Lamb; others by the ſpirit of the Dragon. But the Promiſe in this place is made unto the Godly: Theſe are they which ſhall live, and which ſhall riſe again.

But you will demand the ſecond time what then, ſhall not all riſe? Shall not the wicked riſe, as well as the godly? Yes ſurely, they ſhall riſe alſo: But yet note there is a difference between the riſing

of the one, and the riſing of the other. For the righteous they ſhall riſe; they ſhall ſpring; Nay they ſhall live indeed: being branches planted by the fountain of living water: who feed at the very Tree of life: They, I ſay, ſhall riſe as the Sun in the morning more fairer, and brighter to ſhine, as the Stars in the Firmament for ever and ever.

But with the wicked it ſhall not be ſo: they ſhall riſe, but it ſhall be to their pain; their body ſhall riſe, that is, they ſhall have their full, and compleat Body: but their fire ſhall be never extinguiſhed. This fire ſhall not extinguiſh them, neither ſhall they extinguiſh this fire: but ſhall be as *Salamanders* of Hell fire for ever more.

They ſhall riſe indeed, but it ſhall be to their ruine, and their greater ruine; and their great fall? like as *Jeſabel* got her up to the top of a high chamber to be caſt down out of the window thereof.

Or, as *Lucifer* to go to mount above God, and to be tumbled down into Hell.

Or, as *Herod* to be richly apparrelled, to be exalted high in a throne; and to fall down eaten with worms. This of the Reſurrection of the wicked; they ſhall

not

not rise unto glory as the godly: but their rising shall be to perpetual torment, and condemnation.

I come now to my second Point, and Proof or Argument of the Resurrection *Awake and sing.* Where the Prophet by figure called a *Prosopopeia*, bringeth in our Saviour Christ speaking thus unto the Dead; *Awake and sing.* Who? why you that dwell in dust.

This is but a *Pariphrasis mortuorum*: and A Paraphrase of the Dead (as we call it for *Awake and sing you that dwell in dust* it is as much as if he had said, *Awake and sing you Dead.*

But what shall the *Dust* make answer saith *David?* The dust an Element of un circumcised Ears. *Wilt thou shew a miracle to the Dead; or shall the Dead rise up and praise thee? Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave, or thy faithfulness in destruction? Who shall praise thee in the pit?* &c.

Behold (saith *Abraham*) *I am but Dust and Ashes*, and yet dare I to speak unto my Lord? And yet we know that howbeit he was made of Dust, he was not then turned into Dust again, and if he could say so being not then Dust inde-

(for then he was alive) how much rather might he have ſaid, ſhall I ſpeak to my Lord? ſhall I make anſwer, when I am turned and reſolved into Duſt? But methinks I hear ſome ſay. This ſeemeth to be a matter altogether impoſſible, that thoſe that dwell in Duſt ſhould *awake* and *ſing*, for how, or by what means ſhall they that have lain a long time putrefying in the grave, and afterwards been reſolved into Duſt, how ſhall they be raiſed, or how can they *awake*, and *ſing*? Surely (Beloved) it is not the ſound of a trumpet, nor the voice of any inchaunter, or the ſound of any waters that can do this: Neither is it the roaring of a *Lyon*; or the voice of Thunder: all theſe (I ſay) cannot do it, but it muſt be the voyce of the Lord, even that powerful voice of his that muſt do it. This is the inſtrument by which he ſhall cauſe this earth to hear, I ſay, it is the power of his word, which is more powerful than the rod of *Aaron*, or the cup of *Joſeph*, in the which he devined, that muſt do this. Yea, it muſt be that word whereby he made the Deaf to hear: the Dumb to ſpeak: cleanſed the Leapers: which ſay to the Devil, *be thou dumb thou foul Spirit*,

Spirit, and he ſhall forthwith be dumb. *Awake, and ſing*, &c.

But how ſhall they awake, who have no previledge above the Idol *Baal*, that they cannot wipe off the Duſt from their own faces? Where are thoſe criſtal glaſſes which were ſo long ſince broken? how ſhall they awake? how ſhall theſe windows be opened, which have ſo long ſince been dampned up with clay? how ſhall they ſing the ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange language? how ſhall they ſing? Where are theſe harps of their tongues? theſe well tuned Cymbals? Surely they are hanged up in the willows, while they lie in the land of forgetfulneſs, yet the day ſhall come (and it is not far off) when all mountains, and graves ſhall open; nay let earth, earth, earth, earth upon earth keep down man; yet ſhall he ariſe, and God of this deſpiſed, unvalued, and contemptible Duſt, ſhall build up the walls of his celeſtial *Jeruſalem*.

Again, it is the powerful voice of God which ſends men to judgment. For before I end this Point, I muſt ſpeak of the quality as I noted before. For here alſo I find a main difference between the godly and

nd the wicked. For howſoever to *awake* nay belong to both, yet *to awake and ng*; I find this proper only to the godly. heſe bleſſed ones ſhall not only awake, ut when they are awaken, they ſhall ng, that is, they ſhall awake to their y.

But, what then, ſhall the Wicked ſing lſo? No ſurely: For as one obſerves ery well, *Muſica in luctu importuna:* Muck in mourning doth not well agree. heir hearts ſhall lie heavy within them: ut the Elect, when this day ſhall come, ey ſhall lift up their heads: for the me of their Redemption draweth nigh. hey ſhall not rejoyce only, but they all leap, and exalt for joy at the ſight f their Saviour, with the applauſe of their nds they ſhall make Heaven, and Earth ring.

Then ſhall theſe ever Bleſſed ſay to the icked: *Non vobis pars, non ſors nobiſcum:* ou have no part, nor lot of inheritance ith us. Your joy ſhall be turned into hor- ur, and dread: your ſinging into howl- g: your clapping of hands into gna- ing of teeth. Begon from us: depart om us; for you have no skill of the tune the Lamb.

And

And thus you see that howsoever to arise, and to awake may belong unto the Wicked, as well as to the Godly, yet they have no part, nor portion in this joy mentioned in my Text, which shall be at the general Resurrection.

For thy Dew is as the Dew of herbs, and the Earth shall cast up her Dead.

Here we have two kinds of proofs of the Resurrection. The first an Inducement, a Probability, or Comparison drawn from the course of Nature. *Thy Dew*, &c. The other is an Argument very necessary, forcing, strict: Yea of great constraint.

The Earth, &c. The one allureth surely, and gently to bring forth. The other implyeth a necessity; a matter that needs must be: as who should say, the Earth must be as a weak stomock that certifieth she must cast up what she hath taken down into her bowels.

The Similitude then stands thus: *For thy Dew is as the Dew of herbs*, That is even as the morning dew sweetly, and softly falling on the herbs doth make them grow, and spring up: Even so shall the spirit, and power of the Lord gently call for these Creatures, and they shall

ſhall as it were ſpring out of the Earth.

But ſay the Earth will not render when the Lord ſhall call? ſay ſhe plead Antiquity of poſſeſſion ſo many thouſand years? yet ſhe muſt render; and though ſhe doth render, yet doth ſhe yield up that which never was her own, *ſhe muſt caſt them up.*

That there ſhall be a Reſurrection then, even things in Nature probably do ſhew it, Conſider but the *Phœnix* of *Arabia* of whoſe Cinders when ſhe is dead, another bird ſpringeth up, Conſider but the Lillies of the field how they ſprout, and ſpring out, being allured by the deaw, and the ſweet influence of the Sun in the Summer-time; Look upon the Herbs, walk into your Gardens, ſee the fragrant flowers, whoſe roots in the Winter-time lye hid under Earth as if they were dead, yet in the ſpring revive and flouriſh again in a moſt beautiful manner.

Though the Oak and the Elm in the Winter-time having caſt their leaves ſeem dead, yet there is a ſuſtance in them.

Though winter hath blurred and disfigured the beautiful face of nature, and robbed her of all comlineſs, yet when

the Spring returneth, God ſpreadeth his Carpets of *Egypt* on the Earth, and cloaths it with a *Joſeph*'s partie coloured Garment, divers ſtorks of moſt beautiful flowers do ſpring up and appear, There is a bare Corn thrown into the Earth, yet it comes forth with a goodly green ſtem, and billows, and plants upon the Ground.

Nay the flyes, and thoſe other *ludibria naturæ*, ſcorns of nature, howſoever they ſeem dead to us in Winter, lying in holes, yet in the Spring time revive, Nay *Fætus in utero*, the birth in the womb ſheweth it; which lyeth as an heavy lump, ſeeming dead unto us and yet comes forth alive. Theſe all are probabilities that there ſhall be a Reſurrection a Goal delivery of thoſe Priſoners which the Earth now holds faſt. *The Earth ſhall caſt out the dead.*

If theſe ſoft inſtillations, and ſhowers will not prevail; if this deaw will not ſerve to call forth this dead; God hath a floud (as my text ſaith) *The Earth ſhall caſt them up*, If ſhe be unwilling to let her Priſoners come forth, God ſhall rake ſack her bowels, and make her to vomit up what ſhe hath ſwallowed. God ſhall

ſay to the Earth Give, and to the Sea Reſtore; ſo that not only the Earth but alſo the Sea married to the Earth, and having her arms folded about her lovers boſom, ſhe I ſay the Sea, (as *Jonas* his Whale) ſhall caſt up thoſe in her belly; Nay, hath any beaſt ſwallowed up any bit of the Body of Gods Saints and choſen, they ſhall find that they have ſwallowed a morcel too hard of digeſtion which ſhall trouble their ſtomacks very much, *they ſhall caſt it up alſo.*

Would you know the reaſon hereof in a word? The truth of this matter is proved by an Argument, drawn from Gods power, for as the Prophet ſpeaketh, *ſhall be cauſe to bring forth, and ſhall he himſelf be barren? ſhall he cauſe to travail, and ſhall be not bring forth?* Suerly God, which by his power hath made all things, and given the Earth, and all things that are to ſerve for mans uſe, ſhall not he (when that day cometh) *cauſe the Earth to caſt up her dead?* he that hath made man of nothing, ſhall he not be able to raiſe him again out of the duſt at the laſt day? far be it from us (Beloved) from thinking ſo; but rather let us ſtedfaſtly believe, and

be perſwaded, that it is impoſſible that the Earth ſhould hold down man, God commanding it to caſt up; and therefore, though the ſhip, and the ſhip-maſter: the Wagganer, and the Waggan: I mean the Soul the governour of the body, and the body the receptable of the Soul may be ſevered and parted for a time by death, yet they ſhall one day meet, the one ſhall return to the other, theſe whom the Almighty hath put aſſunder, theſe can he joyn again at his pleaſure. For if he hath done the greater, then need we not doubt but that he is able ſo do the leſs. He which hath made the body of nothing, doubtleſs is of power ſufficient to raiſe it out of the duſt at the laſt day.

To come then to ſome uſe. Here then firſt of all is matrer of great conſolation to the Children of God, in that the Love will raiſe them up again to Glory at the laſt day. The conſideration whereof may comfort us exceedingly under the Croſs. For ſo many are the troubles, and afflictions that the Children of God are ſubject unto in this life, that if they did not call to mind, and remember that there ſhall be a Reſurrection, that a time

of

of refreſhing ſhall come when they ſhall be freed of theſe miſeries, and theſe tears ſhall be wiped from their eyes, they would never be able to hold out. For if the Children of God had hope only in this Life, they were of all men moſt miſerable; but here is there comfort, that though they have their Hell in this life, they ſhall have their Heaven hereafter; all which is moſt lively ſet forth in this Text.

When *Rachel* had born ſix ſons to *Jacob*, ſhe ſaid God hath endowed me now with an excellent Dowry, now will my husband dwell with me, becauſe I have born him ſix ſons.

Beloved, could we not be content to live, yea, to dye with this ſentence which hath born, and brought unto us theſe ſix places of conſolation? ſuerly it is a ſentence much to be embraced, for it offers exceedingly great comfort unto us.

Wherefore let us often meditate of it: let us often have recourſe unto it: yea, let it be as a Sanctuary, or place of refuge for our troubled Souls to fly, and reſort unto, when as we ſhall be preſſed with any miſerie, or affliction whatſoever.

The EJACULATION.

Good Lord, if it be true, that at the laſt day the Earth ſhall Caſt up all *that ever it received into her cold imbraces, and if it be likewiſe true, that all the wicked ſhall then be doom'd down to Eternal Torment, let us then be preparing our ſelves for that day, that we may be able to receive it with joy when it comes, and that we may hold up our heads with comfort, to think that our Redemption draweth nigh; Let not Death find us out of our way, becauſe ſuch a ſurprize would be attended at laſt with a miſerable Reſurrection, Let our converſation be in Heaven, from whence we expect that our Saviour ſhould come,* that he may change our vile Bodies into the likeneſs of his own moſt Glorious Body, *Good Lord, let our hearts and ſouls be there now, where we hope our Bodys and Souls ſhall be for ever hereafter; and let our choiceſt Affection, and cheifeſt Meditations be ſet, early ſet, and earneſtly ſet upon that ſtate which will be our Eternal State; that ſo we may be everlaſtingly happy both in body and ſoul, when our bodies, ſhall ariſe to Judgment at the laſt day.*

SERMON

SERMON VII.

A Glorious Reſurrection for them that ſleep in Jeſus.

ROM. viii. xi.

He that raiſed up Chriſt from the Dead, ſhall alſo qnicken your mortal Bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

THeſe words, *Beloved*, are a moſt comfortable Concluſion, ſhewing and declaring the certainty of the Reſurrection of the Bodies of the Saints to an Immortal, glorious, happy life at the laſt day, wherin we may more particularly note. Firſt, The Action *Quicken*. Secondly, the Object, or rather (if ye will) the Subject that ſhall be *Quickned, your mortal Bodis*. Thirthly the Author, or Efficient Cauſe (God) deled by an effect, *the raiſing up of Chriſt*. Fourthly, the means whereby God ſhall *quickn* them, *by his Spirit*. Laſtly, the Condition of the Perſons, whoſe mortal Bodies

ſhall be *quickened*. And they are ſuch as have the Spirit of God dwelling in them, as appear by the laſt words, *By his Spirit that dwelleth in you.*

The Text thus opened, and the ſenſe thereof being made clear, and manifeſt, the main Point that offers it ſelf to our conſiderations is this.

Doct. *That there ſhall be a Reſurrection of the Bodies of the Saints at the laſt day.* This for the general.

And this is a matter very comfortable to the people of God, that there ſhall be a Reſurrection: *Nulla conſolatio tanta eſt, quanta mortuorum Reſurrectio*, ſaith Mr. *Gualter*. There is no conſolation of a Chriſtian ſo great in this life as is the Reſurrection of the Dead, and therefore *Tertullian* calls it the Chriſtian's hope, and ſo it is indeed; For *if in this life only the Chriſtian had hope, he were of all Men moſt miſerable*, 1 Cor. 15. 19.

Tolle ſpem Reſurrectionis, &c. *& reſoluta erat obſervantia nimis pietatis*; Take away the hope of the Reſurrection, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, and you take away all care of Piety, and Godlineſs out of the World.

And indeed, what makes the Husband-

man

man to take ſuch pains in tilling, manuring, and ſowing of his ground; but the Hope of a joyfull harveſt, wherein he ſhall reap the fruits of his labours?

What makes the Labourer to ſubject himſelf to ſo much pains, and labour all the day long, but that he hopes for a time of reſt wherein he may be refreſhed?

What makes the liberal and charitable Man diſperſe his wealth unto the Poor, but that he looks for a day of payment, wherein he ſhall be ſure that what he hath laid out, ſhall be payed him again, *Prov.* 19.17.

But all this is the Reſurrection unto the Saints of God.

For firſt, it is as the Chriſtians *Harveſt*; For though he have Sowen in tears all his life time by reaſon of the continual afflictions thereof, yet he ſhall be ſure to reap in joy at the Reſurrection.

And this did animate, and encourage them to undergo any torture of the Body, rather than they would be ſubject to the rack of an evil Conſcience.

And this may ſerve as a ſtrong ground of Comfort unto us, if God at any time ſhould call us to ſuffer for his Name (for

as yet we have not reſiſted unto bloud. This is an honour that God doth not vouchſafe to all his Saints) ſay this may ſerve as a notable means to ſupport us in our ſufferings, that though Tyrants may rage never ſo much, and Perſecuters may wrack their malice upon the Bodies of the Saints (as they did in the Primitive Church (for they caſt the Bodies of the Chriſtians to be devoured of wild beſts, nay they threw them into *Rodanus*, thinking, (thereby to hinder their Reſurrection) yet I ſay, let them do their worſt, and yet they can by no means diſapoint the Chriſtian of his hope of a *glorious Reſurrection*.

So that a Chriſtian in the midſt of his ſufferrings, may ſay of his tormentor, as once *Socrates* ſpeak of his Accuſer, *occidere me poteſt, ledere vero non poteſt*. Well may he kill me, but he ſhall never ill me. For though Perſecuters kill the body, yet they cannot berieve a Chriſtian of that Happineſs, and Glory that God hath given unto the Soals in the day of the Reſurrection. This is to be thought on as a means to ſupport our languiſhing Spirit.

Then it will be unto him a day of ſweet

reſt, wherein he ſhall be refreſhed after all his painful labours, and travails taken in the ſervice of God, which will be no leſs comfortable unto him, than the gladſome morning to a ſick man, which hath toſſed, and turned up and down wearily all the night long.

And it ſhall be the Chriſtians pay day alſo (ſo our Saviour calls it, *Luk.* 14.14.) becauſe then (he having his reward, with him) will come forth of every ones debt, and reward their goodneſs with glory.

And ſuch a day Beloved, there ſhall be unto all the Elect, and dear Children of God. As they have had a day of Death: ſo ſhall they have a day of Reſurrection.

All the people of God that have died from the beginning of the World, or ſhall die to the end of it hereafter, are but as the ſeed ſowen in the ground, they muſt endure rottenneſs for a while: *But being ſowen in diſhonour, they ſhall riſe in honour: being ſown in corruption, they ſhall riſe in glory.*

All the myſteries they endured in this Life, they were but *mortis præludia*, the tokens, and forerunners of Death: but let them hope, yea, let them know aſſuredly,

redly, that there will come a day of Refreſhing (as St. *Peter* calls it,) *Act.* 3. 19. when God ſhall ſay unto theſe dry Bones, *I will cauſe breath to enter into you, and you ſhall live, and will lay ſinews upon you, and will cauſe fleſh to grow upon you, and will cover you with skin.*

That there ſhall be a *Reſurrection*, even things in nature probably do ſhew it. And therefore *St. Paul* ſends the Atheiſt to learn this leſſon from the ſeed that is ſowen in the ground. *O Fool* (ſaith he) *that which thou ſoweſt is not quickned except it die.* 1 Cor. 15. 36.

And the Ancient Fathers ſend us to the *Phœnix* of *Arabia* (out of whoſe Cinders, when ſhe is dead another bird ſpringeth up) to learn the ſelf ſame thing.

And indeed the *Phœnix* is a notable Embleme of the Reſurrection: and we want not reſſemblance thereof daily before our eyes, conſiderer but the trees of the forreſt, the flowers of the garden, and the Herbs of the field!

We ſee that the Tres in winter being deſpoiled of their Leaves, the Garden of the Flowers, and the Fields of the Graſs, do ſeem utterly to die, and to periſh: But when

when the spring time comes, they putting on their green Carpets, and particoulered Garments, like *Joseph*; they all wax as fresh, and flourishing as ever they were before: So the Body, which during the Winter of many Ages is deprived of her beauty, and turned to rottenness, doth at the Spring time of the Resurrection not only recover its former Beauty, but obtaineth a far more excellent Glory.

Nay, the mutual vicissitude, and entercourse of things: the setting, and rising of one and the same Sun; sleep, and waking: labour, and rest: night, and day: the day that dies into the night, and yet revives again, and is with his former brightness revived to the whole World: all these are probable Proofs of the *Resurrection.*

But besides these, we have infallible testimonis, and Arguments proving the certainty of it.

For first, this was shadowed in holy Scripture by sundry Types, and Figures. So God shewed this in a vision to *Ezechias*, when he saw a field full of dry Bones receiving at Gods Comandment, Flesh, and Nerves, and Fire. See *Ezech.*

37.

37. to the 12. For this was not only a Prediction of the Deliverance of *Iſrael* out of *Babel*; but alſo a typical confirmation of the Reſurrection of our Bodies.

So *Jonas* being reſtored alive out of the Wales belly (wherein he had lain three days, and three nights) was a type of the Reſurrection.

Secondly, that we ſhould not doubt of the certainity of it. God hath given us examples of many particular Perſons raiſed already from Death to Life, both in the Old and New Teſtament. As of the Widows Son of *Sarepta* raiſed up by *Elias*, 1 *Kings* 17. 22. Of the *Shunamitiſh* womans Son raiſed by *Eliſha*, 2 *Kings* 4. 34, 35. And of a certain man at the touching of *Eliſhas* bones lying in the Sepulchre, (13. 21.) Theſe in the Old Teſtament.

And in the New Teſtament, we find not only that our Saviour Chriſt did raiſe himſelf by his own power never to die any more, but that he raiſed others alſo: as the Rulers Daughter: the Widow of *Naim*'s Son, and *Lazarus* of *Bethania*, when he had lain four days putrifying in the Grave; yea, many alſo at his Death: not that they might die any more as

as *Lazarus*, and the rest: But rather (as some think) that they might accompany him into Life eternal, by whose power they had risen, that they might be undoubted Testimonis of his quickning power, and why then should any think it impossible for God to raise all the Bodies of the Saints to Life at the last day?

Thirdly, we have divine Testimonies in in the Scripture proving the necessity of it: *Thy dead Men shall live* (saith the Prophet) *even with my Body shall they rise: Awake and sing ye that dwell in Dust. For thy dewe is as the dewe of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the Dead*, Isa. 26. 9. See also concerning this matter, *Dan.* 12. 2. *Job* 19. 25, 26.

So our Saviour also in the fifth of *John* 28. 29. speaks plainly to this purpose, *The hour shall come* (saith he) *in the which all that are in the Graves, shall hear his Voice, and they shall come forth that have done good, unto the Resurrection of Life: but they that have done evil, unto the Resurrection of condemnation.*

Fourthly, the faith of the Resurrection is grounded on the power of God, who is omnipotent, with Whom is possible that which with Men is impossible, *Who*

calleth thoſe things, which are not, as though they were, Rom. 4. 17. *With Whom nothing is impoſſible*, Luk. 1. 37.

And the Argument drawn from Gods power, it follows, *A majori ad minus*: from the greater unto the leſſer: For did God make our Bodies of the Duſt, and cannot he (think you) repair our Bodies again, when they are turned into Duſt, which is a leſs matter? *Qui potuit id quod non erat producere, ut aliquid eſſet, id quod jam eſt, cum ceciderit, reſtituere non potuerit?* ſaith *Cyril*: He that could bring out that which was not, and make it to be ſomething, ſhall we think that he cannot raiſe up again, that which now is, after that it hath fallen? Far be it from us (Beloved) to think ſo; but rather let us ſtedfaſtly believe that he that made us of nothing, is as able to reſtore us from nothing: For what though this may ſeem ſtrange unto us? as indeed it is a matter very wonderfull (the Budding of *Arons* Rod, *Numb.* 17. 8. was very admirable; but the raiſing of our Bodies is more wonderfull,) yet let us remember, that it is God that doth this. Conſider the Author (ſaith *Auguſtine*) and take away the doubt.

Fifthly,

Fifthly, the Juſtice of God requireth that it ſhould be ſo. For it is a ſpecial part of Gods glory to ſhew forth his mercy on the godly, and his Juſtice upon the wicked, in rewarding them according to their works, as the Apoſtle ſaith, *God will reward every man according to his works, to them, that by continuance in welldoing ſeek glory, and honour, and immortality, Life eternal: but unto them that diſobey the truth, that be contentious, and obey unrighteouſneſs, ſhall be indignation, and wrath*, Rom. 2. 6. But in this Life God rewardeth not men according to their doings; and therefore *Salomon* ſpeaking of the eſtate of all men in this world, ſaith, *All things come alike unto all, and here is the ſame condition to the Juſt, and Unjuſt*, &c. Eccleſiaſt. 9. 2. Nay, which is more: here the Wicked flouriſh, and the Godly are afflicted. The Ungodly have hearts eaſe, and all things at will: whereas the Godly are oppreſſed with all kind of miſeries, and are as ſheep appointed for the ſlaughter. It remaineth therefore, that here muſt needs be a Reſurrection after this Life, that the righteous man obtain a reward of Gods free mercy, and

the

the wicked Man be juſtly condemned t
everlaſting pain, and miſery.

Laſtly, it is apparent from the Reſu
rection of Chriſt. For he aroſe not fo
himſelf as a private man, but in our roo
and ſteed, and for us; and if he the hea
be riſen, then the members alſo mu
needs riſe again.

For we are united, & kint unto him b
the bond of his ſpirit, and his Reſurrectio
is a ſure pledg of our Reſurrection, *
being riſen as the firſt fruits of them th
ſleep*, ſee 1 *Cor.* 15. 20. To come then t
ſome uſe and application.

The firſt Uſe of Confutation.

This may ſerve in the firſt place t
confute the Adverſary and gainſayer
this Truth, and Doctrine.

The Atheiſt ſcoff at the Reſurrectio
to come, eſteeming death to be the la
end of all things. The Philoſophers coun
ed it a ſtrange thing, and hard to
believed. Let *Paul* preach of the Reſu
rection to come, and he ſhall be coun
but a babler for his pains; ſee *Acts.* 1
18. he ſhall be eſteemed, and reputed
Feſtus no better than a madman, ſee *Ac*
26. 24. The *Saduſes* they denyed the R
ſurrectio

urrection to come. *Hymenæus*, and *hilætus* not diſcerning the ſpiritual Reurrection from the body, ſaid *The Reſurection was paſt already*, ſee 2 Tim. 2. 18. The *Thiliaſts* abuſing that place *Rev.* o. 5. Dream of a Reſurrection but for a houſand years: During which time, they magin that Chriſt ſhall raign with the aints here on earth in great pleaſure, and elights. All which are juſtly confuted rom this very place.

The ſecond Uſe of Inſtruction.

Secondly, this ſhould teach us not to ourn immoderately for the dead, *as men ithout hope, ſince when Chriſt comes again, e will bring them with him*, ſee 1 *Theſs.* 4. 4.

This ſhould teach us alſo to ſtrengthen ur faith in this Article of Chriſtianity, here being nothing that ſeems more improbable to the eye of humane reaſon, hen that the body ſhould be raiſed again o life, after it hath lain along time rotten nd putrified in the grave.

3. And that we may be fully aſſured ereof, we muſt do three things, 1ſt. We uſt pray to God for his ſpirit as the pledg it. 2dly. We muſt labour for a true and

lively

lively faith in Christ who is the Resurrection, and the Life, and in whom, *whosoever believeth he shall not dye*; *John* 11. 26. 3dly. We must be sure of the first Resurrection, that the Body be dead in respect of sin, and the Soul be raised up to a lively care of newness of life. Shall we believe that they will raise our bodies, and shall we doubt whether he will give us food and rayment; and bring us out of danger, and distresses, far be it from us! But rather let us believe his promis though there be never so great unlikelyhood of the accomplishment in respect of outward means, and apearance. Thus did *Abraham* the Father of the faithful. *Rom.* 4. 18. and so must we also if we would be reputed the true children of *Abraham*.

The third Use of Consolation.

Thirdly, this may serve to comfort us against the natural fear of Death, for if there be a Resurrection of our bodies after this life, then Death is but a passage, or middle way from this life, to eternal life.

If a begger should be commanded to put off his old rags that he might be cloathed with rich and costly garments, would he

e be ſorry becauſe he ſhould ſtand naked
while till he were wholy to be ſtript
f his rags? No ſuerly, Well, thus doth
God when he calls a man to death he,
ids him put his old rags off him, and
orruption, and be cloathed with the rich
obe of Chriſts righteouſneſs, and im-
mortal glory, 2. *Cor.* 5. 1.

Your mortal Bodies.

Doct. 2. In that the Apoſtle ſayth,
hat the Lord ſhall quicken our mor-
al bodies, (that is the ſame that now
re mortal by reaſon of ſin) I note in the
ext place to our comfort. *That the ſame*
odies that now we carry about with us ſhall
e raiſed up, and none other for them, the
me I ſay in ſubſtance, and the ſame in
umber.

Sim. For as the wheels of a Clock being
aken in ſunder, and the joynts thereof
ade clean, when it is joyned, and ſet
ogether again is the ſame in nnmber: ſo
hall the Eſſence, and ſubſtance of mans
ody be all one, which (though diſolved
hall a gain be joyned together of God,
nd ſhall riſe again, the infermities thereof
eing done away.

The

The Lord keepeth all the bones of the Saint (ſaith *David*) *there ſhall not one of them be broken*, Pſal. 34. 20.

And the holy man *Job* is bold to ſay: *my ſelf ſhall ſee him, and mine eyes ſhall behold him, and none other for me*, Job. 19. 27. ſee alſo concerning this Matter in 1 *Cor.* 15. 25.

Reaſ. 1. Becauſe God hath conſecrated bodies of the faithful to be temples unto himſelf, 1 *Cor.* 3. 17.

2 Becauſe Chriſt whoſe members we are, and to whoſe body our bodies ſhall be conformed, recieved again that body which he carried about with him, *John* 2. 19.

3 Becauſe every one ſhall bear in his body that which he hath done, be it good or evil, 2 *Cor.* 5. 10.

4 The juſtice of God requireth, it ſhould be ſo; For as *Turtullian* very well to this purpoſe, *Abſurdum eſt, & Deo indignum ut hæc quidem caro lanietur illa vero coronetur*. It ſtands not with the Juſtice of God that our body ſhould be torn in ſuffering, and another ſhould receive the crown.

Shall

Shall the body of *Paul* be ſcourged, and another for it be glorified? ſhall *Paul* bear in his Body the marks of the Lord *Jeſus*, and not bear in the ſame body the crown of his glory? far be it from us Beloved, that we ſhould think ſo.

But though the ſame body ſhall be raiſed, yet we are to know; that new faculties ſhall be added to it. I ſay it ſhall be endowed with new qualities in the Reſurrection. For as the Apoſtle ſaith, *God ſhall change our vile Body, that it may be made like unto his glorious body.* Philip. 3. 21. Now if any deſire to know wherein this glory ſhall conſiſt; I anſwer breifly in theſe ſix things, which ſhall befall our bodies at the Reſurrection.

Firſt, the firſt is *Immortality*: ſo as they can never die again; for as the Apoſtle ſaith, *this mortal muſt put on Immortality*, 1. Cor. 15. 53.

Second, Is *Incorruptibleneſs*. They ſhall never be inclined to putrefaction, or any corruption. So ſaith the Apoſtle, *this corruptible muſt put on incorruption*, ſee the place before alleaged.

Thirdly, *Spiritualneſs*: *It is ſowen a natural body, it is raiſed a ſpiritual Body*, ſaith the

the Apoſtle, *verſ.* 44. Spiritual I ſay n
in eſſence, and ſubſtance: but in con
tion, or quality. See *verſ.* 4. 17.

Fourthly, *Strength. For it is ſowen weakeneſs, but ſhall riſe in power.* verſ. 43

Fifthly, *Perfection.* For in the Reſu rection all defects, and deformities ſha be done away, and the body ſhall ariſe perfect beauty.

Sixthly, *Shining*, and *Splendor*. For th Bodies of the Juſt ſhall be cloathed wi heavenly glory, and divine Beauty a with a robe. *Then ſhall the Juſt Men ſhi as the Sun in the Kingdome of their Fathe Matth.* 13. 43. *And they that turn many righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine as the Stars for eve and ever*, Dan. 12. 3.

1. *Uſe. Confut.* This may ſerve firſt t confute the *Maniches*, who affirmed tha the Soul ſhould put on new bodies i ſteed of the former. By that means ma king a creation of new bodies, not a Re ſurrection of the ſame.

2. *Inſtruct.* This ſhould teath us to b willing to lay down our bodies; for why ſhould any be unwilling to die, that is aſſu red he ſhall riſe again to an immortal glorious, and happy Life.

Secondly

Secondly, this ſhould teath us to take heed how we lay down our bodies, ſeeing they ſhall be raiſed to Immortality at the laſt day, that we ſin not againſt them as thoſe do that defile their bodies, that ſhould be prepared to Immortality, with whoredome, drunkenneſs, and ſuch like uncleanneſs: but rather this ſhould make us carefull to *poſſeſs our Veſſels in holineſs, and in honour*, as the Apoſtle ſpeaks 1 *Theſſ.* 4. 4. And to uſe our bodies, and every part, and member of them as inſtruments of righteouſneſs of Gods glory, and of doing good in every one of our places, and callings whereunto God hath called us.

For why Beloved? Conſider of it I beſeech you! We muſt one day ſee the Lord with theſe very eyes, that now we carry about us: and how ſhall we be able to look on him with defiled eyes? How then ſhall the adulterous eye, the coveteous eye, the envious eye, the haughty, and ſcornfull eye, be able to look God in the face?

We commonly ſay of a man that hath done ſome vile notorious wicked act, that men take notice of, and cry ſhame upon,

he will never be able to ſhew his face amongſt honeſt men again; and how do we think that a wicked profane wretch: a filthy adulterer, a common blaſphemer, a beaſtly Drunkard, a curſed Uſurer, or the like, ſhall be able to ſhew his face before the moſt great, and glorious Majeſty of God? who hath pure eyes, and cannot behold iniquity and ſin? Every one, be he never ſo wicked, and vile (whether he will or not) muſt one day appear before the Lord face to face.

Then thoſe eyes of thine, that now perhaps are full of Adultery (as St. *Peter* ſpeaks) and cannot ceaſe to ſin: The ears that now are opened to receive falſe, and ſcandalous accuſations of thy brethren: the mouth that now can power out nothing, but curſing, and bitterneſs, rotten, and filthy ſpeeches: the hands that are now defiled with filching, ſtealing; and taking of curſed intereſt mony; and the feet that are ſwift to ſhed innocent bloud, ſhall come before the glorious preſence of the Lord.

Then that body that now thou abuſeſt to filthineſs, and haſt made a monſter by thy diſguiſed attire, and wearing of new fangled

fangled faſhions, ſhall be preſented before the Lord, the righteous Judge of all the World. And then thou wilt wiſh that the hils, and mountains would fall on thee and cover thee from the glorious preſence of him that ſitteth on the Throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, but all in vain.

O that every Wicked wretch would conſider of this, and lay it to heart, that theſe very eyes, and no other, ſhall one day ſee the Lord, that ſo he might in time prepare himſelf to meet the Lord. For aſſure ourſelves, *that without holineſs, no man ſhall ever ſee the Lord to his Comfort*, Heb. 12. 14.

And ſince the bodies of the Saints ſhall be raiſed up to ſuch glory (as hath been ſhewed) this ſhould teach us alſo to live here on earth as thoſe that do believe, that there ſhall be a glorious Reſurrection.

Thus we ſhould be ſtedfaſt, and unmoveable in all conditions of life.

We ſhould live as men devoted wholy to the ſervice of *Chriſt*, whoſe we are both in life, and Death.

We ſhould ſtrive to abound in the

work of the Lord, rouſing up ourſelves to the care of well doing, ſtudying to keep a conſcience voyd of offenſe toward God, and man. Nay our minds ſhould run on that time, our hearts ſhould be affected with it, and our converſation ſhould be in Heaven.

We read of St. *Hierome*, that this ſaying ran in his mind, and ſounded always in his ears: *Ariſe ye dead, and come unto Judgment.* And this always to be ſounding in our ears, and our thoughts ought to run upon it, to this end, that while we have time we may prepare ourſelves to meet the Lord at the laſt day.

3. *Uſe of Conſol.* Thirdly, here is matter of conſolation to all the children of God; and the conſideration thereof may ſerve to fill the hearts of Gods choſen with moſt ſweet, and comfortable refreſhings, and that in many regards.

For firſt, wheras the Godly are ſubject to manifod afflictions, and miſeries of this life, here they may find a ſufficient ſtay to quiet, and calm their minds, if they conſider that after this ſhort life is ended, there will enſue a glorious Reſurrection. Thus we ſee the holy man *Job* in

in the greateſt extremity of all his miſery, made this the Comfort to his ſoul, that *one day he ſhould riſe again in which he ſhould enjoy the glorious preſence of his Redeemer:* See *Job.* 19. 26.

Secondly, it may Comfort the Saints of God againſt the perſecutions of the body; yea, and death it ſelf. We read of the Saints of God in the days of *Antiochus*, that they were *racked, and would not be delivered*, and why ſo, *becauſe they looked for a better Reſurrection*, Heb. 11. 35.

No doubt but they counted the Redemption from the rack a thing much to be deſired; yet, they knew that the Redemption from Hell, and the Reſurrection to eternal life was much more to be ſought for, without which condition they would not be delivered, and no marvel, for what though the rack might rend their fleſh, and disjoint their Lims? yet they knew well enough, and were fully aſſured that at the Reſurrection, all ſhould be conjoined, and perfected again.

The EJACULATION.

GOod Lord, *let us when we die,* sleep in Jesus, *that we may obtain a* Glorious Resurrection, *when this World shall have an end; for though we are, as we have heard, but enlivened Dust, gilded peices of Clay, sinking Bubbles, and dying shadows, yet these dying Bodies of ours shall at the last day (when the Trumpet shall sound* arise ye Dead) *enter into Eternal Glory, or Everlasting Peace: Oh let us consider how glorious a Creature man was, when he first came out of his Creator's hand, for thou didst make him but a little lower than the Angels, thou didst crown him with Glory and Honour, thou didst make him the very Summons and Epitomy of the whole World; he was made the very Master-peice of all thy works, the very Flower and Miracle of Nature; he was even then a small draught of the divine Nature, and a bright Beam of the increated light: But how Glorious indeed will he be, when he shall be raised at the Resurrection, and shall*

shine

ſhine as a reſplendent Sun in the Firmament of Glory. Good Lord, therefore let us not be ſtrangers to the reliſh of Heavenly things, but let us live as thoſe who hope to be Heirs of Eternal Joys when this World ſhall have an end. Let us look up to God, and let us look out to Eternity, let us conſider that our haſtening Time will ſoon have an end, and we ſhall never more be truſted with another ſpace of Time to prepare us for Heavens Glory. Oh, let us not therefore ſet our affections upon any things, which we can carry no further with us then the Grave, but let us live in a daily ſerious beleif, and in a joyfull expectation of that endleſt Glory, and that Glorious Reſurrection, which will be the Portion of all thoſe, who live in the Love, and die in the Faith of our Lord Jeſus, *for thou haſt promiſed* a Glorious Reſurrection to them that ſleep in *Jeſus.*

AN

ELEGY

Upon the *Reverend*, Mr. *John Dunton*, Author of the *Houſe of Weeping*.

LIKE a bright Lamp, *whoſe mounting Flame aſpires,*
To its Original, thoſe Heavenly Fires:
Till the fomenting Oyl *conſume, it turns*
Twinckling to Aſhes, *and no* longer *burns:*
So his Divine Soul, *though clos'd within*
An interwoven *caſe of fleſh and ſin,*
Mounts *to its pure* Original, *and ſtrives*
By lighting *others to amend their lives.*
'Till nature quite extinct *with fixt deſires*
Of Heavens Enjoyments, his bleſt Soul expires.
Farewel dear Sir, *had powerful art a Charm,*
To ſnatch your Life from Deaths ſurpriſing Arm,
We would not fail to re-imbarque *your Spirit,*
Gon to poſſeſs what Glorious Souls Inherit
In higheſt bliſs; *(that ſweet Chriſtaline Iſle.)*
Where God and Saints for ever, ever Smile.

Tis

Tis *lovely* to be Humble, Faithful, Kind,
This was the *Emblem* of the Authors mind.
Who's ſoar'd aloft (*leaving Earths* duſty Round,
Where ſweeteſt Joys in one ill hap are drown'd,)
To thoſe Harmonious Orbs, where now he ſings
Melodious Anthems to the King of Kings,
Where, in the glit'ring Rank of Angels bright,
He took his place with radiant Sons of light;
His race was long, *and* nimbly he did run,
To reach Heavens Glory *by that* Setting Sun,
(*Which guilds the Spheres, which garniſheth* (*and braves*
The lower World) *which ſcores us out our* (*Graves,*
And being gon to th'place his heart deſign'd,
He here hath left a Weeping Houſe *behind;*
Which dolefully, like a loud Paſſing-bell,
Rings out to th'World the Authors laſt Fare- (wel

O. O.

An

An EPITAPH upon the Author of this Book, Mr. *John Dunton*, who was Interred in the Chancel at *Aſton-Clinton*, *Novemb.* 9th. 1676.

IN ſpight o'th' Grave, bright Saint *thou ſhalt ſurvive,*
Our grateful Age will keep thy name alive:
Heav'ns great Ambaſſador, *on Earth thou'ſt lain,*
The League *being ſtruck, Heav'n call'd thee home again.*
Yet Death *hath left of thee,* Great Soul, *behind*
So much, *that we our loſs ſhan't quickly find.*
Nor can thy Name a dull Oblivion know,
Thy Works will an Eternity beſtow.
O're Time and Fate thou'ſt an Ovation have,
And now doſt Triumph over Death and Grave.

S. A.

FINIS.

Death-Bed THOUGHTS.

The PROEMIUM.

BUT Oh my Soul! What ails thee to be thus ſuddenly backward and fearful, no Friend hath more freely diſcours'd of Death in ſpeculation; no Tongue hath more extolled it in abſence. And now that it is come to thy Bed-ſide. and hath drawn thy Curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee ſervice, thou ſhrinkeſt inward; and by the paleneſs of thy Face, and wildneſs of thine Eye, bewrayeſt an amazement at the preſence of ſuch a Gueſt. That Face which was ſo familiar to thy Thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine Eye. I am aſhamed of this weak irreſolution. Whitherto have tended all thy ſerious Meditations? What hath Chriſtianity done to thee, if thy fears be ſtill Heatheniſh? Is this thy Imitation of ſo many worthy Saints of God, whom thou haſt ſeen entertain the violenteſt Death with Smiles and Songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent Inſtruction? Didſt thou think Death would have been content with words? Didſt thou hope it would ſuffer thee to talk, while all others ſuffer? Where is thy Faith? Shall Hereticks and Pagans give Death a better welcome than thee? Hath God, with this Serjeant of his, ſent his Angels to fetch

thee; and art thou loath to go? Rouse up thy self for shame, O my Soul! and if ever thou hast truly believed, shake off this Unchristian diffidence, and address thy self joyfully for thy glory.

All motions tend to rest. Return then to thy rest, O my Soul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

But Lord spare me a little before I go hence and be seen no more, that my DEATH-BED THOUGHTS may be all imployed in the Contemplating of that Eternity into which I am now a launching.

Sect.

Sect. 1. *The Daily Remembrance of Death.*

HAppy is he, who always, and in every place ſo lives, as to ſpend his every laſt moment of Light, as if day were never to return. *Epictetus* moſt wiſely teaching this; *Death*, ſaith he, *and Baniſhment, and all that we look upon as Evils, let them be daily ſet before thy Eyes: but of all moſt chiefly Death. So ſhalt thou think upon nothing that is too low, nor too ardently covet any thing.*

Miſerable diminitive Mortals, wherefore d'ye teach long Hopes? Wherefore d'ye undertake ſuch a vaſt heap of Buſineſs? That ſhall be perhaps to Morrow, a meer Spark and Aſhes. Walk curiouſly, O Man! That diſmal Goddeſs continually hovers over our Heads; and waits for the laſt Sands of our Lives Hour-glaſs with an unwearied and never-ſleeping Eye; and wilt not thou watch after her?

What e're beginning has, an end doth fear.
We all muſt go,
Old EAcus *within thoſe ſhades below*
Whips on the Moments that protract us here.

Nor can any Age ſtruggle with Death. As ſoon as we are Born we are ſubject to that Tribute; and are the Stipendiaries of Death.

——When firſt our trembling ſight
Beholds the dazling Beams of unknown light.

Then we begin to die. The ſame Death meraces the Queen, that threatens the Handmaid. Therefore believe every day that ſhines to be thy laſt. Say every Evening, this day I ſtand at the Gate of Eternity.

Sect. 2. *The remembrance of Death is a powerful Remedy againſt all Sins.*

THE ſerious remembrance of Death ſhakes off all ſenſe of pleaſure, and turns Honey into Wormwood. The Expectation of Death, ſaith *Chryſoſtom*, ſuffers us not to be ſenſible of the Delights and Pleaſures we injoy. And indeed what is it not able to do, when conſider'd not only in the Extremities of the Fingers, and as it were in the Hair, but over the whole Body. Death ſpares no Age, nor no Degree of Dignity. Here dies a young Man, there an Infant, there an old Man. Another by Poyſon, or a Fall, another by a ſlow Rhume, another by a quick deſcent of Humour; here lyes another oppreſs'd with a mighty Shower, or the Waves, there lyes another ſtruck with Thunder. Among ſo many doubtful, ſo many various, ſo many ſudden Accidents, what ſecurity, or what mind to ſin among ſo many Incertainties? Therefore, ſince we daily die, think upon the Hour-glaſs, whether the old faſhion'd one running Water, or the new one running Sand. Do ye not find that by dropping of the Water, and the paſſage of the Sand the upper Glaſs empties and the lower Glaſs fills? Conſider that it is ſo with Life, every moment ſomething ſlides away, the preſent Life empties, and flows into another. Nothing is here ſafe; not the Hour of the Hour, nor the Moment of the Moment. Happy he, to whom every day is the laſt; more happy he, to whom every Hour; moſt happy he, to whom every Moment is the utmoſt period of his Thoughts. He will abſtain from the wickedneſs of his hands who believes every Hour decreed, every Moment his laſt.

laſt. O vain Hope! How many doſt thou deceive? How many, to whom thou promiſeſt old Age, doſt thou cut off in the midſt of their Courſe? Believe therefore that may happen to thee, which happ'ns to many. How many has Death prevented in the midſt of their wickedneſs, and cut off half the Crime? How many fall with a revengeful Mind, though with an Innocent Hand? How many ſnatch'd away in the attempt, have receiv'd the reward of their Impiety? Many in the very Moment of a wicked Action begun, have been forc'd to leave their ill deſigns unfiniſh'd. What if thou ſhouldſt be in the number of thoſe? What Hour or Moment is more certain to thee than to another? Now who can expect a Crime from ſuch a Thought, as with the Crime expects Death, and with Death, Puniſhment. No prudent Man plays or ſports in the midſt of a Storm. No Man at the brink of a Precipice meditates miſchief. No Man is merry unarmed in the midſt of his Armed Enemies. More ſtupid is he, whom the perpetual fear of Death, when every Hour is doubtful, every Moment uncertain, dares thoſe things that procure an unhappy Death to Eternity. O Fools! Whither do we run to be puniſh'd for ever? Wherefore do we not follow the Council of the Son of *Syras*? *In all thy work*, ſaith he, *remember thy laſt, and thou ſhalt not ſin.*

Sect. 3. *The end of a good Life is all.*

Out of Seneca.

TELL me, my Dear *Seneca*, whom *Pliny* with an Elogy to be envy'd calls the Prince of Learning, tell me what thou thinkſt of Death, eſpecially

pecially immature? Heark'n Youth, give ear complaining Age; like a Comedy, ſo is Life, which it matters not how long, but how well it is acted. It imports not where thou mak'ſt an end, leave off where thou pleaſeſt, only put a good period. No other is the Opinion of *Epictetus*. *Remember*, ſaith he, *that thou art the Actor of the Fable, as the Poet directs. If ſhort, of a ſhort; if long, of a long Fable.* No otherwiſe, ſaid *Varro*, *They live not beſt, who live longeſt, but they who live moſt uprightly.* Moſt plainly ſo it is; it matters not, where, when, or how we end. When God pleaſes we muſt die; but let us put a good period to our Lives.

Sect. 4. *All Men, no Men.*

Out of Arbiter.

Heu, heu, nos miſeros, quam totus, Homuncio nil eſt.

Alas! What miſerable things are we,
The frame of Man is only Vanity.

VErily ſo it is. But alas by much the more miſerable, by how much the leſs we acknowledge our ſelves to be ſo. The whole little Man is nothing, as the ancient Satyriſt well obſerves; but if I may dare to ſay ſo, then he begins to be ſomething, when he knows himſelf to be nothing. O Man, know thy ſelf and be wiſe. For Death equals Lillies with Thorns.

O miſerable and vain Men! What are we? Learning and Fame are Smoak. We Duſt, that meer Opinion, the other Wind, And we that are alive, vigorous and flouriſhing, ſhall ſhortly be reduced

reduced to say, *We have liv'd.* This single Exit all Men make. Our Life decreases by increasing; and the very day we breathe in we divide with Death: For every day some part of our Life is diminish'd. As the last drop does not empty the Glass, but what flow'd out before, so the last moment does not alone bring Death, but only consummates our Being.

Sect. 5. *Mortals are of one little Day.*

THE day Lilly is a Flower, whose Beauty perishes in a day. There is also a Bird haunts the River *Hypanis*, called *Hæmerobios*, or the Bird of one day; ending its Life the same day that it begins; dying with the dying Sun, and travelling through the Ages of Childhood, Youth and Old Age in one day. In the Morning it is hatch'd, at Noon it flourishes, in the Evening it grows old and dies. But this is more to be wonder'd at in that winged Creature, that it makes no less provision for one little day, than if it were to live the Age of a Crow or a Raven. To this little Animal the Life of Man is most fitly to be compar'd. It inhabits by the River of gliding Time: But more fleet than either Bird or Arrow. And often only one day determines all its Pomp, oft-times an Hour, and as often a Moment. Wherefore then do we think of Years and Ages, frequently no longer had then Flowers, or the shadows of Flowers; or then any thing, if any thing can be, more short and fading than those Flowers.

It is a wonder greatly to be admir'd, that this swift Brevity of Life should be divulg'd by all the Prophets, be confirm'd by the Writers of all Ages, and yet that miserable Men should be deaf to

all their Exclamations. *Ezechias* cries out by *Isaiah* the Prophet, *From the Morning till the Evening thou shalt conclude my days.* The Royal Psalmist cries out, *My days have past away like a shadow.* *Josiah* the King cries out, *Man springs up like a Flower, and is trod down, and vanishes like a shadow. Behold Man is like a Bubble; all thy Life is the flight of a shadow.* Canst thou then dream of any Mansion or Abiding place here? Wherefore dost thou covetously scrape together; wherefore dost thou scrape and rake, as if to live the Age of *Nestor.* Death is at thy Back, Thou shalt go hence, before thou fear'st thy departure, unless thou art afraid betimes. Make haste, Eternity is at hand.

Sect. 6. *The same is deliver'd with greater Confirmations.*

THE Life of no Man is otherwise than short. but the shortest of all is their Life, who forget what is past, neglect the present, and are in no fear of the future. Most excellent is the saying of *Job*, they that saw him shall say, where is he? Like a fleeting Dream he shall not be found, (yet Dreams are vain, and nothing swifter than flight) he shall pass away like a Nocturnal Vision. *My days*, saith he; *were swifter than the Racer, they fled away and saw no good*, (this said the most Wealthy of Men. They took their flight like Birds carrying Apples, like an Eagle flying to his prey. Because we are of yesterday and understand nothing; because our days are like a shadow upon the Earth. Truly, our days are but a shadow upon the Earth; *and there is no delay.* We Banquet and Revel, *and there is no delay.* We indulge to sleep, and snore till Noonday, *and there is no de-*

lay.

lay. Prodigal of our time, we go to Plays, and invent voluptuous ways of Idleneſs, *and yet there is no delay.* Our years paſs, glide and fly away. No Man has ſo much the favour of Heaven as to promiſe himſelf to Morrow. Thus while we dream, we paſs to Eternity, either the Celeſtial or the Infernal. It was an excellent ſaying of *Suidas*, *Oh Mortals! but of one little day, that only know the preſent, not foreſeeing future things, conſider that Eternity to which ye are going.*

Sect. 7. *The Hope of Long Life and Wiſhes are vain.*

WHat ſhall I do, ſaid the Rich Man in his Heart, becauſe I have not room for the Fruits of my Land? I will do this, I will pull down my Barns and Build bigger. Miſerable Soul, alas! Thrice miſerable! Wilt thou inlarge thy Barn? To Morrow the Grave ſhall be thy Habitation; Oh that it prove not Hell. This Night thy Soul ſhall be taken from thee, and who ſhall inherit what thou haſt ſcrap'd together? Thy Vertue, if thou hadſt any; thy Vices ſhall go with thee. Neither ſhalt thou take with thee any other Companions hence. Moſt like the Fate of this Rich Man was that of *Senecio* in *Seneca*, who conſidering this fleeting Life of ours which we enjoy at Mercy, *Every day*, ſaith he, *every hour ſhews us what nothings we are, and by ſome new Argument ſtill admoniſhes us of our frailty, while they compel us covetous of Eternity to look after death.* *Senecio Cornelius*, a Roman Knight, a Man of extream frugality, no leſs careful of his Patrimony than of his Body, when he had ſate all day till night by his friend ſick a Bed beyond all hopes of recovery, when he had Supp'd

well and cheary, was taken with a violent Distemper the Quinsey, scarcely retained his Breath within his contracted Jaws till Morning, so that he deceas'd within a few hours, after he had performed all the Duties of a sound and healthy Man. He that turn'd and wound his Money both by Sea and Land. He that left no sort of Gain unry'd, in the very Flood of his Prosperity, in the very Torrent of his overflowing heaps expir'd.

Thus it happens that when men most spend their time in toyl they spend their last Breath: Like the Winds, that when they blow most vehemently, loose their force, most quickly then allay'd, when they have rag'd most furiously. The most admirable *Job*, almost by way of complaint interrogates the Deity; *And dost thou so soon cast me down?* Learnedly *Tertullian* and truly thus, saith he, *The Sailing Ships, free from the* Capherean *Rocks, not tost by Tempests, nor tumbl'd by the vast Waves, but steering with a flattering gale, making swift way, on a sudden with one slug loose all their hopes of safety.* No other are the Shipwracks of Life, and the Calm Events of Death.

How stupid a thing then is to dispose of Age? We are not then Lords of to Morrow. How great is the madness of those that commence long hopes? I will buy, I will build, I will sell, I will appoint, I will bear honours, and then I will repose my old Age in leisure. But all things, believe me, are uncertain to the Fortunate. No Man can promise himself any thing of what is to come. What we enjoy slips through our hands; that very Hour a chance may happen and disappoint all. We propose to our selves long Voyages and tedious stays ere we return to our Countrey: Affairs of War and Council, slow Actions, prolix Business, a long Series of Toyl, Labour, and Employment.

We

We begin Suites, hoping the long Life of *Neſtor*, and the Fortune of *Metellus*. When in the mean time Death is at our Elbow, and from the Precipice of Life throws us headlong into the Sea of Eternity.

Sect. 8. *Man is Duſt.*

REmember Man, that thou art Duſt, and to Duſt ſhalt return. This ſad Verſe our Mother the Church repeats, when ſhe covers the Heads of her Children with Dirt; and admoniſhes us of our Mortality, at the ſame time, when we leaſt think of it. Herein the Church imitates the Eagle. Who when ſhe would encounter the Hart, ſhakes the duſt which ſhe has gather'd upon her Wings into the Hart's Eyes, and fixing her Talons between his Horns, ſhe claps his Head with her Wings, till he fall headlong from ſome Precipice. Thus the Church ſurprizes Man running into forbidden Impiety, as it were in the mid way, and ſtrews his Head with this Funeral Powder. The ſame thing ſays the Prieſt at the Interment of the Body. *Remember*, ſaith he, *O Man, that thou art but Duſt, and to Duſt thou ſhalt return.* This he ſpeaks not to the Dead Corps, but opportunely and in its place to thoſe that ſtand about the Grave.

Philip of *Macedon* was wiſe in this, who daily admoniſh'd by that Verſe, (*Philip*, thou art but Man) carry'd himſelf more moderately.

But the Cranes teach us theſe things. They when they keep their watch in the Night, hold a Stone in one of their Feet, which falling from them when they fall aſleep, accuſes them of careleſneſs by the noiſe. The ſame Birds when they croſs the Sea, carry Sand in their Throats. The

Gra-

Grave-ſtone taxes Men of Vanity. and the duſt that covers them. The Calf which the Hebrews worſhipp'd was a Golden one, , but reduc'd into Powder. *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Image was terrible to behold, but broken with the Fall of a Stone. The Apples of *Sodom* are fair to ſight, but being broken they fall to duſt. Man ſwelling in his Pride, boaſts his Fortune and his Riches; yet all his Vanity muſt be crumbled into Aſhes. This is the beginning of Humane Pomp, and this the end. Therefore do what is to be done, Eternity is at hand.

Sect. 9. *Man truly Miſerable.*

'TIS hard to ſay whether Nature be a better Mother to Man, or a more cruel Stepdame. In the firſt place one Creature among all the reſt ſhe cloaths with the ſpoils of others. The reſt ſhe covers variouſly with Shells, Rinds, Hides, Thorns, Wooll, Briſtles, Hair, Feathers, Scales, and Fleeces. Frunch and Trees with Bark, which ſometimes proves a double ſafe-guard againſt Cold and Heat. Only Man ſhe produces naked, and throws him upon the bare ground to weep and wail, while no other Animal is born to Tears, in the very dawn of Life. No ſooner Man is Born, but he becomes a Captive with all his Members ty'd and bound. A crying Creature Lord of all the reſt: Yet there, he lyes with Feet and Hands faſt Chain'd. He begins his Life with Capital puniſhment, only for one fault, for being Born. What Madneſs is that in thoſe, who from ſuch beginnings as theſe think themſelves Born to Pride. The firſt hope of ſtrength, and the firſt office of time makes him like a four-footed Beaſt. When is Man able to go? When to ſpeak? When

are

are his Teeth prepar'd for Food? How long remain these Symptoms that betray him weak beyond all other Creatures. Now so many Diseases; so many Remedies, as often vanquish'd by new and unknown Diseases. We find other Creatures how quickly they perceive their own Natures, and presently some swim, others walk, some fly, others creep. But Man knows nothing without teaching, not so much as to go, to speak, or feed himself: Briefly, he does nothing naturally of himself, but cry: Only to one Creature crying is natural; to one Creature Luxury, to one Ambition, to one Avarice, to one Superstition, to one an Immense desire of Living. Yet is the Life of no Creature more frail, the Lust of no Creature is more, the fear of none more confus'd, nor the fury more vehement. Lastly, all other Creatures live quietly with their several kinds, they congregate together, and oppose their Enemies: The Lions Fight not with Lions, nor do Serpents Serpents bite. Nor do the Monsters of the Sea prey but upon various kinds; but Man's chiefest Mischiefs proceed from Man himself.

Sect. 10. *What then is Man?*

IF we believe the Ancients, Man is the Sport of Fortune, the Image of Inconstancy, the Mirror of Corruption, the Spoil of Time, the Slave of Death, a walking Sepulcher, the Figure of Frailty, a thin Shadow, a meer Dream, a Breathing Carkass, a living Death. If thou askest *Seneca*, *What is Man?* He will answer, A weak, frail, naked Body, naturally unarmed, needing the help of others, liable to all the Injuries of Fortune, the Food of every wild Beast, a Victim to the Stronger, &c.

If you ask the Sacred Writers, Man is the Bait of Worms, a Skin full of Dung, the Sport of Calamity, a Pattern of Imbecility; he is a flying Post, a ſailing Ship, a Bird upon the Wing, a vaniſhing Smoak, a light Froth, a ſcale of Envy, the drop of a Bucket, the turn of the Balance, a drop of Dew before Morning, the Gueſt of one day, a Flower, Graſs, altogether Vanity, Duſt and Aſhes, Emptineſs and Nothing.

And yet we little Miſerable Animals compile vaſt Nomenclators full of ſpecious Titles; we ambitiouſly deſire great Names, and without any prejudice to our Ears, we hear the Titles of Magnificent, moſt Illuſtrious, Happy, Pious, moſt Potent, moſt Auguſt, moſt Invincible, the *Beſt*, the Greateſt. What can we do more, unleſs we ſhould imitate *Sapor* King of the *Perſians*, in an Epiſtle, which he thus began to *Conſtantine* the Emperor. *Sapor* King of Kings, Companion of the Stars, and Brother to the Sun and Moon, to *Conſtantine* my Brother wiſhes Health. Or rather, let us borrow Names from the *Biſnagentian* King, who was wont to be Saluted the Bridegroom of good Luck, the God of great Provinces, the King of moſt Potent Kings, Lord of all the Armies of Horſe. The Maſter and Teacher of thoſe that underſtand not how to ſpeak, Emperor over three Emperors, Conqueror of whatever he ſaw, Preſerver of his Conqueſts, whom Eight parts of the World fear; a Knight to whom there is none to be compar'd, a Vanquiſher of every one that boaſts in Strength, the Hunter of Elephants, Lord of the Eaſt, South, North, Weſt, and Sea. All this *Peter Irricus* relates. Are here Titles enough? If you pleaſe let us add a Series of Eulogies, which the *Soldan* ſets before his Epiſtles in this Order. Omniporent *Salmander* before *Carthage*, Lord of *Jordan*, Lord of the Eaſt, Lord of

Bethlehem, Lord of Paradiſe, Præfect of Hell, Supreameſt Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, Lord of the Dry Fig, the Lord by whom the Sun and Moon ſteer their Courſe, Protector of *John* the firſt Prieſt, Emperor, King of Kings, Lord of the Chriſtians, Jews, Turks, the God's Friend. In a Style not much unlike to this, *Solyman* wrote to our *Cæſar*: To *Charles* the Fifth always moſt Auguſt Emperor, *Solyman* his Contemporary, ſprung from the Victorious and moſt Noble Family of the *Ottomans*, Emperor of *Trebizond* and *Conſtantinople*, Lord of the World, and Conqueror of the Earth, *&c.* What wou'd ye have more? O truely Splendid Miſery! O Aſhes and Nothing! O Vanity of Vanity! Moſt ſhameful is that Ignorance, when Man forgets himſelf to be Man.

Sect. 11. *To the Haters of Funerals.*

HEnce therefore not Men, but Kites, which though moſt Rapacious, and always hungry, yet never taſte any or prey upon Funeral Diet. You though moſt curious in other things, will hardly be perſwaded to touch any thing that ſmells of the Coffin or of Embalming. More grateful to you is any Supper under any Tree. than a Banquet under Yew or Cyprus. All the Preparations of *Libitina* you perfectly hate, deſiring nothing more than utterly to aboliſh the remembrance of Death. But here behold the Delirium that poſſeſſes ye, when the Sacred Letters clearly admoniſh us, that it is better to go into the Houſe of Mourning than of Feaſting. But you had rather do any thing elſe than piouſly mourn, and remember *Death*. But beware that while ye dread a ſhort mourning, you are not forced to wait Eternally.

Sect.

Sect. 12. *Our Life is but a Life of Tears.*

EVery one of us, saith *Cyprian*, when he is Born, and receiv'd into the Inn of this World, begins his Journey in Tears. Every one may say of himself.

As I began, in Tears I end my Life,
For all my Life is but a Mourning strife.
Thus all begin, thus all Men end their years;
When Born they weep, and Die expending Tears.
Thus in those Tears, as in a Shipwrack found,
In his own Waves each single Man lyes drown'd.
He's only blest that so doth pass the Frith,
To have no cause of weeping after Death.

Wouldst thou have an Abstract, an Epitome of all Humane Life? *Daniel* the Archbishop and Elector of *Mentz* in *Germany*, in a little Book of Prayers wrote with his own hand these Precepts of Living.

1. Life short.
2. Beauty deceitful.
3. Money flies away.
4. Empire envy'd.
5. War pernicious.
6. Victory doubtful.
7. Friendship fallacious.
8. Old Age miserable.
9. Death happiness.
10. Wisdom, Fame Eternal.

That Heavenly Wisdom that brings us to Kingdoms never destitute, never to be invaded, eternal.

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Sect. 13. *God the Comfort of our Tears.*

ACknowledge the voice as well of the Comforter, as of the Promiſer. With him I am in Tribulation, he ſhall deliver me, and I will glorifie him. And this truely, for God is at hand to thoſe that are afflicted in Mind, and will ſave the humble in Heart. Concerning theſe Promiſes St. *Auſtin* has been perſpicuous. Fear not, ſaith he, when thou art in Affliction, leſt God ſhould not be with thee: God is preſent with thoſe that are afflicted in Mind. He aſſiſts in the Conflict, (conſider) who proclaim'd the Conflict. God does not ſo behold thee ſtriving for the Race, as the people look upon the Chariot Driver. They can ſhout and bawl, but know not how to help. They can prepare the Crown, but cannot afford ſtrength. For Man is but Man, and no God. And perhaps, while he looks on, he labours more as he ſits, than the other in the Conteſt. God when he beholds his Wraſtlers, aſſiſts his Invokers. For the voice of the Wraſtler is in the Pſalm. *If I ſaid, my foot was mov'd, thy Mercy ſhall aſſiſt me.* Therefore when thou beginſt to be afflicted, ſummon up thy Faith, and thou ſhalt know the Vertue of it; for he will not forſake thee. But thou therefore think'ſt thy ſelf forſaken, becauſe he does not deliver thee, juſt when thou wouldſt have him. He deliver'd the Children out of the Fire. He that deliver'd the three Children, did he deſert the *Maccabees?* Far be any ſuch thought. He deliver'd both theſe and them. Thoſe Corporally, that unbelievers might be confounded; theſe Spiritually, that the Faithful might imitate. For the Lord is at hand to thoſe that are afflicted in mind, and ſhall deliver the humble

ble in Spirit. God is above, the Christian beneath: If he would that the high God should be near him, let him be humble. Great Mysteries, my Brethren, God is above all things. Dost thou exalt thy self? Thou dost not move him. Dost thou humble thy self? He will descend to thee. Therefore invoke to thy Aid this most faithful Assistant; he will be present, at one sigh, so it be serious. And God shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are pass'd away. Most truely said the same St. *Austin*, with how much sweetness does he bewail himself, that prays! More delightful are the Tears of those that pray, than the pleasures of Theaters.

Sect. 14. *Our Nativity our Death.*

NOT the end of my Life, says the dying *Theban*, but a more ample and better beginning. For now, Fellow Soldiers, your *Epaminondas* is Born, because he so dies. For why should we indulge to human Grief, or envy the Gods, since they divide their Immortality between us.

A Nation Bordering upon the *Thracians*, and in Customs agreeing with them, has this one peculiar to themselves. That when an Infant is Born, the Relations sitting about it, weeping and wailing enumerate the Miseries which the Child is to endure. On the other side, when a Man dies, they bury him with Joy and Exaltation, recounting from how many miseries he is deliver'd. Deservedly this Notion claims to it self the Applause of Wisdom, who celebrate the Birth of Man with Tears, and his Funeral with Pomp and Gladness. Therefo

disclaim the Natural Sweetness of Life that causes Men to act and suffer many shameful things; and then the end of thy Life will be far more happy than the beginning. Wholesom was the Doctrine of the second *Pliny*, Therefore, saith he, many were of Opinion, that thought it best never to be Born, or immediately to die. Thus *Sitenus*, being tak'n by *Midas*, and ask'd, what was the best thing could happen to Man? For a while stood silent. At length, being urg'd to speak, he answer'd, That the best thing, was never to be Born, the next, to die the soonest that might be.

This I must not omit very wonderful, unheard of, and pleasant in the Relation. *Lodowic Cortusius*, a Lawyer of *Padua*, forbid to his Relations all Tears and Lamentations by his will. And desir'd that he might have Harpers, Pipers, and all sorts of Musick at his Funeral, who should partly go before, partly follow the Corps, and leaving to every one a small Sum of Money. His Bier he ordered to be carry'd by twelve Virgins, that being clad in Green, were to sing all the way such Songs as Mirth brought to their Remembrance; leaving to each a certain Sum of Money instead of a Dowry. Thus was he Buried in the Church of St. *Sophia* in *Padua*, accompanied with a hundred Attendants, together with all the Clergy of the City, excepting those that were black. For such by his Will he forbid his Funeral; as it were turning his Funeral Rites into a Marriage Ceremony. He died the 17th of *July* 1418.

Admirable was the saying of St. *Bernard*, *Let them bewail their Dead, who deny the Resurrection.* They are to be deplor'd, who after Death are Buried in Hell by the Devils, not they who are plac'd in Heaven by the Angels. Precious is the Death of the Saints, as being a Rest from their Labours,

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the Consummation of Victory, the Gate of Life, and the entrance into perfect security. Apparently said the wise Hebrew, *Better* is the hour of Death, than the day of our Nativity.

Sect. 15. *Death every where.*

SEveral miserable People who deem it more convenient to die than live, torment themselves by what means to rid themselves out of the World. Whether to whet their Knives, temper their Poyson, make use of Ropes, or Precipices; as if it requir'd so much Ceremony and Labour to dissolve and untye the weak knot that holds the Body and Soul together. None of these did *Coma*, the Brother of *Diogenes* need. His Soul shut close up in his own Breast found out the way. For a little study serves to retain that good, the frail possession whereof is shaken with the least puff of Violence. Death is every where, and lyes lurking in all places and at all times. Where-ever thou goest thou shalt find him prepar'd; he is never unprepar'd, but meets thee at every turn.

But when only Death is enough for one Man to desire, wherefore before the last Death, do so many Deaths assassinate miserable Man; so that the Question may not be ask'd in vain.

If all my Life makes but one little drop,
Why then so many Deaths my Course to stop?

Hear St. *Bernard*, Let the continual Meditation of Death be thy chief Philosophy. And therefore variety of Death disturbs thee. Whatever happens to others, saith St. *Bernard*, may happen to thee, because thou art a Man. A Man of Earth, Clay out of Clay. Of Earth thou art, by the Earth thou livest, and out of the Earth shalt thou

return

return, when that day comes that often comes, and perhaps may come this day. Certain it is, because thou shalt die, though it be uncertain when, or how, or where. Because Death expects thee every where, if thou beest wise, expect that every where. 'Tis the saying of *Annæus*; Uncertain it is, saith he, in what place Death may expect thee; therefore do thou expect Death in every place.

Sect. 16. *Death is at home to every Man.*

WE trifle, and at distance think the ill,
While in our Bowels Death lyes lurking still.
For in the Moment of our Birth-day Morn,
That moment Life and Death conjoin'd were Born.
And of that Thread with which our Lives we measure,
Our Thievish hours still make a rapid seizure.
Insensibly we die; so Lamps expire,
When wanting Oyl to feed the greedy Fire.
Though living still, yet Death is then so nigh,
That oft-times as we speak, we speaking die.

There is a Fish in the Northern Ocean near *Muscovy*, which is called *Mort*. This Monster of the Sea has very great Teeth; so that as *Cardanus* relates, the Handles of Swords are made of the Teeth. Every one of our Bodies is a Pond, O Mortals! wherein we nourish this Fish called *Mort*; and therefore not to be sought at such a distance from us; *Every Mans Death is at home.*

Sect. 17. *Death Inexorable.*

THough Rocks be deaf, and blind be Tygers rage,
Though furious War 'gainst Man the Billows wage;
Morsels will Tygers tame, and the soft Gale
Of Western Winds upon the Waves prevail:

But

But fiercer than the Waves or Tygers Rage,
Deaths untam'd Fury no Prayers can asswage.

The *Parcæ*, to whose Distaffs, Spindles, Shears, the Ancients committed all the power of Life and Death, are inexorable, not to be mov'd by all the Supplication in the World. For when

The Parce in their Order come,
Beyond command there's no delay,
No putting off th' Appointed Day.

There's no beseeching those cruel Spinstresses: So precisely do they observe their day prefixed. According to this Conception Painters and other Artificers describe the Triumpher over all Human kind. For they Picture him without Ears; as not hearing the Prayers of any; blind also, as not moved with the Tears of any. He is Painted without a Tongue or Lips, that Men should not think to receive the least word of Comfort from him: He is Painted without Flesh, to shew that he wants all sense of Humanity. Only his Nerve, Arteries and Muscles, his Bow and Arrows, his Darts and Stings remain behind to strike poor miserable Mortals. And surely then, if ever he shewed his rage, and insulted over the World, when he assailed Christ himself the Son of God, the Author of Life, at what time the very Rocks wept, the Earth trembled, the Stars bewailed, the Sun grew pale, and Angels mourned; acting a dismal Tragedy upon the Life of Life it self. Whoever thou art, if thou art a Man, Death will be inexorable to thee. Therefore be mindful of Death, the Hour flies; from thence my admonition. Therefore is every day to be reckoned as thy last, and as the first of Eternity.

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Sect. 18. *Most certain Death is most uncertain.*

WHat more certain in Human things than Death? St. *Bernard* exclaims, What more uncertain than the Hour of Death. It sits at the Doors of old Men, and lyes in ambush for the young. Therefore, boast not of to Morrow, not knowing what to Morrow will bring forth. This the *Venusian* Lyrick was not ignorant of.

Who knows whether the Gods to this days sum
Will add to Morrow, though but just to come?

Most perspicuously saith St. *James* the Apostle, Go too now ye that say to day or to morrow we will go into such a City, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your Life? It is even a Vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Whereas ye ought to say, If the Lord will we shall live and do this or that.

We shall all go, all---- all---- for we all die and sink into the Earth like Water, that never returns. Neither canst thou be ignorant that thou art so beaten, as to remember that there is a Law set at the same time by the Nature of all things, both for receiving and restoring thy breach. And as no man dies that has not lived, so no man lives that shall not die: Though when he shall die is uncertain. And therefore Christ, stirring us up by a most faithful Exhortation, Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is: And then repeating the same again, *Watch ye therefore*, saith he, *for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at evening, or at midnight, or at the*

Sect.

Cock crowing, or in the Morning; lest coming suddenly he find you. And what I say unto you, I say unto you all, Watch.

Sect. 19. *Death to many sudden, to all unlook't for.*

WHO will not stand upon his guard against the Efforts of Death that threatens us every Hour, who has appointed no time when he intends to meets us? He creeps, flies, leaps upon us, with a tacit motion, a stealing pace, making no signs before hand, without any cause, without any caution, in sickness, in health, in danger, in security; so that there is nothing sacred or safe from his clutches.

Sound and merry was *Tarquin*, when he was choaked with a Fish-bone. Healthy also was *Fabius*, when a little Hair that he swallowed with his Milk, cut the Thread of his Life. A Weezel bit *Aristides*, and in a moment of time he expired. The Father of *Cæsar* the Dictator rose well out of his Bed, and while he was putting on his Shoes he breathed his last. The *Rhodian* Ambassador had pleaded his Cause in the Senate even to admiration, but expired going over the Threshold of the Court-house. A Grape-stone killed *Anacreon* the Poet, and if we may believe *Luciar*, *Sophocles* also. *Lucia*, the Daughter of *Marcus Aurelius*, died with a little prick of a Needle. *Cn. Brebius Pamphilus*, being in his Pretorship, when he asked the time of the day of a certain youth, perceived that to be the last Hour of his Life. The Breath of many is in haste, and unexpected Joy expels it. As we find it happened to *Chilo* the *Lacedemonian* and *Diagoras* of *Rhodes*, who embracing their Son

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that had been Victors at the *Olympick* Games, at the same time, and in the same place presently expir'd. Lastly, Death has infinite accesses, through which he breaks into our Houses. Sometimes through the Windows, sometimes through the Vaults, sometimes through the Copings of the Wall, sometimes through the Tyles; and if he cannot meet with any Traytors either in the City or in the House; I mean the humours of the Body, Diseases, Catarrhs, Pleurisies, and the like, which he makes use of as Ministers in his Councils. He tears up the Gates with Gunpowder, Fire, Water, Pestilence, Venom, nay, wild Monsters, and Men themselves as bad; he leaves no Engines untryed to snatch and force away our Lives.

Mephibosheth, the Son of *Saul*, was slain by Domestick Thieves as he was sleeping at Noon upon his Bed. *Fulco*, King of *Jerusalem*, as he was Hunting a Hare, fell from his Horse, and was trampled to death by his Hoofs, gave up the Ghost. *Josias*, of all the Kings of *Judah*, *David* excepted, for Piety, Sanctimony and Liberality the chief, was unexpectedly wounded with an Arrow and died in his Camp. The Holy *Ludovicus* in the 57th year of his Age, upon the *African* Shore, in the midst of his Army, the Pestilence there raging, died of the Distemper. *Egillus*, King of the *Goths*, a most excellent Prince, was killed by a Mad Bull, which the madder people, not enduring the severity of his Laws had let forth. *Malcolm* the first, King of *Scotland*, after many examples of Justice, while he was taking cognizance of the Actions of his Subjects by Night, was on a sudden suffocated. Have not many gone well to Bed, that have been found dead in the Morning? Of necessity the Soul ought to stand upon its guard. *Uzza*, a person of no small Note in *Davids* Lifeguard, when

he attempted to ſtay the ſhogging Ark, as it was carry'd in Triumph to *Jeruſalem*, was preſently ſtruck from Heaven, ſo that he died by the Ark. The hand of God arm'd a Lion out of a Wood againſt the Prophet, that had eaten contrary to his command. The ſudden voice of *Peter* compelled *Ananias* and *Saphira* to expiate their Crime by as ſudden a death, whoſe Souls the greateſt part of Divines believe to be freed from Eternal Puniſhment thereby. But enough of Ancient Examples.

In the year 1559. *Henry* the Second King of *France* was ſlain in the midſt of his Paſtimes and Triumphs, and in publick Joy of the people. For while he Celebrated the Nuptials of his Daughter at *Paris*, in a Tilting, the Splinter of a broken Lance flew with that violence and pierced his Eye that he died immediately. In the year 1491. *Alphonſus* the Son of *John* the Second King of *Portugal*, being about Sixteen years of Age, a Prince of great Hopes and Wit, took to Wife *Iſabella* the Daughter of *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*, whoſe Dowry was the Ample Inheritance of her Fathers Kingdoms. The Nuptials were Celebrated with the preparations of ſix hundred Triumphs. Every Plays, Running, Racing, Tilting, Banquets. So much Plenty, ſo much Luxury, that the Horſe-boys and Slaves gliſtered in Tiſſue. But Oh immenſe Grief, hardly the ſeventh Month had paſſed when the young Prince, ſporting a Horſeback upon the Banks of *Tagus*, was thrown from his Horſe to the ground, ſo that his Scull was broken, and he wounded to death. He was carried to a Fiſher Houſe, ſcarce big enough to contain him and two of his Followers. There he lay down upon a Bed of Straw and expired. The King flies thither with the Queen his Mother. There they behold the miſe-

ble Spectacle; their Pomp turn'd into Lamentation, the growing Youth of their Son, his Vertues, Wealth, like Flowers on a ſudden diſrobed by the Northwinds blaſt, and all to be Buried in a miſerable Grave. O the ſudden Whirlwinds of Human Affairs! O moſt precipitate Falls of the moſt conſtant things!

What ſhall I remember any more? *Baſilius* the Emperor was gored to death by a Hart, while he was entangled in a troubleſom Bough. The ancient Monument in the Camp of *Ambroſius*, near *Æniponus*, witneſſes, That a Noble Youth, though under Age, ſet Spurs to his Horſe to make him leap a Ditch, twenty foot broad: The Horſe took it; but the Rider and the Horſe fell by a ſudden, and almoſt the ſame kind of death. That the Spoils of the Horſe, and the Garments of the Youth ſpeak to this day.

But this ſudden Fate is common, as well to the good as to the bad, neither does it argue an unhappy condition of the Soul, unleſs any perſon in the Act of burning Impiety feel himſelf ſtruck with the Dart of Divine Vengeance. Such was the Exit of *Dathan* and *Abiram*, whom the gaping Earth miſerably ſwallowed up, obſtinate in their Rebellion againſt *Moſes*. Such was the End of thoſe Souldiers, whom for their irreverence to *Elijah*, Heaven conſumed with Balls of Fire. Such was the End of the Hebrew, whom the Revengers Sword paſs'd thorough, finding him in the Embraces of the Midianiteſs, turning his Genial into his Funeral Bed.

So many Pores of the Body, ſo many little doors for Death. Death does not ſhew himſelf always near, yet is he always at hand. What is more ſtupid than to wonder that that ſhould fall out at any time, which may happen every day. Our

Limits are determined where the inexorable neceſſity of Fate has fix'd them. But none of us knows how near they are prefixed. So therefore let us form our Minds, as if we were at the utmoſt extremity. *Let us make no delay.*

Notes upon the firſt Paragraph.

Death has infinite acceſſes. So it is indeed; and to what I have ſaid I add. It is reported, that a certain perſon dreamt that he was torn by the Jaws of a Lion. He riſes, careleſs of his Dream, goes to Church with his Friends; in the way he ſees a Lion of Stone gaping, that upheld a Pillar; then declaring his Dream to his Companions, not without Laughter. *Behold,* ſaid he, *this is the Lion that tore me in the Night.* So ſaying, he thruſt his hand into the Lions Jaws, crying to the Statue, *Thou haſt thy Enemy, now ſhut thy Jaws, and if thou canſt bite my hand.* He had no ſooner ſaid the word, but he received a deadly wound, in that place where he thought he could have no harm. For at the bottom of the Lions Mouth lay a Scorpion, which no ſooner felt his hand, but he put forth his ſting and ſtung the young Man to Death. Are Stones thus endued with anger? Where then is not Death, if Lions of Stone can kill? In the ſame manner died the young *Hylas*, who was kill'd by a Viper that lay hid in the Mouth of a Bears reſemblance in Stone.

What ſhall I mention the Child kill'd by an Iſicle dropping upon his Head from the Penthouſe? Of whom *Martial* laments in the following Verſes.

Where next the Vipſan Pillars ſtands the Gate,
From whence the falling Rain wets Cloak and Hat,

A Child was passing by, when strange to tell,
Upon his Throat a frozen drop there fell,
Where while the Boy his cruel Fate bemoan'd,
The tender point straight melted in the wound.
Would Chance have us adore her lawless will?
Or tell where Death is not, if drops can kill?

Thus has Death infinite Accesses; then nearest, when it is least thought of.

Sect. 20. *An Antidote against sudden Death.*

HEre Reader, though out of order, I will give thee three Prayers as Examples, made against sudden Death. It is at thy choice, every day to make use of one or all cordially and sincerely. They are designed so many, it being but reason that we should fall three times, at the Feet of Christ, when we beg so great a Boon. For this we must know that in this respect there can be no Man too cautious or too provident.

The first Prayer.

MOst Merciful Lord Jesu, by thy Tears, by thy Agony and Bloody Sweat, by thy Death I beseech thee, deliver me from sudden and from unexpected Death.

The second Prayer.

O Most Gracious Lord Jesu, by thy most sharp and ignominious Stripes and Coronation, by

most bitter Cross and Passion, by all thy Tender Goodness most humbly I beseech thee, that thou wouldst be pleased not to permit me to depart out of this Life by a sudden death, without receiving my *viaticum* for Heaven.

The third Prayer.

O My most Loving Jesu, O my Lord and God, by all thy Labours and thy Pains, by thy precious Blood, by those Sacred Wounds of thine, by those thy last Exclamation upon the Cross, O my sweetest Jesu; my God, my God why hast thou forsaken me; by that loud cry of thine, Father into thy hands I recommend my Spirit, most earnestly I beseech thee, that thou wilt not take me hence in haste. Thy Hands, O my Redeemer made me, and formed me throughout. O do not suddenly cast me headlong. Grant me, I beseech thee, time of Repentance; grant me an Exit happy, and in thy favour; that I may love thee with my whole Mind, that I may praise and bless thee to all Eternity.

Nevertheless, O merciful Jesu, all things are in thy power; nor is there any one who can resist thy will. My Life depends upon thy nod; that must end when it is thy pleasure. Neither do I desire, my most gracious God, but that my will should be conformable to thine. In whatever place, at whatever time, by whatever Disease thou art pleased to call me home, thy will be done All these things I commit to thy Goodness, and to thy Divine Providence. I except no place or time, no sort of Death, though never so ignominious: This only one thing, I beg of thee, O Christ my God, that I may not die an unexpected and sud-

den

den Death: Nevertheleſs, not mine, but thy will be done. If it ſo pleaſes thee, that I muſt die a ſudden Death, I do not repine. Let thy will be done in all things, O God. For I hope and truſt, through thy great Mercy, for the ſake of which I make this only Prayer, that I ſhall die in thy favour and grace; wherein if I depart, not ſudden death can ſeparate me from thee. For the Juſt Man, though prevented by Death, ſhall be happy. There is no Death can be unexpected, to him whoſe Life has been always provident.

Wherefore, if I have not ſpace and time (which is only known to thee, O God,) wherein to commend my ſelf to thee; behold I do that now, and as ſubmiſſively and as ardently as I am able, I ſend up my Prayer to Heaven to thee. *Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy tender loving kindneſs; thy will be done, O Lord, in Heaven, and in Earth, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. Thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.* Let all Created Beings bleſs and praiſe thee, O God. In thee, O Lord, have I put my truſt, let me not be confounded for ever.

Sect. 21. *The Days of Mans Life are few and evil.*

HOW old art thou? Threeſcore. And how many art thou? Seventy. And how many art thou? Fourſcore. Ah! my good friends, where are your years? Where are thy Sixty? Where haſt thou left thy Seventy? Where wilt thou find thy Fourſcore? Wherefore doſt thou number thy loſt years. Elegantly anſwered *Lælius*, that Wiſe Man, to a certain perſon, ſaying, I am Sixty years of Age. *Thou calleſt theſe Sixty*, anſwered he,

which thou haſt not. Neither what is paſt, nor what is to come is thine. We depend upon a point of flying Time, and it is the part of a great Man, to have been moderate.

The Egyptian *Pharaoh* asking the Patriarch *Jacob*, how many are the years of thy Age, the old man anſwered, The days of the years of my Pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years, few and evil. Hear ye, O *Tantalus*'s that thirſt after extent of fading Life; and know that ye are but Pilgrims not Inhabitants, nor are ye Pilgrims for a long Journey neither. Your Life is both ſhort and evil. Short, becauſe perhaps to be ended before this very Hour that we divide with Death. No man but muſt know it to be evil that enjoys it. It affords us Brambles ſooner than Roſes to be trod upon. And yet ſtill will ye loyter and delay in theſe Buſhy and Thorny places! So forgetful of your Countrey. Famous is the Sentence of St. *Gregory*. This Life is the way to Heaven. But moſt of the Travellers are ſo taken with the pleaſantneſs of the way, that they had rather walk ſlowly than come quick to their Journeys end. Oh moſt miſerable Franticks! We are taken with Flowers, and pick up little glittering Stones, but neglect immenſe and unbounded Treaſures. We ſcrape together the filth of the Earth, and the froth of Caverns, forgetful what great and real Treaſures we loſe, while we labour after ſuch as are falſe. Miſerable and vain Creatures! What has a Pilgrim to do with Flowers and Pibbles, if he return not to his Countrey? What matter is it if he leave thoſe behind, if he come to his Countrey. To labour in this way, to be wearied, to ſwear, to endure all inconveniences, is to be looked upon as the chieſeſt point of Gain. For thy Countrey will pleaſe thee ſo much the more,

by

by how much the more ungrateful thy Exile was.

Sect. 22. *How a Young Man may Die an Old Man.*

AS we may meet with old Men, not old Men but Children, ſo we may meet with young Men, not young Men, but ſtricken in years. *Barlaam* the Hermit an old Man of Seventy years, when *Jehoſaphat* the King asked him how old he was, anſwered Forty five, at which when the King admired, he reply'd, that he had been abſent from his Studies Twenty five years; as if thoſe years which he had ſpent upon the Vanity of the World had been quite loſt. So *Similius*, being Buried in the Cares of the Court, and living rather for his Emperors ſake than for his own, cauſed this Inſcription to be put upon his Tomb. *Here lyes* Similius, *an old Man of Seven years of Age.* The Book of *Samuel* relates of *Saul* that he was the Son of one year when he began to Reign, but that he Raigned Two years over *Iſrael*. *Saul* at the beginning of his Reign was as free and Innocent from all wickedneſs as a Child of one year old, but he continued in this purity but one year, though he Reigned Twenty years in all. Many attain to old Age betimes, and before they are old. But the moſt of Men, never; who when they are old, yet retain the Vices of Children ſtill; ſo that they die Children of a hundred years of Age. The Happineſs of Life conſiſts not in the length or extent thereof, but in the uſe of it: And it may often happen that he that has lived long, has not lived at all. Wherefore there is nothing more infamous than a childiſh old Man, who has no other

Argument to prove his long Life but his Age. Elegantly St. *Ambroſe* concerning St. *Agnes*. Infancy was reckoned in her year, but a vaſt Age of mind. The Oracle of Divine Venerable old Age is not laſting, nor to be computed by number of years: But the Senſes of men are grey, and old Age is an immaculate Life. And therefore the Manners rather than the Hairs of men are to be eſteemed Venerable. Only he is worthy of more reverence who is old betimes. An honeſt Life is the beſt old Age.

Yet, you will ſay, a man ſo early dead might have proved a great Man, and ſerviceable to his Countrey. Rather (which is more to be feared, he might have become like others. Behold young men, whom Luxury drives into all Vice, over whoſe Head there paſſes not a day without ſome ſignal Crime. Therefore he is taken away, leſt Evil ſhould change his Intellect, or leſt a Fiction ſhould deceive his Soul. Whoever comes to the Extremity of his Fate, he dies an old Man. Oftimes in a long Life, the leaſt thing to be conſidered is that he has lived. 'Tis much more glorious to be old in Vertue, than in time. He has lived long enough, who has ſaid well. He has fought well that overcomes.

Sect. 23. *A PARADOX.*

Whoever will, has liv'd long enough.

A Short time of Age, is long enough to live well, ſaith *Tully*. No man dies ſo ſoon, who intends not to live better than he has done. A Beardleſs Youth has numbered years enough, who has lived to Vertue and Eternity, for which he

he was Born. Has he not ſpoke enough, that can perſwade with one word or a nod? Has he not ſaid enough, who arrives happily at his Port. But beſt of all, he that ſooneſt attains it. So that death prevent not our Meditation, the ſwifter, the more happy it will be.

But I (ſaith the Macedonian King in *Curtius*) *who number not my years but my Victories, if I number the Gifts of Fortune have lived long enough.* How much more truely he, who Conſecrates all his Life to God, and only ſtudies to ſerve and pleaſe his Maſter faithfully, may ſay, I who count not theſe years wherein I ſerve God, but my deſires, if I rightly compute the Benefits of my God, have lived long enough. So it is moſt certainly; he lives a Hundred, yea, a Thouſand years, yea, Ages themſelves and ſerves God, whoever ſincerely and cordially deſires to ſerve his God ſo long, were it permitted him ſo long to live. For God accepts the will for the deed: With whom to intend a pious Action, is oft-times as much as to have performed it. So he may be a Martyr, and expend his Blood with a Chriſtian Valour, though he die in his Bed. So a Man may live long, and act, and ſuffer courageouſly for Chriſt, whoever earneſtly deſires to live to that end. There is no man that dies not at his day, whoever dies by the Decree of the Divine Will.

Sect. 24 *You are to Die, to Die.*

Auguſtus the Emperor, *Peragia* being taken, puniſhed abundance of the Citizens; and to thoſe that beſought his pardon, or deſired to excuſe themſelves, he only made this ſhort anſwer, *Moriendum eſt. You are to Die.* Thus he cauſed three

three Hundred to be slain like Victims upon an Altar Built to *Julius Cæsar*.

Justin and *Irenæus*, most noble Writers among the Ancients, smartly observe, that after the Sentence of Death pronounced against *Adam*, that never any Mortal, *according to Gods Kalender*, live a whole day. For as the Prophets and Apostles testifie, one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years is as one day. But no man lived a thousand years; therefore no Man ever lived a whole day. *Thou art to die.* Though thou hast attained nine hundred years, and upward, thou art to die. This is most certain from Divine Oracle, from Human Reason and Experience. Divine Oracles six hundred times proclaim, *Morieudum est. You are to die.* Reason it self by evident demonstrations convinces, that whatever is composed of contraries is liable to Corruption; and therefore, *Thou art to die.* Experience, the Mistress both of Fools and Wise Men, pointing to the vast heaps of the Dead, perswades our Eyes that never yet any one of all the number of Mortals, could escape the power of death. *Thou art to die* is clearer than the Sun, *Thou art to die.* Does any Thunder from Heaven more loudly pierce our Ears, like this Sentence, *Thou art to die.* Here no Man must be deaf; will they, nill they, they are forced to admit these dreadful sounds. This thunder pierces their unwilling Ears. Thou art to die, whether in the favour or in the wrath of God.

Æschylus of old, Death, said he, is the only Goddess, among all the rest, that regards not Bribes; nor admits the least particle of sweet hope. Wherefore wisely *Seneca*, Let us afflict our selves, saith he, with this thought, Let us repeat this often to our selves, *Thou art to die.* When? It is better thou shouldst not know that. Death is the

Law

Law of Nature; Death is the Duty and Tribute of Mortals; then to be paid, when it is exacted. Wherefore laying all other things aside, meditate upon this alone, that thou maist not fear the name of Death. Make that, by frequent Contemplation, familiar to thee: That if it should so happen, thou maist be willing to meet it.

Sect. 25. *The Remembrance of Death is variously to be renewed.*

1. They say, that the Skull dryed in a Furnace, and beaten to powder, and mixed with Oil, cures a Gangrene, or a Cancer. To grinde, as it were the Scalps, and Bones of dead men by serious Contemplation, and apply them instead of an Ointment, heals all manner of Contagion of the Mind.

2. *Plato* was of Opinion, that any Man became so much the wiser, by how much the more lively he considered Death. Therefore he gave this Law to his Disciples studious in Philosophy, that when they went a Journey, they should never cover their Feet. Whereby that Wise Man insinuated, that the end of Life was always to be thought on.

3. *Nicholas Christophorus Radzivile*, Prince of *Poland*, affirms that in *Egypt*, they who excelled others in Prudence and Age were wont to carry the long Bones of dead Men Carved out of Wood or Ebony, shew them one to another, and thereby exhort one another to Contemplation. They also introduce the remembrance of Death at their Tables, and conclude their Banquets with this sad Sentence, *Memento Mori, Remember to Die.*

4. *Caliph*, King of the *Tartars*, in the City of *Bagdat*, upon a Festival Day, which they call *Ramadan*,

madan, being resolved to shew himself to the people, rode forth upon a Mule, clad in Vestments, that glistered upon with Gold, Silver, and precious Stones; but over his *Tulipan* he wore a black Vail, signifying that all his Pomp was one day to be Clouded by the shades of Death.

5. *Justinian* the Emperor being dead, a Coverlet was thrown over him, wherein were wrought in *Phrygian* Work, the Effigies and Figures of the Vanquished Cities and Barbarous Kings, whom he had overcome. Behold the Image of Death among Pageants, Scaffolds, Triumphs and Victories. Death plays with Empires, and knocks as well at the Towers of Kings, as at the Cottages of the Poor. Pope *Martin* the Fifth had this Symbol of a speaking Picture, or of silent Poesie. Upon a Funeral Pile, kindled and ready to burn, lay the Popes Triple Crown, the Cardinals Hat, the Archbishops Cap, the Emperors Diadem, the Kings Crown, the Ducal Cap and Sword, with this Motto. *Sic omnis gloria Mundi. Thus all the Glory of the World.*

6. I cannot but approve the Answer of a certain Mariner, who being ask'd where his Father dy'd, in the Sea, said he. And when the other ask'd him the same question concerning his Grandfather, his great Grandfather, and his great great Grandfather, the Mariner still returned him the same Answer. Then inferred the other, And dost not thou fear to go to Sea? To which the Seaman waving a reply? And where did your Father die? In his Bed, said the other; where your Father, your Grandfather, and the rest of your Ancestors? They all, said the other, died in their Beds. Then said the Mariner, and do not you fear to go to Bed, so Fatal to all your Predecessors? Very Elegantly, and somewhat above a Sailors Genius. Let

our daily Contemplation be like that of *Juſtus Lipſius*, who falling Sick, as he was taking his Bed, cryed out, *ad Lectum, ad Lethum*, To *the Bed, to the Grave*. Oft-times they that ſleep ſleep to death, which is but the Siſter of ſleep.

7. *John*, Patriarch of *Alexandria*, who took his Name from given Alms, while he was living and in health, cauſed his Monument to be Built, but not to be finiſhed, for this reaſon, that upon Solemn days, when he performed Divine Service, he might be put in mind by ſome of the Clergy, in theſe terms. Sir your Monument is yet unfiniſhed, command it to be finiſhed, for you know not when the Hour may come.

8. When the Emperor of the Eaſt was newly choſen, no perſon had liberty to ſpeak to him, before the Stone-cutter had ſhewed him ſeveral ſorts of Marble, and asked him, of which his Majeſty would be pleaſed to have his Monument made. What was the meaning of this, but only to intimate theſe words? O Emperor exalt not thy ſelf: Thou art but a Man, thou ſhalt die like the meaneſt of Beggars; therefore ſo govern thy Kingdom, which thou art to loſe, that thou maiſt gain an Eternal Kingdom.

9. *Domitian* the Emperor gave a Banquet to the Chief of the Senate, and the Order of Knighthood after this manner. He hung his Houſe all with Mourning. The Roofs, Walls, Pavements, Seats, were all covered with black, beſpeaking nothing but ſorrow. Into this Funeral Dining-room were all the Gueſts introduced by Night, without any Attendants. By each was placed a Bier, with every one his Name inſcribed upon it, with ſuch Candles as they were wont to burn in their Monuments. They that waited were clad in black, and encompaſſed the Gueſts with Funeral Salutations. They

Supped

Supped in the mean time with a deep ſilence: *Domitian* in the mean time began a Diſcourſe relating to nothing but Death and Funerals: While the Gueſts in the extremity of Terror were ready to die for fear. What then? *Domitian* thought he had given wholeſome admonition to himſelf and the Senators. But the Mountains brought forth, and a ridiculous Mouſe was the Birth. More rightly the *Egyptians*, who chaſtiſe the Mirth of their Banquets with a mournful Epilogue.

Sect. 26. *A new Shirt, black Letters.*

THE *Turkiſh* Moſchee at *Caire* in *Egypt* was Built by this means. *Aſſan Baſha*, a perſon as well Cunning as Covetous, reſolving to raiſe himſelf a Name in the World by ſome great Structure, yet not willing to be at the Coſt himſelf, found out this Trick. He cauſed Proclamation to be made in all places, that he intended to erect a vaſt and ſumptuous Temple to God. Now that the work might go on the more proſperouſly, he promiſed large Wages to all that ſhould come to help forward the Work. And a certain day was appointed to divide the Money. This Proclamation aſſembled together a vaſt multitude, not only from all parts of *Egypt*, but from ſeveral other Regions and Kingdoms; againſt their coming *Aſſan* had cauſed a great number of new Shirts and Veſts to be prepar'd. Which done, thoſe that came to receive Wages, were order'd to paſs ſingly out of the great Court, where they met into another Court equally as big through ſeveral little by Doors. Where they were ſtript of their old Garments, and new Shirts and Veſts impoſed upon them. All this was done to that intent, that whatever ſo many thouſands had brought to bear their Expences, ſhould be left in that place,

For

For in those Countreys the people are wont to sow their Money in their Shirts or their Vests. Thereupon a hidious Out-cry and Lamentation arose among the people. But the *Bassha* contemning the Clamours and Cries of the people, threw all their Cloaths into a vast Fire and burnt them. Which huge Bonfire produced such vast heaps of Silver as easily sufficed for the Edifice. Thus Death deals by us; it takes from us against our Wills our old Garments, and cloaths us with a new Sepulcher: For we, as St. *Paul* saith, that are in this Tabernacle, do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be uncloathed, but cloathed upon. But in vain we resist. Death derides our Clamours, our Tears; whether we will or no, the old Garment must go off. Uncase and be gone, All are tyed to the same Condition. Who happens to be Born, of necessity must die. We are distinguished by Intervals, but our Exit is the same.

But hear how the Cruelty of this most Covetous Man was revenged. The Turkish Emperor being informed of *Assan*'s Wickedness, sent *Ibram Bassha* to him with Letters, wherein he severely commanded him, that so soon as he had received the Letters from *Ibram*, he should immediately send his own Head to *Constantinople*. Such Fatal Letters as those the Turkish Emperor is wont to write with his own hand, and to bind about with black Silk; and generally they contain these words, *Send me thy Head*. Whoever thou art, King or *Cæsar*, when the Emperor of Heaven sends thee his black Letters, there's no resisting, no excuse, no deprecation will serve. 'Tis in vain to fly or delay, the Sentence is decreed. Therefore do this and trample upon necessity. What thou shouldst be compelled to do against thy will, that do of thy own accord. Send thy Head; not to a Tyrant, but

but to a Father; not to a Man, but to God. Make no delay, but be willing to die. For why should not the Will prevent Neceſſity. 'Tis the part of Neceſſity to ſubmit, but of Vertue to be willing.

Sect. 27. *Every Day is to be obſerved.*

Latonius in *Stobeus*, 'Tis not enough, ſaith he, to ſpend the preſent day well, unleſs thou ſpendeſt it ſo as if it were to be thy laſt. The laſt day lyes hid, that all days may be obſerved alike. But thou wilt ſay, theſe Contemplations upon Death are ſad things, and do but haſten Death. Thou art deceived, the Wiſe Man calmly meditates upon it; no otherwiſe than he beholds the Winds and the Sails of a Ship as the Inſtruments that bring him into the Haven. This is our Folly and Error altogether. We are willing to be toſſed by the Waves and Billows, yet fear the place whither Nature and reaſon carries us. From Nature we know, We are all carried to the ſame place.

——*The Glaſs of all Men runs.*

But if we look at reaſon; who that enjoys it can deny the Argument. What is here but tumbling and toſſing, Cares, Miſeries, Griefs of Body and Mind? What doſt thou fear? Behold the Port. But indeed, as they who are Impriſoned would eſcape, and often might, unleſs the Keeper kept the Door lockt; ſo here that Jailor hinders us, call Love of Life. He is to be repelled, and that he may be ſo, we are to think full often upon that which is but once to be ſuffered. And becauſe the laſt Day is uncertain and unknown, let every day be ſuſpected. Hereby thy Mind will be the more Couragious, thy Life the more Correct, more Gladſom, and free from Care; for what can terrifie or diſturb him,

Whom

Whom of all fears that fear most Terrible,
The fear of instant Death can never quell.

The Dart foreseen does less harm. Death frequently meditated upon strikes with less force.

Sect. 28. *The Coffin the last Comfort of our Pride.*

Abraham, that great Person, when he, by the command of God, had been forced as a Pilgrim, to wander from place to place, minded nothing more than the Purchase of a Burying-place. That he would have to be so surely his own, that he might possess it by all the Right and Law imaginable. For this reason he paid down the Money demanded of the Seller, *Currant Money among the Merchants*. Nor was it enough for him that the Purchase should be publickly made; he required that all the Inhabitants of the Countrey should be witnesses of the Bargain. Whereby that person of high Credit intimated, that nothing is more a Mans Property than his Sepulchre, which he may truely above any thing else call his own; according to the Example of *Abraham*, the best of Men always reckoning it among their chiefest Cares, to take care of their Sepulchers.

The Emperor *Maximilian* the First, three years before he died, caused his Coffin, made of Oak, to be put up in a great Chest, and carried along with him, where-ever he went; and provided by his Will, that his Body should be put into it without Embalming, wrapt in Linnen, without any Embalming or Disembowelling, his Nose, Mouth and Ears only being filled with Quick-lime. What meant that great Personage? Only to have his Monument always in his sight, to give him this continual

nual Document, *Think upon Death*, that it should also further say, where dost thou amplifie and extol thy self; wherefore dost thou possess so much and covet more? Thee whom so many Provinces and Kingdoms will not contain, a little Chest must hold. But why did he put the Lime into those hollow parts? Behold the Spices that Embalmed him. *Maximilian*, that thou wert great thy actions declare, but this more especially before thy Death.

What need I call to mind the Bier of *Ablavius*, who being Captain of the Pretorian Bands, a Prince among the Courtiers of *Constantine* the Great, an insatiable Devourer of Gold, which he thought upon more than his Tomb. This Person, *Constantine* taking by the Hand, How long, said he, Friend shall we heap up Treasure; and speaking those words, with the Spear that he held in his Hand, he drew out the form of a Coffin in the Dust, and then proceeding, though thou hadst all the Riches in the World, yet after thou art dead a place or Chest, no bigger than this, which I have here marked out, must contain thee; if so large a piece of Ground do come to thy Lot. *Constantine* was a Prophet: For *Ablavius* being cut into Bits, had not a piece left big enough to be Buried.

The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, of Famous Memory, most piously imitating that *Maximilian* whom I have mentioned, long before his Death withdrew himself of his own accord from publick Affairs, and having resigned his Cares to his Young and Vigorous Son, shut himself up in the Monastery of St. *Justus* in *Spain*, only with twelve of his Domesticks, applying himself to Religious Duties. He forbid himself to be called by any other Name than *Charles*; and disclaiming with Business the Names of *Cæsar*, and *Augustus*, contemned whatever favoured

voured of Honourable Title. This also is farther reported, that long before the resignation of his Empire, he caused a Sepulcher to be made him with all its Funeral Furniture, which was privately carried about with him where-ever he went. This he had five years by him in all places, even when he Marched against the French to *Millaine*, causing it every Night to be placed in his Chamber. Some that waited on him imagine the Chest had been full of Treasure, others full of Ancient Histories; some thought one thing, some another. But *Cæsar* well knowing what it contained, and wherefore he carried it about, smiling said, that he carried it with him for the use of a thing which was most dear to him in the World. Thus *Charles* continually thought upon Death, and every day could say; *I have lived*; rising every day to Heavenly Gain.

Many others have happily imitated *Charles* the Emperor, who have been used, twice every day to contemplate their Coffins, the Monument of their Death. *Gerbald* Bishop of *Laudanum*, lay in a Bed made like a Coffin for seven years together, all which time he lived a most severe Life.

Ida, a Woman of applauded Sanctity, long before her Death caused her Coffin to be made, which twice a day she filled full of Bread and Meat, which she twice a day gave liberally to the Poor. The Study of Vertue is the best preparation for Death. No Death can defile Vertue. He easily contemns all things, who always meditates upon this, that he is to die.

Sect.

Sect. 29. *What is Life?*

IT is a Flower, a Smoak, a Shadow, the Shadow of a Shadow. A Bubble, Duſt, Froth, Dew, a Drop. It is Ice, the Rainbow, a waſted Torch, a Bag with holes in it, a ruinous Houſe, treacherous Aſhes, a Spring day, a moſt inconſtant *April*, one twang of a Harp, a broken Bucket, the Wheel of a Well, a Spiders VVeb, a little drop of the Sea, a ſlender Stalk, a Solſtitial Plant, a ſhort Fable, a ſhooting Spark, a little Cloud, a Bladder full of VVind, a Doves Neck gliſtering in the Sun. Life is a thin Glaſs, a tender Leaf, a fine Silk Thread, a Golden Apple rotten within. If a ſhadow be nothing ſay whar is the Dream of a ſhadow. A thouſand ſuch like things may Humane Life be compared to. To me they ſeem to have ſpoken moſt truely, who call Life the ſhorteſt Dream of a ſhadow, VVe will abbreviate the Buſineſs. Life is

A Dream, a Bubble, Ice, a Flower, and Glaſs:
A Fable, Aſhes, and the fading Graſs;
A Shadow, a ſmall Point, a Voice, a Sound;
A blaſt of VVind, at length 'tis nothing found.

Poor miſerable Mortals! what Riches do we ſeem to heap, what Honours do we inveſt our ſelves withal, what Pleaſures do we ſeem to enjoy? yet all theſe are but a Dream, how ſhort, and how vain? They have ſlept out their ſleep, and all the Men whoſe hands were mighty have found nothing. O Men, you dreamt that you were happy and bleſſed; but of all thoſe things which ye had, which ye hoped for, what do ye retain? Theſe were the Dreams of thoſe that waked, and the meer Toys of Dreamers. Now puniſhment opens your Eyes, that Sin ſhut before.

Pſal. 76. ver. 5.

Life

Life therefore what is it? I will tell ye in ſhort. The time of Humane Life is a Point; Nature, Inconſtancy: Senſe, Obſcurity: The whole Body, a compoſure eaſily corrupted. The Mind, a Rover; Honour, Smoak; Riches, Thorns; Pleaſures, Poyſon. And in a word, all things pertaining to the Body, a River; all things belonging to the Mind, a Dream. Life is a warfare; and the Habitation of a Stranger in a Forreign Land; the Shop of innumerable Miſeries. Fame after Death, Oblivion. According to *Auſonius.*

How! wonder Men ſhould die! the Hours decay,
Ma ble and Fame it ſelf to Death give way.

Before Death to compleat thy days in Vertue is the Nobleſt Deſigns.

Sect. 30. *Life a Mimick.*

ALL Life is a Comedy. VVe are the Actors; One plays a King; another a Beggar. One takes upon him the Perſon of a Prince, another of a Phyſician, another of a Husbandman. VVhatever part God has impoſed upon us, that we ought decen lv to perform. Neither does the praiſe conſiſt in this, for thee to act an Emperor or a Duke. VVhatever part thou acts, thou ſhalt win applauſe, ſo thou performedſt it well. VVhich is the ſeaſonable admonition of *Epictetus.* Remember, ſaith he, that the Actor is to be the Actor of ſuch a part as the Compoſer pleaſes If he would have thee act a Begga', be ſure to repreſent that perſon ingeniouſly. So do, if thou art to act a Lame perſon, a Prince, of a Plebeian. This is thy Duty to play thy part well; but it is the buſineſs of another to chuſe it.

Auguſtus the Emperor, the laſt day of his Life, asked

asked his Friends that were about him, whether he seemed to them to have acted the play of Life well? Adding this little Clause; if so, give me your applause.

Seneca, most admirably concerning this Comedy of Life; I must often, saith he, use this Example, For this Mimicry of Life is by no Simile better Expressed, which has assigned us those parts, which through our fault and ignorance, we act amiss.

Laertius in *Leno*, saith, that a wise Man is like a good Actor, who whether he be to represent the Person of *Thersites* or *Agamemnon*, doth both well.

Therefore we must not take notice, what we now are, but what we are to be, when we have put off our Vizards and our Habits. Nor matters it whether we take up the part of the first or last Actor, so we act well.

Sect. 31. *The Type of Humane Life.*

John Damascen. Hist. c. 23.

OLD *Balaam* propounded to *Jehosaphat* the King, the deceitful Joys of Humane Life. A certain Person, saith he, flies from a Unicorn, which is a fierce Creature; in his flight he is ready to tumble into a deep Ditch; but as he is tumbling, catches hold of a Tree which preserves him from the fall. While he clings to the Tree, contemning his past danger, he sees two Mice, the one white, the other black, gnawing the Root of the Tree, and now got as far as the very Pith. Then looking into the Ditch, he spies at the bottom a terrible Dragon breathing Fire. Lastly, casting his Eyes about, he spies the Heads of

of four Aſps reaching out of the adjoyning Well. At length neglecting all theſe ſights, he perceives a ſmall quantity of Honey diſtilling out of the Tree. Wherefore now forgetful of the Unicorn, the Mice, the Dragon, and the Serpents, he falls to licking the ſweet Honey. And this ſaid *Bartaam*, is the Type of Humane Life. The Unicorn repreſents Death, that every where perſecutes Mankind. The Ditch is the World full of Calamities. The Tree which we hold by, is our Life confined within certain bounds. The two Mice, Night and Day, which by little and little conſume that Tree. The four Aſps, the four Elements, whoſe Repoſe being diſturb, preſently follows a diſunion of Soul and Body. That Fiend and fierce Dragon, repreſents the Jaws of Hell, always open to devour us. The drops of Honey, ſignifie the filthy Pleaſures of this Life, and the deadly ſweetneſs of Vice. Allur'd with this noxious Sweetneſs, we neither fear Hell, nor think of Heaven, contented to die voluptuouſly. Thus *Barlaam* to *Joſaphat*. O certain, O moſt certain all theſe Sayings! If we are wiſe, we ſhould believe every Hour the laſt; Eternity hangs at every moment of Life.

Sect. 33. *The Prologue of Life, the Narration, the Epilogue.*

THE Prologue of Humane Life, is, *To be Born*; The Narration, *To Grieve*; The Epilogue, *To Die*. The Explanations of this *Oration*, are *Mourn*. and *Tears*, or *Joy*, which is worſe than *Weeping*. Moſt learnedly *Seneca*, *Behold*, ſaith he, *all Mortals*. There is ample and daily occaſion of *weeping*; one tedious Want calls to daily Labour, another reſtleſs *Ambition* ſollicites; another is in continual fear

for the *Riches* he enjoys, and is tir'd with his own Wishes; Another *Care*; Another *turmoiling Torments*; Another the continual throng of *Clients*. This Man grieves that he has *Children*; another that he has lost his; a third, that he never had any. We shall want Tears before the occasion of shedding them. Dost thou not see what a kind of Life Nature has promis'd us, that has order'd *Weeping* to be the first *Omen* that attends our *Birth*. This is our beginning, with this the *Series* of our Years agrees, and thus we spend our Days.

This is that which most deserves our Tears, and which they never can sufficiently wash away; that none of us seriously considers, that there is a time when we must leave this Habitation. We consider it, 'tis true, but cursorily, and, as it were, dreaming. Hence we live as if we were always to live. Our Frailty seldom pierces deep into our Minds: Nor do we observe how much time has slid away; but as if it were, out of an inexhaustible Stock; we trifle away so many Hours, so many Days, so many Months, and so many Years. We are most profuse of our Time, and never mind the irreparable loss of it; in which only thing, Covetousness is allowable. Thus the greatest part of Life slips away from Evil-doers; the greatest part from those that do nothing, and the whole from those that are active in another way. Who is he that sets a value upon Time, that prizes a Day, or understands that he dies daily? Hence it is, that we forget what is past, neglect the present, and foresee not what is to come. But when we shall come to the last push, then miserable as we are, too late we shall understand, that we were ill employ'd while we did nothing. Let us do this therefore; let us embrace every Hour, as if this Day to die: So let us order the Narration of our Life, as if

if preſent we were to make our *Epilogue*; while Life is delay'd, it runs beyond us.

Sect. 34. *All Life ſhort, even the longeſt.*

MOſt truly ſaid *Anneus*, *There is no Life but what is ſhort.* For if we regard the Nature of Things; the Lives of *Neſter* and *Statilia* were ſhort, who caus'd it to be writ upon her Tomb, That ſhe liv'd Ninty-nine Years. Behold how a little old Woman glories in her Age; what would ſhe have done had ſhe compleated the Centure?

Amaranthus in the *Fables*, ſpeaking to the *Roſe*; *Oh, what a Flower is the* Roſe! *how fair, how lovely! Deſervedly men call thee happy for thy Beauty, for thy Odour, for thy Colour, O Queen of Flowers.* To whom the *Roſe*; *Indeed*, ſaid ſhe, *O* Amaranthus, *I excel in Beauty, however I flouriſh but a very ſhort time, and though no hand touch, nevertheleſs I quickly fade: But thou flowreſt continually, and liveſt always freſh and gay; I had rather have leſs beauty, and enjoy a longer life.* The Life of Mortals is like that of the Roſe, ſhort and quickly fading; and though no outward force extinguiſh it, yet naturally and inſenſibly it vaniſhes. Not without cauſe therefore the greateſt of Phyſicians exclaims: We underſtand not how our Life paſſes, but we perceive it is ſtoln away. The Space of Time granted to us, flies with ſuch a ſwift and rapid Motion, that unleſs it be ſome few, Life forſakes ſome as it were in the very Cradle. We have but a little time, and the moſt part of that we trifle away in Sloth and Luxury. O improvident *Mortals!* the Body which we bear about us, is not a Manſion, but an Inne, which is to be left, when thou art burdenſom to the Maſter of the Houſe. Therefore O Chriſtian,

make haſte to live piouſly, and believe every Day to be ſo many Lives: He that ſhall ſo prepare himſelf, ſhall ſecurely dare Death; no Man ſhall die ill, that lives well.

Sect. 35. *Not the longeſt, but the honeſteſt Life is the beſt.*

WE are not to ſtrive to live long, but ſo long as is ſufficient, that life is ſufficient, which is fulfill'd. That life is fulfill'd, when any man paſſes from his own into the divine Will, and well employs that little time which is allotted him. What does fourſcore years avail that man that idly ſpends them? He did not live, but was dead while he lived. Nor did he die late, but every day; for to live imprudently and wickedly, is not to live ill, but to die daily: But thou ſayeſt, he lived fourſcore years; but conſider from what day thou reck'nſt his death. Another is ſnatch'd away flouriſhing in the midſt of his courſe; but he had done the duty of a good Man and a good Chriſtian; though his Age were imperfect, his Life was perfect: The other numbred fourſcore years, certainly he did not live ſo long, but he was in being, unleſs thou wilt ſay, he lived in the ſame manner as Trees are ſaid to live. Life is to be meaſured by the Act and Offices of Vertue, not by Time; therefore let us praiſe and place him in the number of the Happy, who well employed that life he had; the Juſt ſhall remain in eternal remembrance; the memory of the juſt with praiſes: For he ſaw the true light; he was one of many; and he lived, and now lives in Heaven. Why enquireſt thou how long he lived; he liv'd to Immortality, he has out-ſtrip Ages, and erected his own Remembrance: An

as a body of mean ſtature may be perfect, ſo in a leſſer ſpace of time a life may become perfect. Happineſs is not fixt in diuturnity of time, but in Vertue; neither is he that ſings oftneſt to the Harp, but he that ſings beſt is to be commended. While thou art only in being, 'tis anothers; When thou art a good Chriſtian, it is thy own; That require from thy ſelf, that thou mayſt not meaſure out thy Time ignobly in Vice; ſo to lead thy life, that thou mayſt not be carried beyond the Mark. Thou demandeſt what is the utmoſt ſpace of Life? to live to true Wiſdom; to confirm thy Will in all things to the Will of God, is the trueſt wiſdom. When we die, 'tis not the longeſt but the chiefeſt end concerns us. Death walks over all, nor is it any very long ſpace that we precede one another; He that kills, follows the ſlain; 'tis the leaſt thing of which we are moſt ſollicitous about: For what is it to the purpoſe how long thou ſhunneſt what cannot be avoided? The beſt life is not the longeſt, but the moſt upright.

Sect. 36. *We do not live the greateſt part of our Lives.*

I Cannot doubt the truth of what the Ancient Poet ſaid;

——*'Tis but a little term of life*——
That we are ſaid to live.——

All the reſt of our life, is not life but only time; both urgent Buſineſs encompaſſes us, and Vices importune us lull'd in pleaſure; we have hardly any leiſure to return to our ſelves; we are held on at leiſure for our ſelves, but for others. No man is his own man; ſo that we ſpend the greateſt part of our lives in not living, at leaſt we do not live to

Heaven nor to God. How much time does our Meals, our Recreation, our Play, our Diſcourſe, our Sleep, our Idleneſs takes up? How much do litigious Suits and Diſeaſes ſnatch from us? How many Thieves do ſteal away our Lives, while we perceive not what we loſe? The following Verſes, though not ſo terſe and neat, very lively expreſs our Madneſs.

A man lives fourſcore years, not often more,
Of which in meat and drink ſome half a ſcore;
In play as many, twenty years in ſleep,
Till ſeventeen in our childiſh years we heap
And nothing do; for years diſeaſes claim.
Therefore the time that we expend to frame
Our ſelves to vertue and learning, is in brief,
But the fourth part of all that tedious life.

What a little is left us of that which is our own; many there are whom their Misfortunes will not give leave to take breath; many, whom their proſperity. For we lay not hold upon time to ſtop the fleeteſt thing in Nature; but let it ſlip as a ſuperfluous thing and eaſie to be recovered. What keeper of time ſo ſparing, that may not find ſomething worthy to exchange with his time? We trifle with the moſt precious of all things, and there is no reckoning made of that which cannot be ſufficiently valued. Like them that ſleep in Ships, who are driven along by the Winds, though they perceive not the motion, and when they wake, wonder to ſee themſelves ready to be landed, Thus the courſe of our life haſtens away, while we ſleep and neglect the ineſtimable price of Time. When we ſhould wake for a better life, we admire to ſee our ſelves at our Journeys end; Death is to many, as the Harbour to the Sailer, he ſails well that does not Shipwrack in the Port.

Sect.

Sect. 37. *Delay is the greateſt blemiſh of Life.*

WE delay and put off every thing unleſs it be Vice, which for the moſt part takes up our whole time. In other things we are always moſt full of Promiſes, and ſay to our ſelves, to Morrow this ſhall be done; the next Week I will not fail to repent; next Year I intend to lead a new life. Thus Days, Months and Years ſlide away, while we procraſtinate, while we promiſe, and never ſtand to our Promiſes. Excellently *Seneca*; Thou ſhalt hear, ſaith he, moſt people ſaying, At Fifty I intend to retire, at Sixty I intend to give over Buſineſs: And whom doſt thou take for Surety of thy longer life? Who will warrant things to paſs, as thou diſpoſeſt them? Art thou not aſhamed to reſerve the Remains and Dregs of Life to God? and to appoint that time for Devotion, which thou canſt no otherwiſe employ? How late is it then to begin to live, when thou art juſt at the end of it? VVhat a fooliſh Oblivion of Mortality is that to defer wholſom Admonition, till the fiftieth or ſixtieth Year, and to ſeek to begin thy Life at an Age to which few attain.

Sigiſmund the Second King of *Poland*, becauſe of his peroctual delay and heavineſs in weighty Affairs, was called the *King of to-morrow*. Such are we certainly, *Men of to-morrow*; we delay all things, moſt willing alſo, if we could, to put off Death it ſelf; but the buſineſs of dying admits of no delay, ſuffers no *put offs*: Therefore to uſe the old Proverb, If thou wouldſt be long old, be old betimes; which thou mayſt be, by ſuffering no delay: VVe by loſing the beſt of things, loſe all. Truly ſaid

Chryſologus, Then a man deſires to do well, when death has deprived him of the Opportunity of acting. VVe ſtalk to death moſt commonly with the ſame ſteps, as they that walk in their ſleep; firſt we begin to delay and procraſtinate wholeſome things, then to act a little more cloſely, then to neglect and omit altogether what things are to be done, and ſo we ſweetly ſleep and periſh.

O Mortals, Over-late is to Morrow's life, live to day; pay your Salary to day; mourn for your Sins to day, for who has aſſured ye of to morrow? VVhat may be done to day, why defer ye to another day perhaps never to come? To defer good Actions was ever noxious, and over-late.

The greateſt loſs of life, delay is ſtill;
For who delays, ſeems not to have a will.

Let us make haſte therefore, and conſider how much we ſhould add to Swiftneſs, if the Enemy were at our back; if we ſhould perceive the Horſeman juſt at the heels of the Fugitive. This is the caſe Neceſſity drives, let us make haſte and eſcape; let us ſhelter our ſelves in Security, and often conſider, how amiable a thing it is to finiſh our lives before death: The greateſt comfort in death is, *to have delayd nothing.*

Sect. 38. *The Hunting of Death.*

William the II. D. of *Bavaria*, Father of the Poor, the Defender of all Religious men, whom after his deceaſe, had the Tongues of all men been ſilent, the Tears and Lamentations of ſo many Mourners at his Funeral, had ſufficiently extold. This moſt Praiſe-worthy Prince, I ſay, when he returned home from the Council of *Baſil*, where

where he preceded in *Cæſar*'s place, dream'd, That he ſaw a Hart of an extraordinary bignets; that upon the one ſide of his Horns he carried Bells, on the other lighted Tapers. This flying Animal was purſued by a Huntſman and his Pack, all other ways being ſtopt, the affrighted Beaſt fled into the Church-yard belonging to St. *Marie's Church*, there the poor Hart falling into a Grave that was open'd for a perſon that was to be buried, was there taken and killed. Upon this the Prince awoke, and examined with himſelf what the meaning of the Dream ſhould be: The next day alſo he declared to his Nobles, what he had dream'd. Several Interpretations were made upon it, which when Duke *William* had heard; I, ſaid he, am that Hart, who am ſhortly to end this mortal life, I will be buried in the Temple of the *Bleſſed Virgin*. The Event verified both the Dream and the Preſages; For in a ſhort time Sickneſs and Death layd the Body of Prince *William* in the Grave, while his Soul took her Flight to thoſe Azure Manſions above. A good Death is the beginning of a moſt bleſſed Eternity.

Sect. 39. *VVherefore upon the daily ſight of Funerals, we do not conſider Death.*

THE Devil, a moſt skilful Painter, paints ſo well according to the Rules of Opticks; that which is before us, and neareſt to us, we may think moſt remote. Thus as if we were to live a Thouſand years, we promiſe to our ſelves a long Security from Death. Hence we behold Funerals, and laugh, as if it were never to be our Turn. VVe daily die, and yet we think our ſelves eternal.

Sir *Thomas Moore*, that no Age might delude any

Perſon with the hopes of a longer Life, gives this Admonition. As he that is carried out of Priſon to the Gallows, though the way be longer, yet fears not the Gallows the leſs, becauſe he comes to it a little the later; and though his Limbs are firm, his Eyes quick, his Lungs ſound, aud that he reliſh his Meat and Drink, yet this is ſtill his Affliction, that he *is upon his Journey:* Thus are we all carried to the Gibbet of *Death*; we are all upon the way, only parted by ſome little Intervals. They do not leave us at our Death, but go before us. But thou wilt ſay, I am in Health, I perceive no likelyhood of *Death*. Whatever thou ſayſt, thou art upon thy Journey, and we are upon the Road as thou art. But I, ſayſt thou, have not attained my Thirtieth year. Thou wert in the way at Twenty, yea, at Ten; ev'n at one year, nay, at the firſt Hour; only go on, ſhortly thou wilt be at thy Journeys end. But I ſleep well, reliſh my Meat and Drink well. Fool that thou art! Death minds none of theſe things. We are in the way, ſee, where the Gibbet threatens thee. But a little while and thou ſhalt expire; and with thee all thy Pomp and Luxury dies. All our Life is the way to Death.

Sect. 41. *A moſt Compendious, and the beſt Permeditation upon Death.*

Happy to be in Death, *firſt learn to live,*
That thou mayſt happy live, to dye firſt ſtrive.

THis is the Sum of all; this is the Art of Arts. To live well we muſt learn, as long as we live; and which ſome perhaps may more admire, all our life long we muſt learn to dye. So many great Men, leaving all their lumber behind, when they had renounced their Riches, their Pleaſures, and their Offi-

Offices, have employed themſelves in this one thing to the laſt, that they might know how to live. But many of theſe, confeſſing they had not learnt their Leſſon, have departed this Life. But how ſhall they know this that never endeavoured to learn? *Moſt Mortals* care not for living well, but for living long. Some then begin to live when they are ready to leave the World. Hence it is that we are empty of all thoſe Comforts, which we deſire at the end of our Lives; fearful of death, and ignorant of living. VVhoever then deſires to learn the Art of living, let him firſt learn the Art of dying. Perhaps, ſome may think that needleſs to be learnt, which is but once to be made uſe of. Therefore, it is, that we are with all diligence to apply our ſelves to this Study: For that is always to be learnt, of which, whither we know it or no, we can never make the Experiment. The great matter is not to live, the great matter is to dye.

Sect. 42. *To day, for me, to morrow, for thee.*

Francis the Firſt, King of *France*, being tak'n by *Charles* the Fifth, when he had read, at *Madrid*, *Charles*'s Impreſs upon the Wall, *Plus ultra. Farther yet*; added thereto, *To day for me to morrow for thee.* The Victor took it not ill; but to ſhew that he underſtood it; wrote underneath, *I am a Man, there is no humane accident but may befal me.*

Elegantly, *Gregory Nazianzene*, The Head (quoth he) grows gray; the Summer of Life is at Hand. The Sickle is ſharpn'd againſt us, and I fear, leaſt while we are aſleep, and lull'd in hopes; the terrible Reaper come. But thou wilt ſay, old Men fear,

I am young. Be not deceived, Death is not perfixed to any Age. The ſame Bier to day carries an old Man, to morrow beautiful Youth; to day a ſtrong luſty Man, to morrow a Virgin, or an old Woman. *Seneca* ſpeaks to the purpoſe. Death, ſaith he, ought to be ſet before the Eyes of young, as well as old Men: For we are not ſummoned by the Cenſers Books, wherein the Ages of every one are ſet down. Such a Partial Citation might ſerve for War, but not for Death. The laſt Farewel, and Admoniſhment of all dying Men, is this. *To day, I; to morrow, Thou.* But the Dead alter the Sentence, and they crie; *I, yeſterday; Thou to day.* Be mindful of Death; be mindful of Eternity; which I yeſterday, thou to day or to morrow ſhalt begin, never to end with either.

Sect. 43. *Therefore Live, while thou haſt.*

NOT for thy Wit, not for thy Body, not for thy Pleaſure, not for thy Vertues ſake, but for Heaven and for Gods ſake. Live and Act, as well ſuffering for God, as acting and labouring. For thou knoweſt not how long thou ſhalt ſubſiſt, nor how ſoon thy maker will take thee away. Moſt wiſely admoniſhes the wiſeſt of Preachers: Whatever thou takeſt in Hand to do, that do with all thy power; for in the Grave that thou goeſt unto there is neither Work, Counſel, Knowledg, nor Wiſdom. Therefore, as the Apoſtles exhorts us, *Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due ſeaſon we ſhall reap, if we faint not:* While we have therefore time, let us do good unto all Men. Thou haſt begun to Labour, proſecute thy labour begun, with a continual Induſtry. Never ceaſe, nor

Gal. c. 6. v. 9, 10.

nor intermit that Labour which may bring to Heaven: For there is no moment of thy Life, wherein thou mayst not gain, and increase thy Heavenly Treasure. In this manner therefore labour without ceasing. The time of rest shall come, which no labour shall ever interrupt. *The Life of Man is a Warfare upon Earth; and like the days of a Bond-Servant are his Days.* A Hireling, saith St. *Gregory*, asswages the Pains of his Labour with the thoughts of his wages. A Hireling is sollicitous, least any day should pass him without work, for he knows that the Night is for rest, and that the Day is appointed for Labour. Do thou therefore Labour, while it is day; while thou hast an opportunity to Work. *The Night cometh*, says the voice of Truth, *when no Man can work.* Therefore work, while the Sun favours thee. There is one that will pay thee for thy Labour. Thou hast a perpetual and most accurate Overseer of thy work, who is God; who keeps the number of the Haires of thy Head, so doth he keep an account of thy least Failings, and of the smallest of thy Actions, done in Honour of Him. Never question it, he numbers all thy steps. With one leap, yea, with one step thou hast finished thy whole Journey to Eternity; but take heed that thou fixest thy Feet right. For such shalt thou be to Eternity, as thou wert at thy Death.

Job 7. v. 1.

John 9. v. 4.

Sect. 43. *If to Morrow, why not to Day.*

THere is but one, and that a most ponderous Chain that holds us fast the Love of Life, which as it is not always to be contemned, so there is an allay

allay to be allowed it; ſo that nothing may hinder us, but that we may be always prepared, to do that preſently which is at ſome time to be done. Life is not imperfect, ſo it be upright. VVhere-ever thy end happen, if thy Life be good, thy end is ſafe.

St. *Auſtin*, Biſhop of *Hippo*, went to viſit another Biſhop of his Familiar Acquaintance lying in Extremity; to whom, as he was lifting up his Hands to Heaven, to ſignifie his Departure. St. *Auſtin* replyed, That he was a great ſupport of the Church, and worthy of a longer Life; to whom the ſick Perſon made this anſwer. *If never*, 'twere another thing, but if at any time, why not now?

Death calls upon all Men alike. Thither we muſt all come ſooner or later; of that we are certain; we doubt not of that thing, but of the time. VVhat then? Does not he ſeem to be the moſt fearful and imprudent Creature of all, who with ſo much earneſtneſs deſires the delay of Death. Would not he be the Laughing-ſtock of others, who being Condemned among many, ſhould beg to be the laſt Executed? Yet this is the Folly we are guilty of. We think it a great happineſs to die laſt. The Capital Puniſhment is deſtined to all, and by a moſt juſt determination. Now what matters it, whether we go out firſt or laſt, out of this Life, as Men go out of a Theater. We muſt depart, if then at any time, why not now. To day perhaps Death ſpares us: That's nothing, to Morrow he will be with thee. The Sword will ſeize thee; a Stone waits for thee, a Fever lyes in Ambuſh. Thou art never nor in no place ſafe. There's a neceſſity of going. If then to Morrow, why not to Day? If at any time, why not now!

Sect.

Sect. 44. *Why Death is Terrible.*

DEath is the ſame to all Men, but the Wages by which it happens are various. One expires while he is feeding, another ſlumbering falls into an Eternal Sleep, another in the act of Impiety extinguiſhes. Here one drops by the Sword, another Drowns in Water; another Fires conſumes. Some by the ſting of Serpents die, while others are Buried in the ſudden fall of Ruins. Others by the Contraction of their Nerves are tortured to Death. Others are cut off in their Youth, others in their Cradles. Sometimes an Infant comes into the World to take its farewel of Life. The Exit of ſome is milder, of others harſher. But how mild and gentle Death may ſeem to be, however it brings ſomething of Horrour with it, and that for this reaſon, becauſe it ſeems to deprive us of many Happineſſes, and to take us from that plenty to which we are accuſtomed. This love of our ſelves, and deſire of ſelf-preſervation, is the Chain that clogs us. There is alſo a natural fear of darkneſs, to which Death is thought to be our Conductor; which has engaged the Wits of many to augment the Terrours of Death.

But that which moſt augments the fear of Death is this, that preſent things we know, whither we are to go we know not, and therefore are afraid. Therefore is the Mind to be enured by much Exerciſe, that it may not be afraid of that Eternity into which we are to enter. Eternity is that we are to think upon day and night; as they that would bring themſelves to endure hunger, muſt enure themſelves to faſting by little and little: So the Soul that is to be tranſlated from this inconſtant World

World to a ſtable Kingdom, muſt accuſtom it ſelf to endure Eternity. Let it every day ſalute the Gate of Eternity, every Moment believe that it waits there: Whatever it acts, let it act for Eternities ſake; and only obſerve this one form of action. I read, I write, I paint, I meditate, I watch, I ſpeak, and all for the ſake of Eternity Whoever aſpires to Eternal Triumphs, let him learn to Combat Eternity.

Sect. 45. *Death is ſudden, but beautiful.*

CHæremon, as *Palladius* Biſhop of *Helenopolis* witneſſes, while he ſits, while he works, while he acts as a healthy perſon, dies. So ſitting, ſo working he was found, but dead. Vertue can beautifie any ſort of Death

Philemon, a *Comedian*, conteſted with *Menander*, perhaps not his Equal, yet his Emulator. This Perſon recited upon the Stage, a play that he had newly made. But when he was moving the more ſprightly Affections in his third Act, a ſudden ſhower ſcattered the Auditory. Thereupon he promiſed the reſt the next day. The next day a vaſt multitude met together, in ſo much that the Theater was thronged; but no *Philemon* came. Some blam'd the ſlowneſs of the Poet, others excuſed him. But at laſt tyred with expectation, and ſending to ſeek him. the Meſſengers found him dead in his Bed His Book was in his Hand; and his Eyes fix'd upon his Book: So that the Meſſengers ſtood a while aſtoniſhed at ſo ſudden an Accident, and the Miracle of ſo lovely a Death. Returning to the people, they related, that they expected *Philemon* had finiſhed his laſt act at Home; leaving the World to give him their laſt farewel and plaudite;

dite; to his Friends a ſad occaſion of Mourning and Lamentation. For that now a Noble Poet having put off the Maſk of Life, his Bones, and not his Verſes where to be read.

If we look at this preſent Life, the moſt wiſh'd for death is, to die, not fearing death: But much more deſireable is it, to die in action, and to be buſie at our work, that death it ſelf may not prove idle. It was the wiſh of *Cyprian* the Martyr to be ſlain for the ſake of God, while he was diſcourſing of God. It is a high Encomium for any Man, that not only the Devil, but neither Death himſelf ſhould find him idle.

Sect. 46. *We muſt watch and pray.*

BEcauſe ye know not at what Hour the Son of Man will come. The *Romans* watched in their Arms, yet ſometimes without their Shields, that they might have nothing to lean upon, to invite them to ſleep. It is thy duty to watch, O Man, and to watch armed. Ardent Prayers to God, are the true Arms of Chriſtians. The Shield that encourages ſleep is the vain hope of a longer Life. The frequent Cries of the *Roman* Souldiers in their Watches were, *Wake, wake*, Mars *wake*. Thus they encouraged one another to conſtancy in watching. The Heaven it ſelf day and night waking and inceſſantly toyling, admoniſhes thee to watch. *Doſt* thou grow deaf, or art thou falling aſleep? Hear the voice of Chriſt, *watch and pray*. According to the relation of St. *Mark*, Chriſt made a Sermon; in the Concluſion whereof he thrice repeats theſe words; firſt, *Take ye heed, watch and pray*. Secondly, *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not* *Mark* c. 13. v. 33, 35.

when

when the Maſter of the Houſe cometh, at even, or at midnight; whether at the Cock-crowing, or at the dawning, leſt if he come ſuddenly, he find ye aſleep. Laſtly, *And that I ſay unto you, I ſay unto ye all, watch.* With the ſame Admonitions, and by the Mouth of St. *Matthew*, he cries to us, *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not what hour the Lord doth come.* And again, *Watch ye therefore, becauſe ye know neither the day nor the hour.* The ſame he repeats upon Mount *Olivet*; *Watch and pray, leſt ye enter into Temptation.* Upon the ſame Text he preaches in St. *Luke*. *Watch ye therefore, at all times praying.* The ſame, *watch ye*, how often doth St. *Paul* reiterate? Theſe claps Thunder upon us, to ſhake off all ſleepineſs and drowſineſs from us. We are deaf, yea dead, indeed, if theſe loud Exhortations will not wake us. Whoever thou art, that ſleepeſt in Vice, awake. Thou knoweſt the Fate of the *Egyptians*. The ſlaying Angel enter'd *Egypt*, and made a vaſt ſlaughter. Remember the Lot of the Ten Virgins. There was a Call in the middle of the Night, and they that were prepared were admitted to the Nuptials, but the drowſie Sleepers were excluded. Doſt thou remember the Folly of the Gluttonous Servant? His Lord came unlookt for, and at an Hour when he leaſt thought of him. Haſt thou conſidered the good Father of his Family? He wakes at all Hours, that at no time the Houſe-breaker may get in. Doſt thou remember thy Saviour? He was Born at Midnight. And probable it is that he will come at Midnight to the laſt Judgment of the World. Therefore watch, and believe every day thy laſt.

Mat. 24. v. 24.

Sect.

Sect. 47. *We are to truſt in God.*

HE whom God aſſiſts, though in the midſt of the Waves of the enraged Sea, he ſhall be able to withſtand the Storm with a Couragious Heart. Let Troubles ſurround him, let Sorrows overwhelm him, let the Devil roar and grin, a Soul that truſts in God need never be afraid. Though Hell be moved, and the World tumble, fearleſs he ſhall behold the Ruins; he ſhall riſe a Victor; and like the *Marpeſian* Rocks contemn the vain threats of the Ocean. Thus *Job*, thus *David* behaved themſelves, *Job* ſpeaking to God with a firm Confidence in him. *Set me*, ſaith he, *by thy ſide, and let the hand of whomſoever fight againſt me.* He provokes and Challenges the Camp of the Enemies of God, let come who will he is ready to meet them.

But, ſaith *David*, *though I walk through the midſt of the ſhadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.* Behold a ſtrong Faith! Though I am in the extremity of danger, though wrapt in the horrid darkneſs of Eternal Night, and that Death ſtood nearer than the ſhadow to the Body, truſting only in the preſence of God, I will deſpiſe all thoſe Terrors. Moſt certain I am that in his preſence, there is a moſt ſafe and impregnable Refuge. For becauſe the Lord is my Aid, I will not fear what Man can do unto me. The Lord is my Light and my Health: Whom ſhalt thou fear? If Armies were Encamped againſt me, my Heart ſhall not be afraid. Though I were to withſtand the power of a whole Battel, my Confidence ſhould be in God. We are to truſt in God, ſo much the more, by how much the leſs we can truſt to our ſelves. He

ranges

ranges his Army under the Enemies VValls, who truſts in God. To truſt in God is to be above all Enemies.

Sect. 48. *VVhen it ſhall pleaſe God.*

TO a Bleſſed Life a long Series of years contributes nothing, neither is Life to be reckoned by years or wrinkles, but by juſt performances. But that, *When*, diſguſts the moſt part of Mortals. They know they are to die, and are willing to die, but not yet. They are willing to pay Nature her Debt, but not yet: They, deſire to be loos'd from the Chains of the Body, but not yet. So ingeniouſly do we poor Mortals rave: We deſire an end of our Miſeries, but not yet; we would be Bleſſed and Happy, but not yet. We would, and we would not die. We are unjuſt to complain at the ſame time, that we are miſerable, and that our Miſeries are at an end. There is no reaſon to grieve or weep, when we ceaſe to be what we were unwilling to be: Is it becauſe thou wouldſt have many ſteps to thy Death that thou buildeſt thy ſelf ſo high a Gibbet; and is it becauſe thou wouldſt take a ſlow proſpect of thy Funeral, that thou deſireſt ſo many years? Alas thou art to go either to day or to morrow.

Tobias the worthy Son of a moſt worthy old Man, but old himſelf, attain'd to the Ninety ninth year of his Age. Yet when Ninety nine years were expir'd in the fear of God, they Buried him with joy. Could *Tobias*, in our judgment, Expoſtulate with God or complain. Why Lord, doſt thou now break off my Life? Why didſt not thou permit me to make up the full hundred? What other Anſwer would God return? It ſo pleas'd me: Now die, and

and reckon all thy paſt years as clear gain. Therefore we muſt die when it pleaſes God, not when it pleaſes *Tobias*, *Raguel* or *Ananias*.

But I know what deceives many. When Death knocks, we believe the Exactor comes before his time. Fools; then 'tis time; *when it pleaſes God.* Wherefore do ye delay? Wherefore do ye pretend immature Age? Wherefore do ye expect a Truce? Wherefore do ye think upon delay? Thou wert ripe for Death long before: But grant thee thy own time, thou wilt be never the more ready or the more prepar'd. After all thou wilt deſire delay, the more thou ſtay'ſt, perhaps the leſs prepar'd. Delay has made many the worſe. 'Tis a bad preparation for Death, to be unwilling to die. He has perform'd half of the Act who now is willing. The deſire of Death is to be ſhaken off, and thou art to learn, that it matters not when thou ſuffereſt whatever it behoves thee to ſuffer. How well thou haſt lived, is the main buſineſs, not how long; and often it happens well, when there is no delay. Therefore lay all hankering thoughts aſide; and thus reſolve with thy ſelf, whatever God pleaſes let that be done.

Sect. 49. *We muſt have recourſe to God in all things.*

ALas! poor miſerable Creatures; alas inſipid Fools: When we are ill, we take our flight over the whole Orb with the wings of our Thoughts. We beg petty Comforts from things Created, with an ignominious Beggery. We call Friends and Enemies to our aid; we implore the help of all; only God we paſs by: or at leaſt apply our ſelves to him laſt of all. What madneſs is this! to deſire help

help from those that cannot afford it; not to desire it from him, who alone can give it us.

Therefore whenever, and as often as thou art ill, let thy first Groans, thy first Prayers, thy first Complaints be put up to God. Open thy Cause to God; declare to him all thy Sufferings. VVhere dost thou fly about the VVorld, and beg at the Cottages of Beggars? VVherefore dost thou bow in vain to every Coach that whirls by thee? Throw thy self at the Door of that only Rich Person who can free thy Soul from its necessities. Thus did *Moses*, who in all Cases of Doubt and Extremity had recourse to the Tabernacle, where he consulted God himself. Thus was *Joshua* deceived by the *Gibeonites*, because he would not consult God before-hand. Apply thy self to God in thy Afflictions, and upon all other occasions. The Woman that was troubled with an Issue of Blood for twelve years, and had suffered many things of many Physicians, at length came to the Physician of Physicians; from whom alone she obtain'd that Cure, which she could not have from many in twelve years. It is a main matter to know from whom thou expectest a kindness. It is an Argument of extream Poverty to beg from Beggars.

Sect. 50.

VVE have said, that recourse must be had to God in every thing. Therefore a happy end is so desired from none but God. Of which I will annex a short Example.

First

First Prayer.

Eight Verſes, choſen out of the Pſalms of David *by* St. Bernard, *which he is reported to have repeated every Day for a Happy Hour of Death.*

ENlighten my Eyes that I ſleep not in death; leſt my Enemies ſay, I have prevailed againſt him, Pſal. 12. v. 3, 4.

Into thy hands I recommend my Spirit; for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of Truth, Pſal. 31. v. 6.

At laſt I ſpake with my Tongue, Lord let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may know how long I have to live, Pſal. 39. v. 4, 5.

Shew ſome good token upon me for good, that they which hate me may ſee it; and be aſhamed; becauſe thou, Lord, haſt holpen me and comforted me, Pſal. 86. v. 17.

Thou haſt broken my Bands in ſunder; I will offer to thee the Sacrifice of Thankſgiving, and will call upon the Name of the Lord, Pſal. 116. v. 14, 15.

I had no place to fly to; and no Man car'd for my Soul.

I cry'd unto thee, O Lord, and ſaid, Thou art my Hope and my Portion in the Land of the Living, Pſal. 142. v. 5, 6.

Omnipotent Sempiternal God, who didſt prolong the Life of *Hezekiah*, miſerably imploring thee; grant me thy unworthy Servant before the day of my Death, ſo much time to live, that I may be able to deplore all my Sins, and may obtain from thy Compaſſion, Pardon and Favour.

Omni-

Omnipotent, Gracious, and Merciful God, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, by the Death of thy Son, grant me a happy and a bleſſed Hour, when my Soul ſhall depart out of my Body.

Lord Jeſu, Crucified Chriſt, by the Bitterneſs of the Death, which thou didſt ſuffer for me upon the Croſs, chiefly when thy Soul departed from thy Body, have Mercy on my Soul at the laſt Hour, who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, for ever and for ever, *Amen.*

The Second Prayer.

For a Happy Departure.

MOST Merciful Lord Jeſu, if this be the Condition of a Dying Man, if in ſuch Dangers and Extremities my Spirit muſt depart out of this Life, whither ſhall I fly but unto thee, Oh my God? Do thou take care of my Soul, that it may not periſh in that dreadful Hour. Grant me, I beſeech thee, according to the multitude of thy Mercies, and by that fervent Love and Grief, wherewith thou, who art Life it ſelf didſt die for me; that I may have the Combat of Corporal Death always before my Eyes; and that living, I may ſo do, as, dying, I would deſire to have done; and that I may expend my time and ſtudy in nothing more, than that I may Spiritually die to my ſelf; and may mortifie all the Paſſions of my Sences; that ſo after this Life, I may live with thee, Happy and Bleſſed to all Eternity.

The

The Concluſion of the firſt Chapter. To the Reader.

DO this, meditate upon this, O Man; and while thou art well, learn to be ſick, learn to die. To do both, is a rare piece of Art; which whether thou knoweſt or no, it is not lawful for thee to try; but when thou canſt not err without the loſs of Eternal Felicity. We err but once in dying, but that Error is never to be amended to all Eternity.

Therefore to abide, as being ſtill to depart. But for the moſt part *abide within thy ſelf*, and ſearch every cranny of thy Conſcience. Whatever thou enjoyeſt, look upon it as the Lumber of a place where there is no Habitation. Thou art not ſuffered to carry out any more than thou broughteſt in with thee. Therefore act and beſtir thy ſelf. Approve thy ſelf right in the ſight of God. Thou art to go hence. Believe that thou ſtandeſt always at the Gate of Eternity. Eternity is that we muſt look after. Pleaſure is ſhort; Puniſhment Eternal. The labour is Eaſie; the reward Everlaſting.

Therefore we have given wholeſom Inſtruction; we have taught, that Death is to be contemn'd, but the thoughts of it never to be laid aſide. Now we will give the ſame Admonitions to the Sick.

CHAP. II.

The Remembrance of Death is Recommended to the Sick.

Sect. 1. *The Introduction; and whether Sickneſs be an Evil?*

Caunus, is a Town in *Caria*, in a Peſtilent Air, and unwholeſom for the Inhabitant. Theſe People when *Stratonicus* the Muſician, and witty Man, beheld, he recited the Verſe in *Homer* to them.

Like as the Leaves, juſt ſo the People are.

Thereby he taunted their Icterical, Yellowiſh and Wan Complexions. But when the *Caunians* had given him a very rugged Entertainment for defaming their City, as ſickly and unwholeſom, *Stratonicus* return'd upon them again; *Muſt I not dare*, ſaid he, *to call that a ſickly place, where the dead walk?* More wittily and more ſmartly than before.

But why do we deny, and lift up our Noſes? We are moſt like to Leaves. Very plainly *Job*; *Wilt thou break a Leaf*, ſaith he, *driven to and fro.* As if he had ſaid; When I am but a Leaf, liable to all the Inconveniences of Life, afraid of every Guſt, wilt thou haſten me with the wind of thy indignation? I ſhall fall of my ſelf, without any conſtraint of thine. Are not Men Leaves, whom Sickneſs,

Sickneſs, like dry Leaves and juiceleſs Flowers, toſſes to and fro, and variouſly ſports with? *Clement* of *Alexandria*, being of the ſame Opinion; *Go to*, ſaid he, *Men of an obſcure Life, like the Generation of Leaves, infirm Creatures, Images of Wax, things like ſhadows, frail, unfledg'd, living but the Life of one day.* Certainly we are Leaves, ſhaken by every puff of wind. Sometimes a little Fever; what do I ſay? Nay a little Cough, a little drop falling upon the little wicket of the Throat, mortifies this Leaf, and throws it into the Grave.

But whether or no is Sickneſs a Benefit, and Death an Evil? No, Mortal, no; it is nor, ſaith *Epictetus*. *Health well us'd is a good thing; ill us'd, a miſchief*: And therefore we may reap Benefit by Sickneſs. What doſt thou ſay of Sickneſs? I will ſhew thee its Nature; then I ſhall be quiet, I ſhall think my ſelf well dealt with, I ſhall not flatter the Phyſician, I ſhall not wiſh for Death. What wouldſt thou more? Whatever thou ſhalt give me, that will I make happy, proſperous, honourable, to be deſir'd. But there are ſome that deny this, and ſay, *Take heed of being ſick, 'tis an ill thing.* To them *Epictetus* again, *That is as much as to ſay*, ſaith he, *Take heed that thou doſt not feign three to be four, 'tis an ill thing. How evil? If we ſo think of it as we ought. What harm will it do me? Rather will it not do me good? If therefore I ſo think of Poverty, Sick, or Troubles of Church or State, as I ought, is not that enough to me, will it not be profitable.*

Truth, Love thee, O *Epictetus*, How agreeable are all theſe things to Chriſtian Doctrine? This Foundation being laid we ſhall here teach ye to be mindful of Death in Sickneſs, and not to be afraid of his coming.

Sect. 2. *The ſick Perſon to his Friends. To Sickneſs. To the beginning of a Mortal Diſeaſe. To Death. To Chriſt our Lord.*

To his Friends.

Hence with your unſeaſonable mourning; This is not a place for Wailing, but for Prayer: But I depart early from you; Early, take heed ye miſtake not; I was ripe for death as ſoon as I was born, yea, before I was born. What I was, when born, I know; a weak frail body, liable to all Reproach, the Food of Sickneſs, the Victim of Death. Behold, who e're thou art, take Hope or Subſtance, to Morrow not to be, or elſe to be elſewhere.

To Sickneſs.

Muſt I then now be ſick? The time is come for me to try my ſelf. The couragious Man does not ſhew himſelf either in Battel or at Sea. There is a Courage alſo in the Bed of Sickneſs: Shall I leave a Feaver, or that me? We cannot always continue together: Hitherto I enjoyed Health, now my buſineſs is with Sickneſs. Sickneſs I know is the firſt Meſſenger of Death. I believe St. *Gregory* for that, who truly and piouſly; *The Lord knocks*, ſaith he, *when by the anguiſh of Sickneſs, he declares the approach of Death; to whom we preſently open, if we receive him with Affection.*

The very *Fables* teach me to receive this firſt Meſſenger of *Death* with a contented Mind. They relate, how that an old Man lay ſick, and when *Death* was ready to ſnatch him away, the ſick-man deſired that he would defer the fatal blow awhile, till

till he made his Will, and prepared ſuch other things as were neceſſary for ſo long a Journey. To whom *Death*; *Fond Banquet for the Grave*, ſaid he, *couldſt thou not prepare in ſo many Years; that haſt had ſo many warnings from me already?* To whom the old Man; I take thy Truth to witneſs, I never had any warning from thee. To whom *Death* reply'd; Now I find old men will lye: A hundred, nay a thouſand times I have admoniſhed thee, when I took away not only thy equal in years, but alſo young Men, Children, Infants, while thou lookſt and wepſt: But I appeal to this Truth, forgetful old man, did I not forewarn thee, when thy Eyes grew dim, thy Hair waxed grey, thy Ears grew deaf, all thy proud Senſes defective, and thy whole Body waſted? Theſe were my Meſſengers, theſe knockt at thy Doors, but thou wouldſt not be ſpoken with; thou wert often and daily warn'd, I can ſtay no longer, come and go along with me. He ill prepares himſelf for *Death*, who prepares ſo late.

To the beginning of a mortal Diſtemper.

When I conſider my Life, the multitude of my Sins, the ſmall number of my Deeds, good God! I am pinn'd up, and in ſtreights on every ſide: But it is better for me to fall into the hands of the Lord (*for his mercies are manifold*) than to live and multiply my years and my ſins: What I ſhould be, thou Lord, knoweſt full well. Perhaps I ſhould fall from thy Grace, ſhould I live longer: *Death*, thou art at hand; take me away, ſo that I may preſerve the Favour of my God; or rather ſo that the Favour of God may preſerve me, which is the only thing, *O Chriſt Jeſu*, which I beg of thee, and through thee.

To Death.

Why with a ſlow Conſumption, cruel Death,
Doſt thou deprive me ſlowly of my Breath?
Such preparation needs not for my end:
Strike quickly then, for I will ne're contend.
Why ſhouldſt thou ſpend thy Quiver on my head?
When one poor ſingle blaſt will blow me dead.

For what is man? A batter'd and leaking Ship, that will ſplit with one daſh, without the force of a Tempeſt; the Body of man conſiſting of infirm and fluid parts, comely in the outward Lineaments, not able to endure Cold, Heat or Labour, that conſumes and waſtes of it ſelf, fearing its own nouriſhment, the plenty or want whereof is frequently the ruine of it; to himſelf only a profitable and vitious nouriſhment, nicely to be looked after and preſerved: A life enjoyed at pleaſure, liable to a thouſand Diſeaſes, and without Diſeaſes devour'd by it ſelf. Do we admire at this once dying, wherein thou mayſt find private and concealed Deaths? His ſmell, his taſte, his wearineſs, his watching, the humours of his Body, his meat and drink, to man are deadly.

To Chriſt.

I would not die, but live, he ſeeks to live,
That in thy love, O Chriſt, to die doth ſtrive.

I do not ſtand in fear of thoſe things, which thou, O God, doſt appoint for me. I follow thee, O merciful Father, I follow thee: And wherefore ſhould I refuſe, when thou calleſt me nearer to thee? 'Tis much better for me to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt. This is that which I deſire; For Chriſt is life to me, and Death is gain.

Sect. 3. *An Antidote againſt Grief.*

WHerefore art thou troubled? wherefore art thou perplexed? Thou art in the hand of God, and he takes care of thee. But thou art afflicted and ſick. What evil can that be which proceeds from the Fountain of Goodneſs? God would have thee to be his own, and therefore ſhuts thee up, and retains thee within the Lattices of Sickneſs, leaſt thou ſhouldſt go aſtray from Heaven.

A little Bird weary of the Cage, deſires liberty; but while it is in the Cage, is both lov'd and fed by its Maſter: While ſhe is at liberty, who can believe her free from the Fowler, or from the Snare? Thus believe me, it is a great thing to be the Captive of the Lord thy God, it is to be lookt upon as a great Favour, to be bound a little while, to be cut and wounded by him, that will ſpare thee to Eternity.

Sect. 4. *Not always Draughts of Sweetneſs.*

GOD ſometimes, O ſick Man, gives the Cups of bitterneſs; thou drankſt the ſweet Liquor while thou wert in health. VVhy doſt thou make Faces? why doſt thou refuſe the Cup? Think upon that of *Job*, *Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil.* Ingrateful Mortals! we know not the Benefits we receive, but by loſing them: Thou wilt be a good Valuer of loſt Health for the future: Thou mayſt remember alſo, that when thou wert in health, thou didſt often recreate thy ſelf beyond the bounds of Sobriety.

Now therefore let me perſwade thee, chearfully to take this bitter Cup, and bear this puniſhment impoſed upon thee for thy former Ryots. Formerly at at the Latin Feſtivals, when the Chariot-Drivers ſtrove for Victory, they that overcame drank Wormwood: Do thou now drink that thou mayſt overcome.

He undeſervedly Metheglin ſips,
That to the bitter will not lay his lips.

Sect. 5. *The contempt of Death is a Chriſtian Generoſity.*

NO Man ever govern'd his Life well, but he that contemned it. We are not ſo ſilly, but that we underſtand we muſt one day die; yet when Death approaches, we hang back, we tremble, we lament: But would not he appear to thee a very Fool, that ſhould weep becauſe he had not lived a thouſand years before? Theſe things are well coupled, thou neither wert, nor will be: thou art ordain'd for that point of time wherein thou liv'ſt, with that thou mayſt extend, how far wouldſt thou prolong? Why weepeſt thou? what is it thou wouldſt have? thou loſeſt thy labour: Thou ſhalt go thither, whither all things created go. What is there that thou canſt call a Novelty? Thou wert born under this Law: This hapned to thy Father, to thy Anceſtors, to all before thee, and will happen to all that come after thee. It is eſtabliſhed and decreed; *Death* ſeizes upon all; we are born to die. Conſider in thy Mind the vaſt throng of thoſe that went before thee, of thoſe that are to follow thee, and thoſe that are to go along with thee. Many thouſands of Men and Creatures at this very moment that then feareſt to die, are now making ſeveral and

various

various *Exits* out of this World. Take a view of the whole World; the new, the unknown: Moſt certain it is, that every moment Millions are born and die, and many die the ſame death. Now couldſt thou think that thou ſhouldſt never come to that end, to which thou art always going. *Death* is a ſafe Road to Reſt; neither is there any thing of evil in *Death*, but only the fear of *Death*: therefore if we would live quietly, the Soul muſt be always ready. Shall I fear my end, when I know I muſt have an end? when I know that all things have their end? Shall I fear my laſt gaſp, that puts an end to all my Sighs? Why ſhould I fear to reſtore that which I received upon that condition? But you will ſay, it is a difficult thing to contemn *Death*. 'Tis *Death*, but to him that knows how to *Live*.

He that his hours on Vertue doth expend,
Neither doth wiſh for, nor yet fears his end.

We do not deny, but that there is ſomething terrible in *Death*; there we muſt learn, not to be afraid of it. No Man learns to be contented upon a Bed of Roſes, to ſit down at a Banquet; but this to be exerciſed, not to give way to Grief. He chearfully embraces *Death*, who has long compoſed himſelf to wait for it: And this is the greateſt Argument of a generous Mind, not to fear thy departure: For he knows whither he ſhall go, that remembers from whence he came. Such a perſon was *Theodoſius* the Emperour, of whom Saint *Ambroſe* was wont to ſay, *I loved the man, whom when he died, was more grieved for the ſtate of the Church, than for his own Condition.* Therefore do thou make it thy buſineſs not to fear *Death*.

Sect. 6. *An Example of the Contempt of Death.*

Nachetus the Governour of *Malaca* in *Judea*, being commanded to reſign his Authority, could not brook the Indignity, ignorant of true Honour and ſolid Vertue. Therefore making a Funeral Pile of *Lignum Aloes*, and other Odoriferous Woods, He ſpread a ſquare Scaffold, which he had erected, near to the Pile, with rich Tapeſtries and ſumptuous Carpets: Then he appeared himſelf upon the Scaffold, glittering in a Robe of Tiſſue, ſet with precious Stones, and diſcourſed to the People of his Actions, and the whole Courſe of his Life: And having declared the Kindneſſes which he had ſhewed the Captive *Pottugalls*, at a time of neceſſity; he moſt ſadly and bitterly complain'd of his being undeſervedly put by his Command: Then reproaching the Ingratitude of the *Portugalls*, (ſuch fatal Fury did his Ambition inſpire him with) he threw himſelf headlong into the burning Pile, a Contemner of *Death*.

Ælian relates a Contempt of *Death* not much unlike this. The end of *Calamus*, ſaith he, is worthy to be mentioned, if not to be admired. It was thus; When he had taken his leave of *Alexander*, the *Macedonians*, and a long life, he made him a Funeral Pile in the faireſt part of the Suburbs of *Babylon*, compoſed of Cedar, Cypreſs, Myrtle, Laurel, and other ſweet Wood; and having performed his uſual exerciſe of Running, he aſcended the Pile, and ſtood Crown'd upon the heap of Wood; the Sun whom he Ador'd, ſhining all the while. Which done, he gave the *Macedonians* a Sign to kindle the Pile: Which being now all of a light

a light Fire, *Calanus* wrapt up in Flames, ſtood ſtill unmov'd, till he fell as the heap fell, and expir'd in the midſt of the Aſhes. *Alexander*, admiring the Courage of the Man, is reported to have ſaid, *That* Calanus *had vanquiſh'd more Potent Enemies than he.* For *Alexander* had wag'd War with *Prous*, *Taxilus* and *Darius*; but *Calanus* with Labour and Death. Shall the vain Heathens ſhew ſo much Courage in Death, and Chriſtians, truſting in God, be afraid and tremble? Death is not an evil, but the fear of Death is an evil. Let us, I beſeech ye, examine things themſelves, and not the Nature of things. If we believe *Seneca*, Death is the beſt Invention of Nature, the Remedy of all Evils. Why therefore do we fear at laſt? Immortal Peace, Eternal Joy will entertain us. Let us take Courage from the deſpair of longer Life. Make that a Vertue, which would be neceſſity. Certainly a prudent Chriſtian does nothing unwillingly; he avoids all neceſſity, becauſe he wills what that would compel him to. Let us therefore do willingly, what we cannot but do. Let us with a contented Mind expect our end, or rather our beginning. He ſhall be always ſerene and calm in his Mind who contemns Death.

Sect. 7. *A Man ready to die.*

ZENO, the Critick, as *Suidas* relates, as he was going out of his Schoole, chanc'd to ſtumble, and hurt his Toe. But he believing himſelf call'd to the Grave, ſtrook the Ground with his Hand, adding theſe Words, *I come, Wherefore doſt thou call me?* Thus the old Man of Ninety Years of Age, died, without ever being Sick. Hunger was a great Friend to *Zeno*; for he frequently faſted till he fainted,

fainted. But willingly *Zeno* made himſelf ſo ſick, that he might not be ſick, and that he might enjoy a quiet old Age, free from Diſeaſes: Both he attained to according to his wiſh. Let us not wonder at the ſhortneſs of our Lives, nor the incertainty of our Health: For we waſt our Health, and our Lives, with Gluttony and Drinking, never thinking our ſelves ſatisfied, till our cramm'd Bellies be as hard as a Drum. Ridiculous, yea, Mad Men, we ſhorten our Lives by thoſe things, which ought to lengthen it. But that proceeds from this, becauſe we will not be perſwaded, that Abſtinence has ſo great a power to prolong Life. But daily experience tells us, that the ſaying is true; ſo much food as you ſpare, ſo many days you add. But to the Buſineſs.

Urſinus, the Prieſt, as St. *Gregory* witneſſes, being comforted, with a Celeſtial Viſion, in his Sleep, often cried out, *I come, I come, I return thanks*; and when he had declared to the ſtanders by what he had ſeen, he repeated the ſame Words, *I come, behold I come*; and with theſe Words in his Mouth he expired.

A Mind prepared for Death, thus ſpeaks, *I come behold I come.* 'Tis too late to layter here; we ſtrive in vain againſt the Stream; Nature is a Mother, not a Step-dame. Doſt thou accuſe Nature? O *Theophraſtus*, as if leſs favourable to Man than Beaſts, certainly ſhe intended more to him than to them: For which is beſt, to ſuffer quickly what thou art no more to fear, or to fear long what thou art ſlowly to endure? Nature gives a long torment to Man, when ſhe grants him a ſhort Life.

——*For always all Men muſt expect,*
Their Day perfix'd.——

What art thou then afraid of? Is thy Life tak'n from thee? Not only ſo; but alſo the fear of Death

and moſt Evils of Life. This is the general choice of moſt Men, rather to ſuffer quickly what we ought, than to continue long in fear and pain. There is little difference, ſaith the ſecond *Pliny*, between ſuffering and expecting Misfortunes. Only that there is a Meaſure of Fear and not of Grief: For thou mayſt bewail and grieve for what thou knoweſt has happened; thou feareſt what may happen.

Therefore, come *Death*, I am thy *Debtor*, I will pay what I owe, when ever God requires me. Therefore freely, willingly,

Will I the number of my days compleat,
And ſtraight ſurrender up my ſoul to fate.

Hoping to aſcend from the dark Grave to everlaſting Light. *Death* is not an Evil, but Puniſhment after *Death* is an Evil.

Sect. 8. *They fear Death, who foreſee it not.*

MOST certain it is, that nothing terrifies ſo much, as an unexpected neceſſity of dying. Behold how they, who are ſubject to the power of another, being commanded a long Journey, pack up their things in haſte, ſollicitous and ſad; how they murmur becauſe they had no longer warning. As they are upon their departure they often look back, pretending this and t'other Obſtacle. Now there is no longer Journey than *to Die*; no way more crabbed, more dark, more hard to find, none more ſuſpitious and infeſted with Robbers. Beſides there is no return again. Therefore we muſt the more heedfully take care that we leave nothing behind. There is a neceſſity of going thither, fellow Souldiers, ſaid the Roman Captain, from whence there

there is no neceſſity of returning. There is only one remedy, to anſwer being called, and to obey being commanded! Alas, How improvident are they, who never take care to provide for thy Journey? They take care to fare well, the reſt they commit to Fortune.

Smyndirides, that debauched young Man, was wont to brag, that in Twenty Years, he had not ſeen the Sun riſing or ſetting, being continually either a Bed or at his Riot. I fear one of you may find many like him among the Chriſtians, who make Gluttony, Playing, and Drinking, their greateſt Buſineſs. To theſe will happen, that which *Cicero*, in his Epiſtles, foretold to *Brutus*. Believe me, ſaith he, you will be ruined unleſs you provide well. Thus it will happen to all unwary People, that want fore-ſight. Foreſight is neceſſary in all things, eſpecially in thoſe things that are never to be done but once; where one miſtake draws a thouſand along with it. This is the Condition of *Death*, one Error cauſes a thouſand Miſtakes. To err once there, is to periſh eternally. O blind Mortals, it will happen to you, as it happens to them that ſhut their Eyes againſt their Enemies Swords, in a *Battle*, as if they were not to feel the danger which they ſee not. Ye ſhall be ſmitten, ye ſhall die, ye ſhall be ſenſible, and feel the ſtroke; but whether blind or ſeeing, that is at your choice. You refuſe to think upon Death which you muſt ſhortly think upon and feel. The ſufferance would ſoon follow when the Conſideration precedes.

Sect. 9. *They fear Death, who are negligent of Life.*

NEither is there any Queſtion to be made of this. They chiefly fear to die, who know not how to live; who believe no other Happineſs but that of the Body. Who only know how to eat well, drink well, and ſleep well, and place all their Heaven in pleaſure; perſons certainly moſt obedient, but to their Bellies, not to the Divine Will. Of whom St. *Gregory* truly ſaid, *They know not what the Celeſtial Souls deſire, who ſet their Hearts upon Earthly Delights.*

A prudent Chriſtian, that takes no more care of the Body than of a mean and abject Slave, looks upon Death no otherwiſe than a Morning departure out of a dark, unpleaſant and incommodious Inn. Whoever thou art thou canſt not fear thy Exit as of this Life, if thou hopeſt to enter into the other. Thy fear ariſes from hence. For though there are many cauſes vulgarly given of this fear; yet they all vaniſh upon the hopes of a more bleſſed Life. He who ſeriouſly aſpires to Heaven fears not theſe Baubles. To ſuch a Man, Labour, Sadneſs, Grief, Contempt, Ignominy, Loſs, Servitude, Poverty, Old Age, are nothing elſe but the School of Experience, the Time of Patience, and the Honour of Victory.

Sect. 10. *Three Things hardly ſupportable in Sickneſs.*

IN almoſt all Sickneſs three things are hardly ſupportable, *Fear of Death*, Pain of the Body, Diſcontinuance

continuance from Pleaſure. But as hot Diſeaſes are Cur'd by cold, cold by hot Medicines, ſo are they Cur'd by their own Antidotes. Therefore the fear of Death is to be Cur'd by Love, but by Divine Love; a little Doſe of Divine Love will diſpel the fumes of vain fear. He that loves Chriſt will the leſs love Life; and ſhall perceive the love of Chriſt to him.

———*By words alone this is not prov'd,*
Love, Marcus, *love if thou wouldſt be belov'd.*

Pain of the Body is to be aſſwag'd by tranquility of Conſcience. A guiltleſs Mind is a wonderful Conſolation to the Sick. And indeed a pure Conſcience is a potent remedy againſt all Torments. That alſo aſſwages pain, as St. *Gregory* intimates in theſe words. *More eaſily will the Sick Perſon endure pain, if he bear but this in his mind:*

The moſt Juſt God will have me ſuffer this.

But Diſcontinuance from Pleaſure, will nothing at all afflict him who thinks upon Eternal Joys. Thoſe which leave, are vain, ſhort, and filthy, and before they are forſaken frequently leave their admirers; thoſe which we promiſe our ſelves, Immenſe, Stable and Eternal. He eaſily contemns Fading Delights, who ſincerely hopes for Eternal.

Sect. 11. *Sickneſs the Sport of Vertue.*

THou art well ſmitten, if thy Conſcience be ſmitten. Sickneſs is the School of Vertue; it is alſo called a kind of Slaughter-houſe of Vice, whoever is ſick is a Scholar in this School. On the other ſide, Sickneſs is the Slaughter-houſe of Vertue to ſome, and the School of Vice; while they are well, they are mad. While they are well, they have

have a hundred Buſineſſes; the Buſineſs of God is their laſt care. How many are Chaſte, while they are Sick; when they recover they return to their former filthy Luſts. Such people would do better Sick, to whom health is ſo dangerous. Theſe therefore God tyes them to the Bed of Sickneſs, that they may be at leiſure to themſelves, and may mind their Salvation: Forſake Vanity and look after Heaven. Sickneſs intangles the Body in a thouſand Miſeries, but frees the Soul from as many. 'Tis the ſaying of St. *Paul*, *Though our outward Man periſh, yet the inward Man is renewed day by day.* Hence though Sickneſs ſeem evil, nay the worſt of Sufferings, it then becomes the beſt, when it renders the Sick Perſon more holy. Many when they feel the pain, correct the crime. A ſick Soul ſeldom inhabits but in a healthy Body. 2 *Cor.* 4. *v.* 16.

Sect. 12. *The Sickneſs of the Body is the Salvation of the Soul.*

SIckneſs exhorts to Parcimony; diſſwades from Luſt, and is the Miſtreſs of Modeſty. Do thou lay aſide all Care, whatever happens to the Body thou art ſafe, to the Mind be in health. For the ſickneſs of the Body has been of great advantage in many to the health of the Soul. That ſublime perſon rais'd from nothing, from the Water below, elevated to the Stars, who keeps the Keys of Heaven, whoſe only ſhadow expell'd the Diſtempers and Diſeaſes of the Body; being once ask'd why he ſuffer'd his own Daughter to lye under the Oppreſſion of a violent Diſeaſe? made anſwer, *It is convenient for her.* How knoweſt thou but that it may be as convenient for thee? The ſame Perſon, when

when he found his Daughter might be ſafely Cur'd, recover'd her, and made her fit to Cure others. Do thou alſo take care that thy health may do thee good, and perhaps thou ſhalt recover. Laſtly, take care of thy Soul above all things, and offer it up to the Heavenly Phyſician to be Cur'd. And as to what remains, hope if not for what is needful for, yet for what is convenient for thee. Sickneſs is a very unpleaſant Companion, but a faithful, which often pulls ye by the Sleeve, and admoniſhes thee of thy condition. A faithful Admoniſher is a moſt certain ſafeguard in danger. If the Sickneſs be remedileſs, be ſilent and rejoice, for that thou ſhalt be the ſooner free from a loathſom and ruinous Priſon. Moſt excellent was the ſaying of *Gregory Nazianzene*. A ſick Soul is near to God.

Sect. 13. *Sickneſs admoniſhes us of Eternity.*

HOW great a Benefit is this, that the Miſeries of this preſent Life, by a ſhort Experience ſhould admoniſh us of Eternity. Therefore let the ſick perſon labour to avoid infinite Miſeries, while ſo impatiently endures the Bitterneſſes here; let him learn by pains not long laſting to avoid pains Eternal, which neither Pothecary nor Phyſician, no Drug nor Herb, not Death it ſelf can Cure. There are ſeveral ways to Death; but, but one to Eternity.

Anaxagoras dying in a Foreign Countrey, when his Friends ask'd him, whether he would be carried back into his Countrey, *There is no neceſſity*, ſaid he, and added the reaſon, *for the way is wide enough every where to the Infernal Shades*. This anſwer may as well be fit thoſe who are Travelling

up

up to Heaven. O happy and profitable Flame of a Fever, becauſe ſhort! O dreadful Funeral Piles of Hell, becauſe Eternal.

Some Remedies are made out of ſome Poyſons, and oft-times a ſmall and preſent pain admoniſhes us to prevent the approach of Exceſſive pains that threaten to twinge us: And that which was troubleſome became profitable. Thus every Diſeaſe the more it perplexes and torments us, the more it admoniſhes us of Eternity, either in perpetual Joy or Miſery. Let the healthy take care, let the ſick be mindful whither they go. Pleaſure and Sorrow here are bounded within very narrow limits. All the Felicity of Mortals is Mortal; and within the ſame bounds are all Miſeries reſtrained.

For bright Eternity no limits knows.
So that, an Age of Time, a Tittle ſhows.

Sect. 14. *Therefore is Death to be deſir'd.*

I Have ſaid, Infirmity of Body is often to be deſired, to the end thou maiſt be the ſooner a Freeman and a Victor. This did he deſire who ſaid, *Moſt gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities. For my ſtrength is made perfect in weakneſs; therefore have I delectation in Infirmities.* 2 Cor. 12. v. 9, 10. As a good Sword may be often in a bad Scabbard, ſo in weak and ſickly Body oft-times lyes hid a ſtout and couragious Mind. That ſtrength is to be deſired which neither Time nor Fortune decays. A ſick perſon is not fit to carry Burthens, or for digging and delving, but to exerciſe his patience, and maintain and increaſe his Faith. So a Shipboard, the ſtronger Row, but the more prudent ſtand at the Helm.

Life

Life is like a Ship, toſſed with the Waves of Buſineſs, and the Sea of the World; it has its Oars, and its Helm. If thou canſt not perform the meaner Offices, apply thy ſelf to the more noble. The true and generous ſtrength of Man is in his Soul. The Body, the Soul's Houſe, how ſtrong or how weak it is, is nothing to a Gueſt of a few days: If the Houſe fall, there's a neceſſity of removing ſomewhere elſe; and being hence excluded, that neceſſity carries us unto a perpetual Manſion. Strength is perfected in weakneſs; ſo that although it ſeem ſo bad, yet is that evil ſo much the rather to be deſired, as being the prevention of a greater. The condition of moſt is then moſt proſperous, when moſt infirm and weak.

Sect. 15. *What is to be read in Sickneſs.*

Zeno the Son of *Demius*, having conſulted the Oracle to know how he might lead the beſt Life, had this anſwer given him. If he made himſelf of the ſame colour with the dead, that is, if he converſed with the dead. Or as *Suidas* expounds it, if he read the writings of the Ancients. To dwell among Books, being to live among the dead. And this familiarity with the dead is the beſt Life. But it is the ſame madneſs to lay before the Sick whole Libraries, and huge Volumes, as to ſet before them full Meals of Fleſh. A little Broth or a ſmall Sallet muſt ſerve them, ſo a little Book is enough for them for ſeveral Months: However ſtill ſomething is to be read to the Sick, if the Diſeaſe and Pain will give leave, but they are to be read as they eat. What they eat, they do not preſently ſwallow, but chew firſt. So what they read, they muſt not careleſly paſs over, but they are to conſi-

der,

der, and as it were to weigh every little ſentence. Otherwiſe to read is to neglect. But let the Sick Mans only Book be *Chriſt Crucified*. Let him read that Book continually, wherein he will find as many Comforts, as Words and Wounds.

Sect. 16. *In Sickneſs we are often to pray.*

SO I ſay we muſt always pray in ſickneſs. Neither is this a thing of any great difficulty to a ſick perſon. For either with his Tongue if he have ſtrength enough, may he pronounce his Prayers to God. Or if his Tongue be numm'd, or that his voice be intercepted by weakneſs, a ſuppliant Mind is to be lifted up to Heaven, while the Body lyes quiet, but only for ſome ardent groans that diſtinguiſh theſe private Colloquies with God in Sickneſs. But there is alſo a ſort of Sickneſs that does not only interrupt the voice, but even oppreſſes the very Soul it ſelf: But then Patience and Suffering are to be offered up for Prayers to God, to whom Pain is a grateful Sacrifice, ſo that Patience be joined with it. He prays well, who ſuffers well. Neither may he be ſaid to pray, but to obtain by Prayer of God, who ſends ſuch Eloquent Meſſengers to him as *Pain* and *Patience*. But let him be ſuch a ſick perſon, whoſe Speech may be interrupted, whoſe Mind may be broken, and whoſe Patience may be at a loſs. Yet there is a way for him to pray. Let him look about, he ſhall ſee ſome ſitting, ſome ſtanding by him, ready to help and aſſiſt him. How eaſie is it then to caſt in a word by the by; how eaſie is it for him to point or cry to his Friend, ſay this Prayer, read this Pſalm, or that Paragraph. Who ſo hard-hearted, as to deny ſo ſmall a Duty to the Sick? So

that

that when a ſick perſon cannot pray with his own, he may with anothers Lips. And therefore I repeat this again, *Pray always in Sickneſs.* We can never unſeaſonably have recourſe to God.

Sect. 17. *In Pain, and at other times, what is to be meditated upon, what to be done every day.*

A Man that truſts in God, though oppreſſed with Miſeries, and full of Pain, may rightly ſay this; while I breathe I hope, and ſo much always the better the nearer to my end I find my ſelf. *Seneca* has moſt excellently Philoſophized concerning pain. *No Man,* ſaith he, *can feel exceſſive pain and long; for thus has Nature moſt favourable to us ordered it, that pain ſhould be either tolerable or ſhort. For the intenſe exceſs of grief finds an end.* Therefore this is the Comfort of vaſt pain, that thou muſt of neceſſity ceaſe to feel it, if thou feeleſt it over-much. But this is that which troubles the unskilful in the pains of the Body: They are not content with their Souls alone, they have ſtill ſo much Buſineſs with the Body. And therefore O Sick Perſon, accuſtom thy ſelf by degrees to wean thy Soul from thy Body, and to converſe with thy better and more Divine part; but with thy Body, the frail and weak part no more than needs muſt. And though pain is ſeldom ſo conſtant but that it has ſome intermiſſion; therefore do not think that all Exerciſe of the Soul is to be omitted, when thou lyeſt ſick, when thou feeleſt pain. Above all things, take care that thy Morning Prayers, and thy Evening Examination of thy Conſcience, as much as in thee lyes, may make a due progreſs: If thy Tongue fail thee, let thy Mind

Mind pray. Never begin the Night, nor compoſe thy ſelf to ſleep, till thou haſt examined thy Conſcience: In the day-time when thy pain ceaſes or relaxes, take a good Book, and there read and weigh every Period; every Day ſet aſide a ſmall Hour for Prayer, pious Groans, and humble Ejaculations; ſo thou wilt believe thy ſelf to have pray'd an Hour in Heaven.

At the beginning and end of all thy Prayers, refer thy ſelf wholly to the will of God with a prepared Obedience. All which things are ſo far from difficulty, that a dying man may perform them, as well as he whoſe Pain is not ſo ſevere. If thou canſt not, or rather will not perform theſe Duties, yet for that one little Hour patiently endure thy Pains: Make not thy Miſery more intollerable than it is, nor burthen thy ſelf with Complaints. Pain is the Lighter of Opinion and Conceit, and not to the Weight. On the other ſide, if thou beginſt to exhort thy ſelf, and ſay, *'Tis nothing, or elſe it is very little, let us endure, it will be over by and by*; thou wilt make it eaſie while thou believ'ſt it ſo. Every Man is miſerable as far as he believes himſelf to be ſo.

Sect. 18. *We are of one Opinion in Health, of another in Sickneſs.*

Lacides the Philoſopher, when he had loſt the moſt of his Houſhold-Goods; *We diſpute*, ſaith he, *otherwiſe in the Schools than we live at home.* Thus the Healthy well ſuggeſt a thouſand Conſolations to the Sick: But where is that ſick perſon who is able to comfort himſelf. How like Glaſs is our Strength, crackt with the leaſt cruſh. We think our ſelves made of Braſs, when we are in health, and

and in a manner challenge pain; but when they come, we fly them, we fall, we lie down before any Conflict with the Enemy. We are Men, thou ſayſt, and dying Bodies are not able to endure the force of Pain, I deny not but that Humane Bodies are frail, yet not ſo infirm, but that they have ſtrength enough to endure any Affliction; unleſs the Mind be weaker than the Body: 'Tis our ſoftneſs that cauſes ſo many Deſerters of Courage, while they refuſe all Extremities as intollerable: But Courage dies, if you take away the Subject of it, which is, Difficulty.

Sect. 19. *Pious Ejaculations to God in all Sickneſs and Infirmity.*

O *Lord, my Strength, my Power and Refuge in time of Trouble,* Jer. 16. v. 19.

It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good, 1 Sam. 3. v. 18.

O Father, Let Job *be well tried, becauſe he hath anſwered for wicked men,* Job 34. v. 36.

Before I was troubled, I went wrong; but now have I kept thy Word, Pſalm 119.

Therefore have I delectation in Infirmities, in Rebukes, in Neceſſity, in Perſecutions, in Anguiſhes, for Chriſt's ſake; for when I am weak, then am I ſtrong. 2 Cor. 12. 10.

And now, O Lord, deal with me according to thy will, and command my Spirit to be received in peace. Tobias, c. 3. v. 6.

Sect.

Sect. 20. *Certain Vices of Sick-people.*

FIrſt, To liſten after Curioſities, News and Trifles.

2. Not to give Ear to the Admonitions of *Death.*

3. To complain of thoſe that look after them.

4. To refuſe their Dyet as ill dreſt.

5. To find fault with the Bed, as ill made.

6. To believe they are not well lookt after, and therefore to murmur and be angry.

7. Seldom to diſcourſe of God and divine things.

8. Not to be reſign'd in all things, and ſubmiſſive to the will of God.

9. To believe ſome things intollerable, and not digeſt all things with a Chriſtian Patience.

Now I would fain know of thee, O ſick Man, what concerns it thee, what is tranſacted in *Germany*, *France*, *Italy*, or *Spain*? Do thou rather enquire what is done in Heaven among the Saints? Or what is done in Hell, among the Curſed. Let the dead bury the dead. Do thou only mind thy Salvation; that's the onely one thing neceſſary. What haſt thou to do with News and falſe Reports? Thou doſt not profit thy ſelf thereby, but offend others. Why art thou angry with thoſe that mind thee of the approaching danger? Know 'em, they are the Heralds of *Death.* I beſeech thee do not imitate thoſe old Men, many of which perhaps thou haſt known, to whom it was death to hear any one diſcourſing of *Death.* Haſt thou not hitherto profited more then ſo childiſhly to fear *Death*? Haſt thou not learnt in ſo many years calmly, quietly, and undiſturbedly to die? What art thou afraid of? Commit thy ſelf entirely to the wil of God, and

thy buſineſs is almoſt done. If thou wilt believe thoſe who have had a large proſpect into Truth; *All life is a puniſhment.*

Here I ſeaſonably cite to thee the words of the wiſe *Roman*: *Being thrown*, ſaith he, *into this deep and unquiet Sea, flowing with uncertain Tydes, now advancing us with ſudden encreaſe of Riches, now again leaving us upon the barren Sands of greater Loſſes, we can never ſtand fixt in any place.* We float up and down, are waſht one againſt another, and ſometimes we make an abſolute Shipwrack, but are always in fear. Neither is there any Port, but that of *Death*, to them that ſail in this ſtormy and tempeſtuous Ocean.

But every Mans Credulity deceives him, and a willing forgetfulneſs of *Death*, for the ſake of thoſe things which he loves. Daily we behold the Funerals of perſons known and unknown, yet we mind other buſineſs, and account that unexpected, which was foretold us all our life-time before. 'Tis not the injuſtice of Nature, but the depravedneſs of humane Reaſon that takes it ill to forſake that place, to which it was admitted but of Courteſie. He is unjuſt who will not leave the diſpoſal of the Gift to him that gave it. And an extream piece of Covetouſneſs it is, not to look upon what a man has received as gain, but what he reſtores as a loſs. Ingrateful is he that calls the end of Pleaſure an Injury. A Fool, who thinks there is no good but what is preſent; immediately all pleaſure leaves us, and is ſnatcht away almoſt before it comes. Over-narrow and circumſcrib'd are his Joys, who thinks he poſſeſſes only what he has and ſees. Therefore let us rejoyce for what is given, and reſtore it when 'tis requir'd *Death* ſeiſes upon one at one time, he will paſs by none. Therefore let the Soul lie upon the watch, and never be afraid of that which

which will neceſſarily happen, which is uncertain, and always to be expected. I know not whether it be a greater piece of Folly to be ignorant of that Law of Morality, or more impudent to deny it. All Men, all Creatures look toward their latter end; who ever is born, is deſtin'd to die, and prepared for an Eternity.

Sect. 21. *Certain* Theſes *which the Sick are to contend againſt with all their might.*

The firſt, *Concerning God.*

'Tis an Impiety againſt God, the chief Parent of the World, to complain in the leaſt, as if he ſhould ſend a Sickneſs either too troubleſome, or too unſeaſonable. Rather let us ſay with *Job*, As the Lord pleaſes, let it be done; the Name of the Lord be praiſed. And with the bleſſed Quire, let us ſing, He hath juſtly done all things; For whether God wound or heal, he ſhews the Care and Affection of a moſt compaſſionate Father towards us.

The ſecond, *Concerning the ſick Party himſelf.*

A more violent Diſeaſe requires not longer or more conſtant Prayers, but a longer and more conſtant Patience; by which whatever is accounted difficult, is more eaſily performed. The ſeaſonings that make Sickneſs pleaſant, are frequent Groans to Heaven, the remembrance of Afflictions ſuffered by all the Saints. Repeated Ejaculations, ſometimes to the Holy Trinity, ſometimes to Chriſt for conſtant

ſtant Patience, and a happy paſſage out of this Life.

The Third,
Concerning other Men.

We are to ſubmit as well to the Phyſicians of the Body, as the Soul. To thoſe that come to viſit us in Sickneſs, we are to ſhew a good Example of Patience and a compoſed Mind. And though the Diſeaſe be grievous, though many things afflict us, though ſome things diſpleaſe us, other things are not done to our minds, never to fret and murmur. All our Troubles are to be ſeaſon'd with the hope of Reward. Our Deeds and Sayings to be rendred commendable by Submiſſion and Patience.

Sect. 22. *The Thirſt of a Sick-man, how to be cur'd.*

MOſt ſick People are afflicted with Thirſt, eſpecially they that are in Feavers. We will ſhew them Fountains, whence they may take their fill.

A Thief notorious for the murther of ſeveral, was taken in the lower *Auſtria*, and faſtned to the Wheel, where his Thighs were firſt broken, to prolong the Torment of an extraordinary Criminal, for a terrour to others. But this Malefactor ſhew'd himſelf a man, and began to be a moſt Religious Chriſtian in the midſt of his Torments; for at every word, he breath'd out nothing but Patience and Repentance. He called upon God continually, implor'd Pardon for his Crimes, and like a Preacher, began to dehort the Standers by from wicked Courſes, ſuch as he had taken. By this it grew to-

wards

wards Evening, when the Multitude flockt, some as Comforters of so great a Sufferer; though indeed only as Spectators of a generous Patience. For he proſtrate to his Puniſhment, that he might find a better Life, aſſwag'd his preſent Pain with the Hope of future Happineſs; and gave God thanks, who in his Wrath had remembered Mercy, and had chaſtiz'd him to ſpare him. But in that ſlow Torment, which it was thought would have laſted three days, he only pray'd a quick Death to end the Fury of his Pains, or the opportunity of a Shower to aſſwage his burning Heat and Drought. It was obſerv'd that he had the Aſſiſtance of both; for towards Sun-ſet there fell a plentiful Shower, and in ſhort, while after his Torments and his Life ended both together.

Behold, O Chriſtian, thou haſt alſo thy Wheel, though a more gentle one; thou art ty'd to thy Bed as to that Wheel: And perhaps not only Pain but Drought may afflict thee. Therefore that a ſeaſonable Shower may fall upon thee, cauſe thy Bed to be made in *Golgotha*, at the foot of that Croſs, to which the Saviour of the World was nail'd, from whoſe Body fell Showers of Blood. There drink, there refreſh thy ſelf, there ſatisfie thy ſelf; being well aſſured that thou ſhalt be the more perfectly cured, the more largely thou drinkeſt.

Sect. 23. *The Sick-man's Handkerchief.*

Roſildis the Queen of the *Franks*, as *Gregory Turonicus* reports, being cruelly uſed by *Amalanc* her Husband, ſent a white linnen Cloth dipt in her Blood, to her Brother *Childebert*, as much as if ſhe ſhould have wrote to her Brother, and have ſayd, Seeſt thou theſe Marks, *Childebert*, and canſt

thou brook them? Canſt thou behold the Sufferings of a Siſter and wink at them? Wilt thou not revenge and defend me.

Behold, O Sick-man, Chriſt ſends thee a Handkerchief, nay two; the one from Mount *Olivet*, liberally dyed in his Blood; in the other, thou ſeeſt his Face beſmear'd with Sweat, Spittle, Blood, and Tears, while he dragg'd his own Croſs to *Golgotha*. Theſe linnen Cloaths Chriſt ſends to thee be-purll'd with his Blood, wherein he has wrote theſe words; *This Sweat, O mortals, your Sins forced from me: Can you ſee theſe and not abandon your former wicked life? Certainly no perſon more truly bewails ſuffering Chriſt, than he who begins to hate thoſe things for which Chriſt ſuffered.*

Sect. 24. *The Sick man's Bed.*

THE Sick-mans Bed burns, though upon *Sardanapalus*'s Down, or the Roſes of *Smyrdyrides*, is, may be ſoft. *Smyndirides* a young man, famous for his Effeminacy, finding that the tender Feathers hurt his Skin, would needs try whether he could lie any ſofter upon a Bed of Roſes, and yet that fragrant and ſoft Lodging was too hard for his delicate and tender Sides, becauſe the Feathers had wheal'd his Skin the Night before.

A Sick-man, though he lay upon Hare's-wool, or Partridge Feathers, would think he lay hard. But he is to be pardon'd, his Pains cauſe him to complain. But we can ſhew you Beds much more uneaſie. *Laurence* the Martyr, had a beginning Gridiron for his Bed After him *Vincentius* the Martyr, and many others. This was a hard and uneaſie Bed indeed, yet Love made it ſoft and eaſie.

The *Perſians* formerly inflicted a moſt ſevere

Puniſh-

Puniſhment upon the *Perſians*, which was called *Scaphiſmus*, ; for the *Chriſtian* that was to be tormented, was layd upon his Back between two hollow pieces of Wood, with his Head, Hands and Feet out: For his Food, he had Honey and Milk, poured into his Mouth againſt his will. Thus in the Day-time he was expoſed to the heat of the Sun, with his Eye-lids diſtended upward and downward. His Head, Hands and Feet were alſo at the ſame time anointed with Honey, which brought infinite ſwarms of Flies and Waſps to feed upon his bare Fleſh, ſo that the Corruption extending to the encloſed parts, engendred Worms; which together with the Flies and Waſps made a tedious Banquet upon his miſerable Carcaſe. And this Torment was the Martyr forced to endure, ſometimes fifteen, ſometimes ſeventeen, and ſometimes more Days together. Conſider this Bed, O Sick man; this miſerable and tormenting Lodging of a ſuffering Martyr; How gentle are thy Pains to his! How ſoft is thy Bed to this! How is thy Diſeaſe a matter of nothing to theſe Torments! Be ſilent therefore, and preſerve thy Patience. He that is a Companion of the Croſs, ſhall be a Companion of Paradiſe. It was an excellent Saying of the bleſſed *Salvianus*; *To me it ſeems to be a kind of health, for a man to be only ſometimes in health.*

Sect. 25. *The Garden of Chriſt is the delight of a Sick-man.*

When Jeſus had ſpoken theſe words, he went forth with his Diſciples over the Brook Kedron, *where was a Garden, into which he entred and his Diſciples,* John 18. v. 1. Enter this Garden, O Sick-man, all the Saints invite thee: Here ſhalt thou hear things

to be admir'd, and ſee things more wonderful. In this Garden, Joy it ſelf began to grow ſad. *My Soul is exceeding heavy, even to death, tarry ye here and watch.* I beſeech thee, let theſe words concern thee, O ſick Man. Tarry here a while, and watch with thy Lord. *The Spirit is ready, but the Fleſh is frail. O Father, if thou wilt, remove this Cup from me, nevertheleſs, not my will, but thine be done.* Yet the third time he reiterates this Prayer. *Father if this Cup cannot paſs from me unleſs I drink it, thy will be done.* In theſe ſtreights, O Chriſt, there is no Man living that can mitigate the leaſt of thy pains: None that can ſupply thy place, that can give the leaſt word of Conſolation to thy Sorrows. Thy chiefeſt Friends forſake, thy Diſciples more forward in their Tongues than Hearts, renounce thee; a little before prepar'd to be bound and die with thee, anon ſeeking which way to ſave themſelves by flight. Only thou alone, O Chriſt, watcheſt, prayeſt; thou doſt both labour and ſweat. O happy Garden, be-purpled by thy Lord, and ſtudded as it were, with the ſtarry drops of his Blood. Thou heardſt thoſe groans and ſobs, thoſe ſighs intermix'd with Tears, thoſe Prayers interrupted with deadly Moans; privy to the Sorrows that overwhelmed Chriſt, to the Sleep, that ſeized his Diſciples. Others talk of the Gardens of *Adonis* and *Alcinous*; they were Trifles, wild Fields overgrown with Brambles, compared to thee. The *Elyſian* Fields are nothing in reſpect of thy Dignity. Nor ſhould I err, to ſay, thou wert a Paradiſe more happy than the firſt. O happy Earth, that drankeſt the Blood of thy Lord, on which before ne're fell ſo precious a Dew. But, Oh Earth, didſt not thou bluſh to be preſt with ſo Sacred a weight; to be ſprinkled with ſo noble a Liquor. Yes certainly, thou didſt begin to bluſh, be-

be-scarleted with that most precious Vermillion, when the new Gardener had watered thee with his Distilling Purple. From this Gardener let the sick Man learn to pray. In this Garden to gather Posies, is to join together several Acts of Patience.

Sect. 26. *Christ's Bed among the Olives.*

THere is no more effectual Comfort to a sick Man than that Bed of Christ in the Shades of *Olivet*. But Oh! 'tis very hard and full of pain. Behold and attend. No sooner was Christ entered into the Garden, but he began to fear, look pale, be troubled, groan, display his sadness, confess his heaviness, betray his Anguish in his Countenance, to desire Companions in his watching and his prayers, often to go and return to and fro from his Company, yet no comfort or quiet could he find. And then behold again how he falls upon his Knees, how he intreats the wrathful Father, how he interrupts his words with sighs, and begs that the Cup may be removed, yet not desiring his own, but the will of the Father to be done. How he wiped off the trickling Sweat from his bloody Cheeks. In this Fatal Bed of Earth, O Spectacle to be bewailed of Men! Even to be lamented by the Angels themselves. *And his Sweat was like drops of Blood trickling down to the ground.* Thus Christ wept and lamented with his whole Body; the Tears and those bloody ones burst forth every where. Such haste did the Divine Love make to our Salvation, that by Bands seemed to him to be delayed, the Scourge and Pillar to be tardy, and the Thorns and Nails to tarry too long; the very Cross it self

Luke 22. v. 44.

ſeemed to be deferred. So God loved the World. O immenſe Love, for the fulfilling whereof, one Death was [illegible]ough, which before Death, cauſed Life it ſelf to die; ſo that the moſt Loving Jeſus, was conſtrained to periſh Limb by Limb, to conſume Drop by Drop, and by the ſlow diſtilling of his *Blood* to breath out his Soul ſeveral ways: And yet he loved more, than he ſuffered; and more he deſired to endure, than Humane Nature was able to bear. Death ſeemed to him the ſlighteſt of his Puniſhments, nor was it enough for him to die once in *Golgotha*, unleſs he had died before in *Gethſeman*. It had been a ſmall thing for him to have expired between Thieves, had he not reaked before with bloody Sweat, to ſhew how he had been Scourged. O Chriſt! As yet the *Roman* Executioner does not appear, the hooked Wyre does not yet tear thy Fleſh. The great Nails are not yet driven through thy Hands and Feet, and yet already ſuch plentiful Fountains of *Blood* flow from thee. What will become of thee to Morrow, when thy whole *Body* ſhall be but one Pool, one continued Wound? To day only Rivers, to Morrow Seas of *Blood* will flow, and this little Bed among the Olives will ſeem ſoft in reſpect of that cruel and ſevere Lodging upon the Croſs.

In either of theſe, O my ſick Friend, lay thy ſelf down, and thou wilt preſently feel eaſe from all thy pains. Thou wilt eaſily bear thy own, when thou conſidereſt the Torments of thy Lord.

Sect. 27. *The Conſent and Harmony of Humane with Divine Will.*

AS there is nothing more eaſie for the healthy, for the ſick, or for dying perſons to do, ſo there is nothing more profitable than to will what God will. This is to be practiſed Day and Night, Morning, Noon and Evening perpetually, conſtantly, by Sick and Healthy, and by all Men. *Epictetus* was a moſt wiſe Doctor in this, by the bare inſtructions of Nature. *I think that better*, ſaith he, *what God will have done, than what I my ſelf. I wait upon him as a Servant; I deſire what he deſires; I wiſh for what he wiſhes. Whatever his will is that is mine.* And that he may ſhew the manner how, in all Humane Affairs the will of God is to be followed, adding this Moreover. *Always*, ſaith he, *I chuſe to will that which is done. For whatever is done (ſin excepted) is done by the will of God.* For which reaſon this moſt wiſe Philoſopher admoniſhing every Man; never require that thoſe things which are done, ſhould be done according to thy Diſpoſal. But if thou art wiſe, be content that things are done as they are. He that accommodates himſelf to neceſſity is wiſe, and is privy to the Humane Myſteries.

Epictetus diſcourſing more affirmatively of conforming the will of Man to the Divine Will; *I ſhould deſire*, ſaith he, *to be ſeized by death, employed in no other buſineſs than in curing my will, that being free from trouble and impediment I might ſay to God, Have I ever violated thy Precepts? Have I miſapplied the parts which thou gaveſt me? Have I ever accuſed thee? Have I ever found fault with thy Government? I fell ſick becauſe it was thy will. Others fell ſick,*

but I willingly. It was thy will, I ſhould be poor, I was content. I never was in command, becauſe it was thy Will. I never for that reaſon coveted or ſought after Honour. Didſt thou ever ſee me the ſadder for this? Did I ever approach thee with a Countenance chearful? Prepared to obey whatever thou commandeſt. Wouldeſt thou have me abandon the Gaiety of Maſks? I am gon. And I return thee moſt hearty thanks that thou wilt be pleaſed to admit me to thy Enterludes, to behold thy Works, and underſtand thy manner and order of Government. Let ſuch a Death as this ſeize upon me, either Thinking, Writing or Reading.

O Heavens! How like a Chriſtian, how like a Wiſe Man, how like a Divine Perſon! What do we do, O Chriſtians? What ſhame poſſeſſes us if we bluſh not at theſe things? We are Brute Beaſts, yea, Stones and Rocks, if our Sences return not to us, upon this bright and reſplendent Information of Nature. But let the Rebels to Divine Will hearken; let them hear and anſwer to *Epictetus*, requiring from them nothing but what is iuſt. *Shew me*, ſaith he, *any one who is ſick and happy, in danger and happy; that dies and is bleſſed. Shew me, ſaith he, a Mind that is of Gods Mind, one that never accuſes God nor Men, finds fault with nothing that befalls him, who is in wrath with no Man, who envies no Man; then ſhew me the perſon, who of a Man deſires to become a God.* Certainly it may be done by this Conjunction of wills. Therefore let not the ſick perſon refuſe to be wiſe with the ſame *Epictetus*: And let him ſay, Carry me, O God, and thy Divine Will, whither I am by thee appointed. For I will follow cheerfully. For if I obſtinately and wickedly hang back, I ſhall be compelled to follow. Therefore if it be the will of God, let it be done.

Therefore let us in all things, in Sickneſs, in Death,

Death, submit to the Will of God; or let us confess our Antipathy and Aversion against all that is good and right: He desires to be wicked, who for the nonce refused to be good.

Sect. 28. *Despair to be prevented.*

THere is nothing more dangerous than despair, nor can the Enemy of Salvation find out any thing worse for Man. For all other things are mitigated by their own Cures. This is the chiefest and the last of Mischiefs, so that when it oppresses the Departing Soul, there is no room for any remedy. Therefore is it always, especially in the end, more vehemently to be withstood, because it then presses on with greater force, and there is no delaying such Councils as are fit to be taken for thy Salvation. The neglect of the last Hour is altogether irreparable. He shall never rise again, whose fall is deadly there. Therefore at length awake, O sick Man; 'tis better never wake till the Evening. What is ill delayed, is worse omitted. Lift up thy Eyes to Heaven; the Breast of thy Crucified Lord is always open, his Embraces always expanded; his Wounds always prepared to health. Neither is there any necessity of long Prayers. Repent that thou hast been in an Error, and thy desire possibly is granted Say from thy Heart, *I have sinned.* Thou maist hope God is propitious to thee. Promise amendment; and thou maist obtain pardon. There is no sin of Man so great, but the Mercy of God is above it.

Hope for this; *Hope maketh not ashamed.* Cor. 5. v. 5. *The Lord is loving unto every Man; and his Mercy is over all his Works.* Psal. 145. Isa 50. v. 2. Here the Lord himself *Is*

my

my hand ſhortened, that it might not help? or have I not power to deliver?

But we are for the moſt part altogether deceived: Fervent in ſin; after ſin committed, cold; We exult in ſin, deſpair when we remember our ſins. Many ſin out of hopes of pardon. Both bad, but this latter far worſe. Therefore caſt away that fatal burthen of ſin: There is one, who being ſought to, will take it from thy Shoulders, who has taken greater burthens from others; to whom there is nothing hard or difficult. Only do thou make no delay. And though there be no excuſe for a ſlothful delay; yet a late amendment is not without commendation. It is better to repent late than never. Therefore take to thy ſelf Courage and Breath; a few Tears will extinguiſh the Flames of Hell. An humble and a contrite Heart God will not deſpiſe.

Sect. 29. *The hope of better Life mitigates our Miſeries.*

WIth *Seneca*, I demand of thee, O my ſick Friend, why doſt thou wonder at thy Miſeries? Thou art Born therefore, that thou ſhouldſt loſe, that thou ſhouldſt periſh, that thou ſhouldſt hope, that thou ſhouldſt fear, that thou ſhouldſt diſquiet others and thy ſelf too, that thou ſhouldſt fear and wiſh for death, and which is more, that thou ſhouldſt never know thy condition, nor when thou wert ſafe. Beſides that every thing of future is uncertain, only that we are certain to decay for the worſe; the Journey to Heaven is more eaſie, when we have diſmiſſed our Thoughts from worldly Converſation. For ſo they become lighter and freer from Dregs. Great Ge-

nius's

nius's never covet a long ſtay in the Body, they long to be gone; they hardly brook theſe narrow, they deſire to wander through ſublimity, and take a proſpect from above of things below. Therefore it is that *Plato* cries out, The Soul of a wiſe Man always leans towards Death. This it deſires, this it meditates upon, covetous of higher Objects. And how clear is that of *Plato*, concerning a better Life? *He*, ſaith he, *that ſpends his Life in the ſtudy of Wiſdom, ſeems to be the perſon who will die with confidence, full of good hope, that he ſhall obtain great rewards, if he die.* This the Ancients ſaw in the dark; and thou canſt not ſee it by the light of the Sun. What then, my ſick Friend, do the things of the Earth trouble thee? Shortly thou ſhalt inhabit Heaven. Thither aſpire, and whatever miſeries thou feeleſt, thou wilt feel them the leſs.

Sect. 30. *True Hope is a Bleſſed Life.*

I Do not for this make uſe of either Poets or Philoſophers. 'Tis a ſerious thing. I will drink to thee out of the Fountain of Divine Eloquence. Therefore lay aſide thy ſadneſs, and with a certain hope, ſay with the Doctor of the World,

I know whom I have believed, and I am perſwaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him againſt that day. 2 Tim. 1. 12.

Wherefore art thou afraid, O Man, of ſhort hope? hear the Son of *Syras*, *Who feareth the Lord, ſtandeth in awe of no Man, and is not afraid, for the Lord is his hope and ſtrength. Bleſſed is the Soul of him that feareth the Lord; in whom putteth he his truſt, and who is his ſtrength? The Eyes of the Lord have reſpect unto them that love him, he is their mighty protection* Ecc. 34. v. 14, &c.

and

and ſtrong ground, a defence for the health, a refuge for the hot of noon day, a ſuccour for ſtumbling, and a help for falling. He ſetteth up the Soul, and lighteneth the Eyes; he giveth health, life, and bleſſing. The Kingly Prophet how Couragious is he. how undaunted, having a proſpect of his own Funeral. *I will lay me down in peace, and take my reſt; for it is thou Lord only that makeſt me dwell in ſafety.* What that ſafety is, he expreſſes in another place. *For thou haſt been my hope, and a ſtrong Tower for me againſt the Enemy. I will dwell in thy Tabernacle for ever; and my truſt ſhall be under the covering of thy wings.* But thou wilt ſay, my Impatience makes me hope ill: Here I will help thee again: Cry with David, *Thou art my hope, even from my youth.* Frequently this King cry'd out. *God is my Salvation, God is my Hope*; and alſo exhorts others to do the ſame: *Truſt in him, O ye people, pour out your hearts before him.* Wherefore doſt thou not follow him that goes crying ſo loudly before thee? Say therefore from thy Soul, *O think upon thy Servant according to thy word, wherein thou haſt cauſed me to put my truſt:* The ſame is my Comfort in my Trouble. And with *Jeremy* the Prophet. *I nevertheleſs obediently followed thee as a Shepherd, and have not taken this Office upon me uncalled. Thou knoweſt it well. Be not thou terrible unto me, O Lord. For thou art he in whom I hope, when I am in peril.* Hear him in another place. *Leave off from weeping and crying, with-hold thine Eyes from Tears, for thy labour ſhall be rewarded,* &c. *Job* is moſt confident in this.

Pſal. 4. v. 9.

Pſal. 61. v. 3, 4.

Pſal. 61. v. 4.

Pſal. 119

Jer. 17. v. 16, 17.

31. 16.

this. *Though he ſlay me I will truſt in him.* Job 13. 15.
The ſame he utters upon the brink of Death. *After darkneſs I hope for light.*
Was there ever, ſaith the Son of *Syrach, any one confounded that put his truſt in the Lord? Whoever continu'd in his fear and was forſaken? Or whoever did he deſpiſe that called faithfully upon him? For God is Gracious and Merciful. He forgiveth ſins in the time of Trouble, and is a defender of all that ſeek him in the Truth.* And *Hoſea, Therefore hope ſtill in thy God; for, whoever put their truſt in God, are not overcome;* Beſides, *That the Lord is good unto them that put their truſt in him, and to the Soul that ſeeketh after him. The good Man with ſtilneſs and patience expecteth the health of the Lord. Truly,* ſaith *Nahum, the Lord is Gracious, and a ſtrong hold in the day of Tribulation, and knoweth them that truſt in him. And we alſo know,* ſaith St. *John, that when he ſhall appear we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is. And every Man that has this hope in him, purgeth himſelf, even as he is alſo pure. Hope therefore moſt firmly in the Goodneſs of God, and thou ſhalt walk before the Lord in the Land of the Living.*
C. 12. 6. 1 Mac. 2. 61. Lam. 3. 25, 26. 1 John 3. 2. Pſ. 116. v. 9.

Sect. 31. *Tranquility proceeds from true Hope.*

TUrn again, O my Soul into thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee. Art thou wearied with ſo many ſorts of Labour; behold, the Lord is at hand, and he will put an end to all thy Labours. The beginning of thy reſt is Sickneſs and Death.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe therefore, O my Soul, to be willing to be miſerable, and to conſume thy ſelf with ſo much turmoiling. Painful Beginnings thou wilt ſay. 'Tis very true. But thou knowſt that no days are leſs quiet than thoſe that are next to reſt. No days leſs Holidays than thoſe that precede Feſtivals. So it is with thee. But thy reſt ſhall be Eternal. The preparation tires thee, ſhortly the Paſchal without end ſhall follow. Go to then, and expend a little Labour and Grief. By and by thou ſhalt behold the Gate, not that which leads out of this Life; but that which leads to Eternity. Then hadſt thou but begun to labour, it would prove ſufficient, if he for whom thou laboureſt think it ſo. Therefore, O my Soul, diſmiſs vain things to vain people, and turn thee to the Lord who hath rewarded thee. His Mercies toward thee hath been innumerable; thou maiſt ſooner number the Sand of the Sea than them; by which he deſigns to open thee the way to Heaven. *Bernardus Clarevallenſis* recommended this particularly to his Friends, to caſt the Anchor of their hope in the ſafe Bay of Divine Mercy. Therefore let that Verſe of the Pſal-

Pſal. 31. 1, miſt. *In thee, O Lord have I put my truſt, let me never be put to confuſion.*

Sect. 32. *Comfort in Pain.*

Job 6. 10. *THen ſhou'd I have ſome comfort, yea I would deſire him in my pain that he would not ſpare, for I will not deny the words of the Holy One.* With this Comfort therefore while my pains do burn me, I will warm my Zeal, and recollect my Courage, when the Exceſs of my Torments ſhall bring me certain hope of Death. For I know that while the pains as it

were

were of Childbirth Crucifie me, the Reſt and Tranquility of another Life is preparing for me; and that the Mercy of God ſhines over me, either inflicting Death, or defending my Life. Therefore let not God be delayed through any commiſeration of me. For if I die, I ſhall eſcape free and ſecure from my Sins, nor ſhall I ever any more reſiſt the will of God, as one that has left this Life, and the Inconſtancy of Mortals. Yet I am very much afraid of my weakneſs, leſt I ſhould faint in the right road, and in my holy purpoſe. Seeing then that hitherto, through the Mercy and Grace of God, I have remained ſtedfaſt in the truth, I would not depart from the Innocency of my Life, though I have a firm hope, that it will never be that I ſhall contradict the will of God, but rather that I may be always able to attend and wait upon it: Which when God ſhall be pleaſed to fulfil in me, I am ſo far from praying againſt it, that I ſhall rather eſteem it as a great favour. For when I ought to endeavour to be holy, there is nothing which I can receive at the hands of the moſt holy and pure of Spirits, God, that can be harmful, if not rather profitable for me. Come then pains and exerciſe my patience, as God has given ye leave. To begin to die, and not to be in pain, ſcarce happens to any Man. Through pains we paſs to Death. That is the high road. A little while we muſt be in pain, that we may not be in pain to Eternity.

Sect. 33. *Patience mitigates all pains.*

PAin is a ſharp, cruel, horrid, ſad, bitter thing, contrary to Nature, hateful to the Senſes, yet which by the aſſiſtance of our Age may be mitigated, or elſe little or nothing felt. He that in this Com-

Combat unwillingly turns his Back, but makes a reſiſtance cordially and with all his might, is always Superior, always gets the Victory. Why, O Clay, doſt thou murmur againſt the Potter? He deſigned from Eternity one Veſſel for Honour, another for Diſhonour, another for another uſe, yet all Brittle and Mortal. Wherefore then doſt thou repine? Complaints and Repinings are but an addition and increaſe of the Diſtemper. For nothing ſo much exaſperates the heat of a Wound, as the impatience of enduring the pain. All repining turns to its own Torment. Thus while the wild Beaſt moves the ſnare he is taken. Thus while the affrighted Birds diſorder the Lime-twig, they hang by the Feathers. There is no Yoke ſo ſtrait that does not leſs hurt him that bears it willingly than him that reſiſts. There is but one mitigation of terrible pains, which is to ſuffer, and ſubmit to neceſſity. Wherefore then doſt thou add a Diſeaſe of mind to ſickneſs of Body? Making thy ſelf more miſerable by murmuring, and provoking him the more thereby, who beholds the Sufferings of Men from above, and conſiders their Patience, with a deſign to reward it.

But the ſick Man objects; thou canſt not make me not to feel what I feel. My tender ſick Friend, if no where elſe, at leaſt ſuffer patience to inhabit in thy Ears. I do not deny pain to be pain, but I ſay it may be leſſened by patience. Which if it take not away all ſence of pain, yet it gives thee the Victory over pain, while thou haſt ſtrength to endure it manfully. Therefore the Mind is to be rouſed up, to be armed and embattelled againſt its Enemies. An unprepared and impatient mind is dejected at the leaſt Misfortunes; like a Coward, that upon the ſight of the Enemy throws away his Arms and flies; thus the thought of pain Exani-

mates

mates a ſluggiſh mind, which had it held but out the Buckler of Patience had proved a Victor over pain. Patience not only augments the Courage of the Mind, but mitigates the ſharpneſs of the pain. So that if it be never ſo violent, however begin then to hope: Exceſs of pain promiſes an end. For extremity of Grief is the beginning of Joy. This is the Law of Contraries; the one ariſes from the concluſion of the other.

But are we not aſhamed that ſo many Chriſtian Boys and Girls have joyfully endured what we Men could not bear without weeping and complaints?

Why trembleſt thou? Reſume thy Courage; hope in God, the end is at hand. The pains are terrible but ſhort. And it is a Noble thing for a true Chriſtian, neither to give way to pleaſure nor to pain.

Sect. 34. *An Example of Patience in a Beggar.*

BEhold, I beſeech thee, lying at the Pool of *Betheſda*, a *Beggar*; a *Beggar* do I ſay? Yea a diſeaſed *Beggar*. Alas, Poverty it ſelf is a diſeaſe long and tedious enough. If pain of the *Body* attend it, the evil is redoubled, which cannot be endured but by a double portion of patience, as in this Paralytic. He was ſo indigent that no body would help him into the troubled Waters. No body would ſo much as compaſſionate his Poverty. Ah! What a hard caſe it is to be at the ſame time, both poor and ſick? This Mans Diſeaſe was not of a Months or a Years ſtanding. He had loſt the uſe of his Limbs Thirty and Eight years; a breathing Carkaſs, a Funeral before Death, and buried while he

he yet lived. Sick people think a Day a Month, a Month a Year, a Year an Age: How many Ages could this Man but think ſo many Years? Yet behold his patience, he loſt not his meekneſs of Mind. Neither in this deſperate Sickneſs had he waſted all his hope and patience. He envied no body, he repined at no body, he reproaches no body. He accuſes no Man, condemns no Man; wiſhes no Man his ill Fate. Neither does Curſe himſelf, nor the day of his Birth; nor blame Fortune, nor his Parents; much leſs does he murmur againſt God, complain of Heavens Cruelty, or ſtand upon his own Innocency; nor does he chide the ſlowneſs of Death. Nor does he prepare to make himſelf away; but patiently expects help, and ſtill hopes; nor is he importunate with Chriſt, contentedly ſatisfied that he had only not concealed his Miſeries from his Saviour. Thou, who art ſick, canſt thou imitate this poor Man? Certainly thou oughteſt, or elſe thou canſt not hope for Heaven.

Sect. 35. *A Type of Patience in a Great Prince.*

THou maiſt complain that either ſtill Saints, or vulgar and mean people are propounded as Examples of patience. Why then, O Man, canſt thou not imitate Chriſt upon the Croſs? St. *Lawrence* upon the Gridiron? Imitate *Lazarus* waiting for the ſcraps. Imitate *Alexius* in the narrow Dungeon, and there ending his Life. But there are State Examples. Certainly, there are not wanting Examples for thee to follow.

Behold great Princes, who but few years ago, ſo took care of their Bodies, as not to neglect the health of their Souls. Biſhop

Biſhop *Daniel*, when complaints were brought him, that the wild Beaſts ſpoiled the Corn. *'Tis well*, ſaid he, *I will ſoon remedy this Diſeaſe, I had rather want all ſorts of Veniſon, than that my Subjects ſhould be endamaged thereby.*

Where are now thoſe complaining *ſick people*? ſo indulgent to themſelves, who, when every thing falls not out according to their deſire, fret and fume like Madmen. Let us imitate the Purple, if we refuſe to imitate the Beggars Raggs: Let us imitate Princes and Captains upon the Bed of ſickneſs. 'Tis the ſign of a ſluggiſh Souldier, when neither the Example of his Comrade, nor his Captain will move him.

Sect. 36: *An Example of Patience in a moſt Potent King.*

NO good Man ought to be afraid of the Torments of the Body, no, not of Death it ſelf. Why ſhould he either fear one or t'other, who is conſcious to himſelf, that a Man ought not to fear any thing but death?

Philip the Second, King of *Spain*, a great Example to Poſterity, conteſted with ſo violent a Diſeaſe, that all the worſt of Diſeaſes, ſeemed to have conſpired againſt him in one. No part of his Body was free from pain. Thou wouldſt have ſaid this Prince and greateſt of Kings might have been called, *The Ballance of Calamity, and the Tabernacle of Sickneſs*. The chief Diſeaſes that afflicted him were, 1. The Gout. 2. Ulcers in his Hands and Feet. 3. An Apoſthume in the Knee and right Muſcle. 4. A continual Fever. 5. The Dropſie, and perpetual Drowth. 6. A Tertian Ague. 7. A Dyentery. 8. Want of Sleep. 9. He could not be

any

any way turned in his Bed. One of these Diseases had been torment enough. But he with the same generous Mind as when he was well, and with a Christian patience sustained the violence of all these Diseases; so much the more sound and lively in Mind, by how much he was the weaker in Body. A most Illustrious Example of Christian Patience. This *Philip* had learnt from *Job* that great Prince in the Land of *Uz*, whom the loss of so many Flocks, so much Wealth, so many Children could not move from his Patience. Naked his nakedness delighted him, and miserable his miseries. Naked he came into the World, and naked he should go forth, was his Song, praising God for his Calamities as for his Benefits. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, let the Name of the Lord be blessed. Corruption he embraced as his Sister, and the heaps of Worms as his Brother. Whence this Brazen Wall, this threefold Fortitude, encompassing a Breast so surrounded with misery. Because he knew himself guilty of no evil, no sins affrighted him. The Devil had taken his Kingdom of Riches from him, but he could not deprive him of his Empire over a patient and upright Mind. Dost thou expect one more potent than *Job*? Attend then, for it requires Attention.

Sect. 37. *A Specimen Pattern, Mirror of Patience, a most absolute Example, even Christ the Lord.*

Lam. 1. C. 12. O *All you, that pass by the way, behold and see if there be any sorrows like mine.* Thus Christ calls

calls to thee from the Cross. Thou passest by this Road of Calvary, when thou art in Distress. But thou dost only pass by, because thy pains, whatever they are, were nothing to this Sea of Grief; they were but Resemblances of Sorrow. His Pain, when Crucified, was real Pain, in whom there was no Part free from Pain. His Bones, his Nerves, his Veins, whatever scaped the Scourge and Thornes, tormented by the extending Engines. Nor is there any that dares afford the least Word to asswage these unspeakable Torments. His weeping Friends, (and how many of them?) Avail nothing; his Fugitive Disciples leave him; his insulting Enemies torment him, and whom they pierced with Nailes, before, now they Stab with Ignominious Reproaches and Revilings. The Father himself forsakes the Son in Torments. No Comfort to his Soul, in all this extremity of Anguish. Yet, in the midst of all these Miseries, he never complained, never repined, never made any evil Imprecation; nay, he implored the Pardon of all. He gave as many Documents of Patience, as he received VVounds and Injuries. Behold now and see, if thy Grief be like the Grief of thy Lord, and Saviour. Thou dost not love Christ, if thou refusest to suffer.

Sect. 39. *Patience is the compleat Armour of a Sick Person.*

Demosthenes being asked, What he thought most Essential to Eloquence? Answered, *Action*. Being demanded what next? He replied, *Action*. Being asked a Third time, he still answered *Action*. Should it be asked, what is most necessary for a sick Person? He answers best, that answers *Patience*. If again, VVhat is most profitable for a

Christian, as before, *Patience.* Should it be a third time asked, What is most becoming in Sickness; the same reply serves again, *Patience.* Single Patience claims all these three Advantages. To one and the same Patience, first, second and third Laurel are to be yielded as of right.

Luke 21. 19. This we may believe out of Divine Writ. *Possess ye your selves by your Patience.* No otherwise St. *Paul*: For ye have need of Patience, that after you have done the Will of God, ye might receive the Promise. What wouldst thou have, O impatient Man? seeing that through much Tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Where thou art prickt, there grows the Rose that crowns thee. Truth it self proclaims, whosoever doth not bear the Cross, and come after me, cannot be my Disciple. Therefore take the Counsel of St. *Austin*, and suffer what thou art not willing to suffer, that thou mayst obtain what thou wouldst willingly have. *Solomon* also presses this home.

Prov. ch. 3. v. 11, 12. *My Son, refuse not the chastning of the Lord, neither faint thou, when thou art corrected of him: For whom the Lord loveth, him he chasteneth; and yet delighteth in him, even as a Father in his own Son.*

Believe the same thing said to thy Tutelar Angel, as was said to *Tobias. Because*

Tob. c. 12. v. 13. *thou wast accept, and beloved of God, it was necessary that Temptation should try thee.* But this every one is certain of, that Worships thee, O God; That if his Life be in trying, it shall be crowned; and if it be in Trouble, that God shall deliver him, and if his Life be in chastening, that he shall have leave to come to thy *Majesty*. For thou hast no Pleasure in our

our Damnation; after a ſtorm, thou mayeſt have the weather fair and ſtill; and after weeping and heavineſs, thou giveſt great joy. Thy Name, O God of *Iſrael*, be praiſed for ever.

Therefore, bleſſed are ye that weep, for ye ſhall laugh. The Potters Veſſels are tried by the Furnace, and Juſt *Men* by the Temptation of Affliction. Therefore, compoſed to all Patience, let the Sick *Man* ſay, *I will bear the Wrath of the Lord, for I have offended him, till he ſit in Judgment upon my Cauſe, and ſee that I have right. Then will he bring me forth to the Light, and I ſhall ſee his Righteouſneſs.* Micah 7. v. 9. If that Heavenly VVrath be too terrible that Purges, How ſevere is that which Damns. This no Patience can move, the other, but a moderate ſuffering will bend. VVherefore, O my Sick Friend, compoſe thy ſelf to all ſorts of Patience. Patience is neceſſary for thee above all things; perhaps the Meat does not Reliſh: this is common with ſick People. Thy Sleeps, Are they ſhort and interrupted? Patience. The Sick never Sleep ſo ſound as the Healthy. Thy Pains, Do they afflict thee? Be Patient. That's the property of the Diſeaſe. That's the thing which is called Sickneſs. Perhaps thy Attendance diſpleaſes thee. Be Patient; 'tis a hard matter to pleaſe the Sick. Perhaps thou wanteſt Friends to comfort thee. Be Patient, Chriſt thy Lord is the beſt Comforter. The Elector of *Brandenburg* came to Viſit *Charles* the Fifth, being Sick of the Gout, and adviſed him to make uſe of his Phyſitians. To whom *Charles* replied, the beſt Remedy, in this Diſeaſe, is Patience: The compleat Armour of a Sick Man, is Patience; being ſo guarded, he need fear neither Sickneſs, Pain, nor Death: He is proof againſt the blows of his Enemies, and ſhall certainly overcome; for Patience overcomes all things.

Sect. 40. *We muſt go at laſt, we are but Gueſts.*

OUR Life is like an Inn. We live in a ſtrange Houſe, by Sufferance. We are no ſooner entred in, but we are ſent packing again: As the Remembrance of a Stranger, that tarrieth but one day, and then departeth. We are all Strangers, ſaith St. *Auſtin.* He is a Chriſtian that knows himſelf to be a Pilgrim in his own Houſe, and in his Country. Our Country is above, there we ſhall not be Strangers. Here every one in his own Houſe is a Stranger. If he were no Stranger, he were not to depart; but he muſt depart, therefore, he is a Stranger; but he leaves his Houſe to his Children. Thy Father made room for thee, and thou muſt make room for thy Children. Since we are thus tranſitory, let us do ſomething that may not be tranſitory; that when we come thither, whither we are to go, we may find our good Works there. Therefore, ſince we are but Gueſts, let us not refuſe to go; there is no more comfortable Journey to a Pilgrim, than to return into his own Country.

Sect. 41. *There is a certain limit of Life.*

Ch. 14. v. 5. THE Number of his Months are known unto thee, ſaith *Job*. *Thou haſt appointed him his Bounds which he cannot go beyond. What doſt thou labour, what doſt thou toil for, O Man? Thy days are numbred to thee.* Call the Phyſitians of the World about them *Podalyrius, Machaon, Æſculapius, Hippocrates, Ga-*

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len, they cannot all add one hour to thy Life, beyond what God has appointed. Thou mayſt drink Medicines, ſwallow Gold and Pearles, to prolong thy Life; yet thou canſt not extend the Bounds, which thou art not to go beyond. Be as cautious as thou wilt; decline all the dangers of Life; take Remedies betimes, thou canſt not increaſe the number of thy Months, which God hath determined: Wiſh, Vow, Pray; it ſignifies nothing: The Limits of thy Life are ſet, and thou canſt not go beyond them, do what thou canſt. Thou believeſt the Sands of the Sea to be Numberleſs, yet, he has the number of thoſe, who had the number of thy Years, Months, Days, Hours, and Moments. from all Eternity. What ever thy Art or Induſtry may promiſe thee, they cannot add one Minute to thy Life. Feed plentifully upon Dainties; drink the choice of Wine; exerciſe no more than Health requires; take thy full reſt, yet thou art Mortal; and when thou art come to the Goal of thy Life, bid the World adieu; prepare to give an account, the Tribunal calls thee. There is no delay, no reſpit, no prolonging; go we muſt. There is an account to be given, and therefore make no Excuſes. This was not concealed from *Seneca*; *No Man*, ſaith he, *dies too ſoon, in whoſe power it was not to live any longer than he lived.*

Every one has his bounds ſet, which will ever remain where-ever they are ſet; neither can Art or Favour remove them. Though a hundred Phyſitians, five hundred Friends, a thouſand Kindred ſurround thy Bed, none of them can help thee; there is but one, and that is God alone, that can help thee. Thou loſeſt Eternity, if at the moment of thy Death, thou forſakeſt God: Or if upon thy Departure, before thou doſt not return, and art not received into Favour. The laſt moment of thy Life

pronounces Sentence upon thee; as thou Dieſt, and Falleſt, ſo ſhalt thou Riſe. Ah! begin to be Wiſe, and to Live to God. Whatever Employment or Buſineſs thou takeſt in hand, remember Eternity.

Sect. 42. *The firſt ſmall Objection of the Sick.*

I Could eaſily Comfort my ſelf, when I was ſound and well; I made nothing to defie abſent Evils.

But now, Eneas *in his glittering Steel.*
Cannot ſupport the tedious pains I feel.

Alas, I ſaid one thing while I ſtood firm; but now I feel another thing, now I lie thrown upon my Bed. Abundance of Men contemn Death, but 'tis when they think themſelves beyond the reach of his Dart; but when a Man comes once to be penned up in the wreſtling place with Death, he begins then to dread the Enemy whom he deſpiſed.

What ſayſt thou, my ſick Friend? Why doſt thou complain againſt thy ſelf? Why doſt thou change thy former good Reſolutions? As if it were the part of a Wreſtler to brag and boaſt out of the hearing of his Enemy, but when he comes into the wreſtling Place, to ſink and grow faint-hearted. Stand my Friend, and hear: Thou haſt overcome, if thou art willing to overcome, and canſt keep thy ſelf from Deſpair. Behold Chriſt, not only the Spectator of the Combat but the Aſſiſtant; and he that with his own hands reaches thee all the Weapons thou art to make uſe of. But perhaps they are not fit for thee, no more than *Saul*'s Armour for *David*. Doſt thou refuſe the Scourges, the Thornes, the Croſs? Take the ſhield of Patience,

ence, that will cover thee, and keep thee safe; the rest commit to God. Thou knowest that of *Abraham* to his Son, *God will provide.*

Another Objection.

Behold I dye, that might have liv'd longer; certainly thou could'st not, for if thou could'st, most certainly thou would'st. But thou would'st have said this, I desired so to do, or I hoped so to do. And in that I believe thee, as all men are Covetous of life; I have liv'd but a little while, thou criest. Q What if thou hadst liv'd longer, wouldst not thou have made the same complaint? All the spaces of Life are unequal and uncertain, yet all short. Some perhaps have liv'd Fourscore Years. What has he now more than he that liv'd but Eight? unless we accompt Cares, Troubles, Pains, Vexations, and Sins for Advantages: Or what would he have had more, had he liv'd Eight Hundred? Unless thou reckon the Vertues of the Person, and not his Years. What were the Nine Hundred Ninety Nine Years of *Methuselah*? but a *Vapour that appeareth but a little*? Let us live never so long, we shall say we have lived but a little while. If then we are so willing to Live, let us seek that Life which will be perpetual, which though it be not here to be found, yet is here to be sought: But I die (sayst thou) when I intended to do good. There are some that are always intending to do good, but can never find the way to begin. Thou I believe art one of those. But if thou once beginst to do well, never doubt, though thou dost not compleat thy Work; but that the infallible valuer of all things, will deduct nothing from thee; the reward shall be entire, not only of thy Deeds, but Intentions. Be of good Courage, the direct and short way to reward is to die.

Sect. 45. *Againſt other Complaints of the Sick.*

THE Complaints of the Sick are almoſt innumerable, they can hardly ſpeak without murmuring: How often do we hear them cry out, Oh miſerable me! Oh afflicted me! Oh who ſo overwhelm'd in Pain as I am. But they that more narrowly examine the buſineſs, will change their Notes, and cry, 'Tis well, 'tis very well, 'tis Gods pleaſure: O happy, O bleſſed me, corrected not by a Tyrant, but by a Father; God be praiſed; Glory be to God. Heaven reward all my Benefactors. This is that, my ſick Friend, that becomes thee, and behoves thee. *Seneca* admoniſhing the ſame thing; *Do not*, ſaith he, *make thy miſeries more grievous to thy ſelf than they are.* Complaints of paſt Griefs are idle, and theſe common Sayings; *Never had any man ſuch a time on't*: What Torments, what Miſeries did I feel! No body thought I would ever have recovered; and the like. They may be true, but they are paſt; what ſignifies it to remember paſt Troubles, and to be miſerable, becauſe thou wert ſo. Therefore lay aſide two things, the Fear of what is to come and the Remembrance of paſt Sorrows. Wherefore then doſt thou complain in vain, and feſter thy Wounds with the Nails of Impatience? I am miſerable thou ſayſt. Rather bleſſed Humanity is in a good Condition, in regard no man is miſerable, but through his own fault. Bleſſed is the Man whom God chaſteneth, for whom he loves he chaſtiſeth. He maketh a Wound, and he healeth; he wounds, and his hand maketh whole again. Knoweſt thou not, that the Wound which the Chirurgeon makes is

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the beginning of the Cure. Do thou therefore not mind the Wound, but the hand of him that wounds, and thou wilt confeſs thy ſelf to be much more in health, than when thou wert at the beſt. But ſayſt thou, I feel a moſt vehement pain; No queſtion, if thou endureſt it effeminately. But as the Enemy makes the greateſt ſlaughter upon them that flie, ſo is all pain more heavy to him that ſuccombs under it. But the Torture is intolerable. It is not for the ſtout to endure ſlight Pains. Think upon ſo many hundreds of Couragious Martyrs. *Seneca* relates, That there was a certain perſon, who while the Veins of his Legs were cutting, read in a Book all the while. But ſayſt thou, My Diſeaſe will let me do nothing. How, nothing: Alas it is thy Body that is only infirm and ſick, not thy Mind. Therefore if thou beeſt a Racer, thy Feet are only bound, if a Smith, or other Handicrafts-man, thy hands are not at liberty. But if thy Mind fail thee not, thou mayſt hear, thou mayſt learn, thou mayſt remember, though ſick. What more doſt thou believe, thou doſt nothing if thou art temperate in ſickneſs? If thou ſheweſt that thy Diſeaſe may be overcome, at leaſt endur'd? There is room for Courage in the Bed of Sickneſs. Thou haſt buſineſs enough; ſtrive with thy Diſeaſe, and thou haſt done enough.

Sect. 46. *The Sick-man to himſelf, againſt himſelf.*

WHat do I do? Muſt I thus die before I am gray? We are all in this Errour, that we think none fit for Death but the Aged, when Infancy and Youth alſo go. An immaculate Life is an old Age; and the moſt lovely Age of all, is an *ho-*

neſt Life. It is better that the Intellectuals of Men, than their Heads ſhould be gray. He is wealthy in the endowments of old Age, who worſhips God, leadsa prudent life, and lives well, It is more noble to be aged in Vertue, than by the gift of Time. But there is that covetouſneſs of Life, that when we come to die, though never ſo decrepid, we think our ſelves all to be young men. But why doſt thou number thy few days? God hath wrote down thy time of living in the Tables of his Providence. In the other World there are not that accuſe God becauſe he did not ſpare them a longer Life, but becauſe he lived no better. Therefore do thou mind that, and remember Eternity. It is no loſs to loſe a point of Time, and gain Immortality. Moſt generouſly ſaid the *Macedonian King, I meaſure my ſelf*, ſaid he, *not by the Span of my Life, but by the Scene of Perpituity.* Do thou meaſure thy ſelf ſo, not by the end of thy Years, but by Eternity that has no end.

Sect. 47. *The Patient Man to God.*

MY God, the deſire of my Heart! I a moſt miſerable Creature, a moſt vile Worm, lie here ty'd to my Bed, without the uſe of Hands or Feet, an idle, ſloathful, benumb'd, unprofitable Servant, a burden to the Earth, enduring nothing for thy ſake. Yet I deſire, O God, I deſire to labour for thy ſake, to ſuffer Heat, Cold, Wearineſs, Affliction, Anguiſh, nay, Torments for thy ſake.

This the bleſſed *Dominic* taught me, who being oppreſſed with violent Pains, and adviſed by his Friend to deſire of God, to deal more mildly with him, made this anſwer, *If I did not believe thee to ſpeak out of Ignorance, I would not endure thy ſight.*

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And then throwing himself upon the bare Ground, *I give thee thanks*, said he, *my most kind Lord, for these Miseries which thou hast sent me to endure. Encrease my Pains, multiply my Torments, send me a hundred Infirmities, for I know thou wilt send me Patience with all.*

Can I say more than this? It is too little that I suffer, O God, add still more and more to my Pains. I have deserved more severe Chastisement than thou inflictest upon me, O my most merciful God. Spare me not, Lord, burn, cut and tear my Flesh, so thou grant me Eternity. Had I a hundred Bodies, I would endure a hundred Crucifyings, so I might please thee, and be reckon'd in the number of thine, O most merciful Father. Thy will be done, Lord, with me, for I know how easie it is to serve thee, who equally rewardest both the Deed, and the reality of Intention.

I am by thee composed to rest, O King of Goodness; but the Night is coming wherein I can work no longer. Yet though my Sickness has taken from me the pain of working, it has not taken from me the Will nor the Desire. I am willing, Lord, I am willing, and while any Breath remains in me, I am prepared to suffer what thousands of thy Servants at this time suffer for love of thee. I am willing to suffer Contempt, Reproaches, and false Accusations for thee, Stripes and Scourges for thy sake, and to die a thousand Deaths for thee. If my strength fail, whither I cannot creep with my Hands and Feet, thither my Desires shall flie, and convince thee of the readiness of my Will and Affection.

But will these eager Desires open the Gate of Heaven to me? Should I actually perform all these good Intentions, and suffer what the most devout of men have suffered for thy sake, shall I be worthy

thy of the ſight of God? I know for all this, I am unworthy. How then ſhall I make my way to Heaven? O Infinite Goodneſs, if thou haſt not Compaſſion upon me, I am forlorn. There is but one Sanctuary, one Refuge from this juſt Indignation: Thy Mercy, Lord, that is a vaſt and immenſe Ocean. Into this Ocean, into this Gulph I throw my ſelf headlong, out of a certain hope that in thoſe Waters I ſhall be ſafe from the Flames of Hell. I cry out therefore with *David:*

Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy mercy.
According to the multitude of thy mercies, blot out my iniquity.

But in the utmoſt of my Extremities, in the laſt hour of my Life, when my Soul is departing out of this Tabernacle, let all my Sighs and Gaſpings repeat this wholeſom Prayer.

Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy Infinite mercy.

Sect. 48. *The ſick Patient Covenants with God.*

THat great and almoſt the laſt Ornament of the *African Church*, *Fulgentius*, conſpicuous for his Learning and Sanctimony, ſeventy days before his Death continually cried out,

Lord, give me firſt Patience, then Pardon.

This the holy man uſed as a Buckler againſt the violence of his Sickneſs. Yea, the more vehemently his Grief aſſail'd him the more vehemently he cried out,

Patience, Lord, patience.
After that Pardon.

This is a moſt ſweet way of Covenanting with God, neither to deſire Wages before Labour, nor

Triumph

Triumph before Victory, nor to ſhake off the Yoak of Death without Pain.

Thus as Death is a Puniſhment to the Wicked, ſo to the Righteous it is a Bridge and entry that leads to Eternity. So true it is that Death commands the unwilling, but ſerves and obeys the Willing.

Sect. 49. *Thanks be to God, ſhould be the continual Song of the ſick Patient.*

SAint *Cyprian*, when he heard *Galerias* the Proconſuls Sentence read to him, *It is our pleaſure that* Thuſcius Cyprianus *die by the Sword*; gave no other Anſwer, but *Thanks be to God.* Saint *Laurence* Roaſted upon a Gridiron, cried out, *Thanks be to God. Euplius* the Martyr who was Beheaded with the Goſpel hanging about his Neck, often repeated theſe words, *God be thanked.* Truly ſaid Saint *Auguſtin*, *What better thing can we bear in our Minds, or utter with our Lips, or expreſs with our Pens*, than *Thanks be to God!* Nothing can be more quickly ſaid, more gladly heard, nor more acceptably uuderſtood, than *Thanks be to God, who has endued thee with ſo much Faith. In Adverſity*, ſaith Saint *Chryſoſtom*, *the Wicked curſe, the Chriſtians give thanks.* When we pleaſe God, we ſhame the Devil. For at the ſame time thou giveſt Thanks, God eaſes thy Pain, and the Devil departs. There is nothing more holy than the Tongue which in Adverſity *Gives God thanks.* *Tertullian*, commending *Job*, *That good man*, ſaid he, *upon the receit of all his bad tidings, ſtill uſed no other expreſſion, but Thanks be to God.*

John Avila, the moſt skilful Teacher of the *Inward man*, was wont to ſay, *That in Calamities*

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and Afflictions, one Thanks be to God was worth more, than six thousand in prosperity and health. For in Prosperity to give Thanks, is common to all men, but in Adversity particular to the Righteous.

Therefore, O my sick Friend, so frame thy Mind and Tongue, that the worse it is with thee, the more readily thou mayst say, *Thanks be to God.* Then shalt thou be said to imitate thy Crucified Lord, when thou shalt have the Courage in the midst of thy Sorrows, to say, Let Troubles vex me, Grief torment me, Want Oppress me, *Thanks be to God.* Let my Pains rage, my Torments multiply, *Thanks be to God.* These Ejaculations penetrate Heaven. This is Musick most pleasing to God. To this St. *Paul* exhorts us, In all things give thanks, in Sickness, in Health, in Want, in Plenty, in Adversity, in Prosperity: *In all things give thanks.* For many times Sickness, Want, a comfortless Condition, loss of Dignities, are a greater benefit of God, than of all things flowing according to thy wish. In no pains, at no time let the Sick-person think it a burthen for the Sick-person to cry, *Thanks be to God.* So much the more noble is thy Patience, so much more graceful thy *Giving of thanks*, by how the more vehement thy Disease and Pains are.

1 Thess. c. 5. v. 8.

Sect. 50. *The true Confidence of a Sick-man in God.*

TO Die is a serious business. And we may well demand of the Patient, Wilt thou commit thy self to the Cast of Eternity? Thou art going a long and unknown Journey; and whither wouldst thou? To this the sick Patient does best to answer, that

that does not murmur; *I am grived, I am compelled:* But rather replies with a chearful Mind, willingly, freely, *I resign my Spirit to God.* Thus *I commit my self to Eternity.* Thus *glady to God.*

Let the Healthy be of this mind, of the number of which, rightly said one, *I have already begun to die*; now I die, I waste and am consumed, now I travel to Eternity: And because the Mercy of God knows no end, therefore I travel undauntedly. *In the, O Lord, I have put my trust*; *Let me never be put to confusion.* Psal. 31. 1. And though the Sacred Scriptures afford me a thousand Instances, I will not despise the Light of Reason, which enlightned the wise *Roman.* For what the ancient *Heathen* thought of *Death*, and our passage from *Death* into *Eternity*, he thus teaches us:

When that Day shall come which shall seperate this mixture of Divine and Humane, I will leave this Body where I found it, and return my self to God: Nor am I now without him, though detained by this Ponderosity of Earth. These delays of Mortal Age, are but a Prelude to a better and a longer Life. As we are Nine Months in the Mothers Womb, before we are sent forth into this Place; so by that space of time between our Infancy and old Age, we are prepared for another Birth of Nature, Another Original attends us, another Condition of Life. That Interval fits us to brook the Brightness of Heaven; therefore let us undauntedly expect that peremptory Hour, not the last to the Soul, but to the Body. That Day which thou art afraid of as thy last, is the Birthday of thy Eternity. These Thoughts will suffer nothing abject, nothing sordid to reside in thy Mind. These Thoughts command us to approve our selves to God, to prepare our selves to God,

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to propose Eternity to our selves; of which he that has a true Hope and Confidence, shall not fear those numerous Hosts, when awakened by the trembling Sound of the last Trumpet.

Sect. 51. *Constantly.*

CONstantly, I beseech thee, Constantly; there is no Patience if Constancy be wanting. But one will say, it is not two, three, four, or five Weeks, that I have layn thus. Another will say, this is the sixth, the tenth, the sixteenth Month that I have layn in this miserable Condition. Others will cry they have been visited ten, thirteen, or more Years. Persevere, I beseech ye, persevere, and reserve your selves for a Celestial amendment. The patient Man continues, though he has been afflicted for many more years. It is but a point of time, saith he, that this Sickness has held me, when I consider Eternity.

Happy was that Servant, who has the Great *Gregory* for his Applauder; who from his Childhood to his Infancy being afflicted with the Palsie, so that he could not lift his Hand to his Mouth, yet by hearing could remember all the Bible by Heart, and while he lay all that time a dying, continually had in his Mouth that one Sentence, *Thanks be to God.* To him all the Calamitous Days of his Sickness seemed nothing to Eternity.

The blessed *Lydwick* a Virgin of *Schiedam*, lay sick eight and thirty Years, contesting with a strange variety of all sorts of Maladies. In those eight and thirty Years, she scarce eat so much Bread as would suffice a strong Man for three Days, and hardly took the rest of three Nights. Yet in this croud of Miseries, her continual Prayer

was

was, *O kind Jesu, have mercy upon me.*

Coleta another Virgin, had sustained an incredible burthen of Pain and Misery for above fifty Years; she hardly slept one Hour in eight Days. Upon Festivals and Sundays her Pains augmented; and sometimes she laboured under Distempers of Mind as well as Sickness of Body: Yet in the midst of all, she would still cry out; I desire to be a Theatre and Stage for all sorts of Diseases to play their parts, that so I may become a grateful Spectacle to God and Angels. She might have said with St. *Bernard.* My Labour is but the labour of one Hour in respect of Eternity, yet if more, I value it not, through my extream love.

Therefore my sick Friend, if thou numberest the Days and Years of thy Sickness, call them a Moment: If thy Patience and Constancy out-vye them, hope for the Eternity of the blessed. The Labour is small, the Pain short, the Recompence eternal.

Sect. 52.

THat as well the Healthy as the Sick, may put in practice, and bring forth what they have determined in their Minds; we have added the following Prayers.

1. Prayer.

To be said by the Healthy, the Sick, and them that lie a dying.

OH my sweetest Lord Jesu Christ, in the Union of that Charity, whereby thou didst offer

fer thy ſelf to the Father to die, I offer thee my Heart, that thy good Will and Pleaſure may be ſatisfied upon me and by me. Sweet Jeſu, I make choice of and deſire thy good Pleaſure, though Adverſity, Sickneſs, and Death preſs hard upon me, and commit my ſelf entirely to thy moſt faithful Providence, and thy moſt holy Will. For I hope and beſeech thee, that thou wilt direct me, and what-ever belongs to me, to thy Glory, and the Salvation of my Soul.

2. Prayer.

For the preſervation of Conformity with the Divine Will.

LOrd Jeſu Chriſt, who for thy Glory and our Salvation, doſt intermix Joy and Sadneſs, and permitteſt for our profits, Proſperity and Adverſity; I return thanks to thy Goodneſs, that thou wert mindful of me, and haſt viſited thy unprofitable ſervant with this ſmall Affliction. I implore thy Favour, that I may reap the Fruit and Advantage of this Viſitation of thine, and that I may not be hindred by my Impatience or Ingratitude. What thou art able to do, I humbly beg of thee, to remove this preſent bitter and troubleſom Cup from me, as thou didſt liſten to the Tears of King *Hezechia*, and didſt miraculouſly raiſe him from his Bed of Sickneſs. Yet not my will, but thine, which is juſt and holy, be done. In thy Hands is all the Authority of Judging and Determining concerning thy Children: Neither is there any one that better knows than thee, what Phyſick is moſt convenient for the cure of our Diſeaſes. O my moſt loving Father, Reprehend,

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Chaſtiſe, and Afflict me here, that thou may ſt ſpare me hereafter. I know thy Rod doth profit many, when thou doſt Chaſtiſe thy beloved Children; and that then doſt purge and try thy Elect, before thou doſt Crown them. My Heart is prepared, O God, my Heart is prepared, when and how thou pleaſeſt, to ſubmit to thy Paternal Rod, and that my Patience ſhould be tried by Affliction; In thee have I put my truſt, O Lord, let me never be confounded. I ſubmit and commit my ſelf entirely to thy moſt holy Will. Though thou ſlayeſt me, yet will I not ceaſe to hope in thee, thou Fountain of Life; My deſire is in thy hands.

3. Prayer.

For Patience.

MOſt Omnipotent God, thou knoweſt how vile and frail this work of thy Hands is, how it is ſhaken by the leaſt blaſt of Wind, and vaniſhes again into duſt; ſo that there is nothing wherein I can truſt to my own ſtrength, who in the Conteſt of the Fleſh againſt the Spirit, feel ſo many Commotions of Anger, Impatience, Puſillanimity; Diffidence, and Miſtruſt, upon the ſlighteſt Aſſault of Sickneſs. Therefore I implore thy Help, moſt Heavenly Phyſician, thy Divine Phyſick, which is *Patience*; For Patience is the chief of Conſolation in the moſt bitter of Sickneſſes.

Grant me, I beſeech thee, O Lord, with a preſent and contented Mind, I may be able to endure Joy and Sorrow, ſweet and ſowre, as proceeding only from thy Paternal Providence, becauſe thou directeſt all things for the tryal and profit of thy Children.

Let

Let thy Spirit, I beſeech thee, teach me, through whoſe Comfort and Aſſiſtance, there is nothing too hard for us to perform, that I may know how to poſſeſs my Soul in Patience till Death. Thou art a God who conſidereſt the ſtings of Affliction, under which we labour. Yet I, though I have not yet reſiſted to the ſhedding of my Blood, yet againſt my will I have had the Experience of the weakneſs of the Fleſh, and force of contending Nature. Therefore, Lord, help my imperfection ſo much the more, that both my ſtrength may be perfected in Infirmity, and that I may be able ſincerely to teſtifie, that thy Rod and thy Staff, they have Comforted me.

4. Prayer.

Containing a Reſignation of a Mans Self to the Will of God.

O Love ineffable, O moſt ſweet Jeſu, my God and Chriſt, ſhouldſt promiſe me the beſt of worldly favours, or what I my ſelf would deſire, I would beg of thee the utmoſt of what I now ſuffer. This I beg a thouſand times over, that thy will may be fulfilled and ſatisfied upon me, and by me in all things.

5. Prayer

5. Prayer.

After Receiving of the Sacrament.

GLory be to thee, O Chriſt, who out of thy goodneſs haſt been pleaſed to viſit and refreſh my ſick Soul. Now let thy Servant, O Lord, depart in peace according to thy Word. Now I hold thee, O Divine Love, nor will I any more let thee go. Now to the World and all worldly things I bid adieu. Now rejoicing I come to thee, O God. Nothing, O ſweet Jeſu, nothing ſhall ſeparate me from thee. For I am united with thee, O Chriſt; In thee will I live; in thee will I die, and in thee, if it be thy pleaſure will I remain to all Eternity. No more do I live now, but Chriſt liveth in me. My Soul is weary of this Life. I deſire to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt, and to die a Gainer. Now will I fear no evil walking in the ſhadow of Life, becauſe thou, O Lord, art with me. *As the Hart panteth after the Rivers of Water, ſo panteth my Soul after thee, O God. My Soul hath thirſted after God the Fountain of Life, when ſhall I come and appear before the Face of my God?*

Bleſs me, O Loving Jeſu, and diſmiſs me in peace, becauſe I am now truely thine, and to all Eternity will I not forſake thee. What have I now more to do with the World? O my ſweet Jeſu, Into thy Hands, Lord Jeſu, I commend my Spirit, Receive me, O Celeſtial Love, that I may be happy in thy Embraces to all Eternity, and may for ever reſt in thee.

A Con-

A Concluſion of the Second *Chapter.*

To the Reader.

THeſe things I have therefore ſaid, for the—— comfort of the Healthy and the Sick, that they may not be altogether without Comfort, partly to ſtir them up to vigilancy, partly to ſtrengthen them that they may overcome, prepared againſt all Aſſaults of Death. An ill death is not only the worſt but the moſt indeliable and inexpiable of all Errours in the Word.

Now I come to give ſome Precepts to the Dying, not to ſee them read, but to be read in health, to profit them, in that dreadful Hour.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Remembrance of Death is repreſented to Dying People.

Sect. 1. *The Art of Dying well is briefly Taught.*

NOT to know how to die is the moſt miſerable piece of Ignorance in the World. Therefore that we may learn that which we ought to learn all our Lives, there are five things that conduce to good Death.

Firſt, *A free and undaunted Mind.* This is that which is of chiefeſt moment, and upon which the reſt depend. It is a great ſatisfaction for our offences ſo willingly to abandon'd what is moſt dear to us. Therefore, ſaith *David*, an Offering of a Free-heart-will I give unto thee. There is nothing ſo acceptable to God nor ſo profitable to Man, as a free and ready Mind, and a generous Truſt in God.

Secondly, *A Will made and Debts diſcharged.* 'Tis an Errour never to think of a Will till Death is at the Door.

Diſpoſe of thy Goods while thou art well in thy Senſes. Moreover, as to the giving away of ſuch things as are at our diſpoſal.

Sect.

Sect. 2. *Nine causes why we are to Die with a contented Mind.*

BEfore all things consider the death of thy Saviour, and thou wilt fear thy own with a most contented Mind. Compare, I beseech thee, thy Bed to his Cross; thy Pillows to his Thorny Diadem; thy Food with his Gall; thy Drink with his Vinegar, thy Pains with his Torments. Thou didst die in the midst of thy Friends and Comforters, he in the midst of his Enemies and Revilers. Thou among thy Helpers and Assistants; he expir'd deserted by all. For thy health so many Medicines are still prepar'd. His extream thirst wanted the refreshment of cold Water. Yet he the Lord and chief of all. Thou a Servant most vile and mean. Him all these Miseries befel both Innocent and Undeserving; thee for thy Deserts and Impiety. And therefore thou hast no reason to complain.

2. The chiefest Grace of the Supream King is a *Good Death*. To die well is to avoid the danger of Living ill. But he dies well who dies willingly. Who does not readily rise from a hard Bed? They only desire to lye long, who cherish'd by the heat are loth to leave a warm Nest. If it be ill with thee in this Life, wherefore shouldst thou not willingly pass to a better. If well, 'tis time for thee to make an end, lest Prosperity cast thee as it does many into a late but fatal Ruin. 'Tis a hard thing for the Fortunate to die. How many Men are Condemned to perpetual Torments, who had they dy'd Children or young had gone to Heaven.

3. The Saints and all our dearest Friends invite us to them. But, saist thou, we must leave our

Friend

Friends and Companions. Unadviſedly ſpoken, thou art going to them. Where are thy Parents? Doſt not thou hope in Heaven? And that thou ſhalt alſo go thither. But theſe are things uncertain and only hoped for. Very right there is no Man hopes for what he ſees, or is certain of. And therefore God affords thee an occaſion for that Vertue. He commanded thee to hope for Heaven, he would never promiſe it thee certainly. And yet thou art carried thither ſtill with a certain hope, though to a thing to thee uncertain. A Creditor has no reaſon to miſtruſt a Faithful Debtor. God is become thy Debtor. Conſider thou to whom thou art a Creditor. Doth not St. *Paul* cry out with joy, I know whom I have believed.

4. Conſider, O Man of little Soul the extraordinary alacrity of Mind, and the ardent deſire to die of many Martyrs, who contemn'd all the preparations of Death, and ſuffered the ſevereſt Torments with a ſmiling Countenance. Certainly neither Death nor Labour is terrible, but the fear of Death or Labour. Therefore let us applaud the ſaying of him, who ſaid, *Death is no evil, but to die ſhamefully.* Children are frighted with Hobgoblins for want of knowledge. What is Death? Hobgoblin: Turn the Argument, and thou ſhalt find it ſo. Yet neither Children nor Infants, nor Madmen fear Death; and therefore 'tis a moſt ſhameful thing that reaſon ſhould not afford us that ſecurity which reaſon produces. Death is a Tribute and a Duty to be paid by all, why then are you troubled? Why doſt thou not pay the Debt you oweſt; for Death allows no priviledges: No Man was ever exempted, or ſhall be. *The World,* ſaith St. *Baſil, is Mortal, and the Region of them that die.*

5. What is a long fear of Death but a long Torment? Doſt thou live long? Thou art long in Torment. Well ſaid *Tertullian*, *That is not to be fear'd that frees us from all fear.* But thou wilt ſay, 'Tis a terrible thing in Sickneſs to foreſee Death creeping on by degrees. Worm of a Man, what wouldſt thou have? Did not thy Saviour Chriſt foreſee his Death, and that a moſt ſharp one, for thirty years and more? Art thou better than he? But becauſe thou doſt not ſo much fear Death, as the previous Inconveniences of Death, hear *Epictetus*, *And ſhalt not thou*, ſaith he, *depart with a firm and conſtant mind, but trembling and cowardly, becauſe of thy fine Cloaths, or thy gaudy Silver Plate?* Unhappy Man! Was it thus that hitherto thou haſt loſt all thy time? What if I prove Sick? Thou ſhalt be honeſtly Sick. Who ſhall Cure thee? God. I ſhall lye hard. But as a Man. I ſhall not have a convenient Houſe. 'Tis an inconvenience to be Sick. What ſhall be the iſſue of the Diſeaſe? Nothing but Death. Therefore doſt not thou believe that the Fountain of all Evil, is the chief mark of a degenerate and daſtardly Mind, is not ſo much death it ſelf as the fear of Death. Therefore exerciſe thy ſelf againſt it; make uſe of whatever thou heareſt or readeſt, as weapons to Encounter it. So ſhalt thou know there is no other way for Man to gain his own Liberty.

6. From how many Evils art thou freed by Death, To die is to ſhut up the Shop of all Miſeries. Excellently well ſaid *Pliny*. *That is the condition of Life, that Death becomes the Haven for the beſt of Men and the chief benefit of Nature.* And therefore let every one provide himſelf of this as one of the principal Cures for his Mind, that of all the Benefits which Nature affords Men, there is none better than a ſeaſonable Death. *Cæſar* in *Saluſt* affirm

Death

Death to be a Ceſſation from Miſery to the afflicted and no Torment. Therefore the Wiſe Man always conſiders what manner of Life he led, and not how long. For Nature provided us a place to Lodge and Sojourn in but not to inhabit, lends us the uſe of Life, like that of Money, are not payable at a certain day. Why then doſt thou complain if ſhe call it in when ſhe pleaſes; ſince ſhe lent it upon that condition.

7. The Priſon Doors are ſet open by Death; and doſt thou fear to go forth. Rather rejoice: Hitherto thou wert a Captive, now thou ſhalt be free. How fooliſh a thing it is to depend upon Hope, or Happineſs, and be afraid to go at large to that which always remains, and to change for a moment of dying a perpetual Immortality. The Priſon is open, haſte thee to a better place.

8. Death is the way; yea, it is the Gate that leads us into our Countrey, to Eternal Life, to Immortal Joy. For Death is not ſo much the end of Life as the beginning of Life. Learnedly ſaid St. *Bernard*. The Juſt Man dies but ſecurely, whoſe death as it is the Exit out of this preſent Life, is the Entry into a better. But thou wilt ſay, To live long how pleaſant a thing it is; but how uncertain is it whether Divine Grace will not forſake thee before thy Sin. And who is there that has not often reaſon to be afraid for his perſeverance, which no holineſs of Life can merit. 'Tis a Gift, and given gratis. Therefore he that deſires this Gift let him reconcile himſelf to the Giver.

9. But the Reaſon of Reaſons is the Will of God, whoſe Eternal pleaſure it was that thou ſhouldſt yield to Nature at this time, in this place, and through this Diſeaſe. What wouldſt thou more? It was Gods will; it ſo ſeem pleaſing to God. This is that will, that can will no evil. Therefore the

Son of *Syrack* gives this advice; *Humble thy self afore thou beest sick, and while thou maist sin, shew thy Conversation.* But all these Reasons I do shortly sum up thus.

1. The Death of Christ.
2. The Grace of God.
3. The Invitation of the Saints.
4. Examples of those that were before us.
5. The Things to be feared.
6. The end of all Evils.
7. Enlargement out of Prison.
8. Entrance into Paradice.
9. The will of God.

Sect. 3. *Therefore Death is not to be fear'd.*

THerefore do willingly, O Christian, which otherwise thou wouldst be forc'd to do unwillingly. VVhat is done by a willing Mind becomes light, and ceases to be necessity where the will takes place. The wise Man is so instructed as to consent to what he cannot withstand. Therefore I am secure and fear nothing. Nature a most kind Parent, never made any thing terrible. 'Tis only the Error of Men that makes Death formidable. VVe are afraid of Death, not because it is evil, but because it is not known to Men. If thou art revolving any thing sublime in thy Mind; if thou art rearing any high or lofty structure despise those low and poor mistakes of the Vulgar, and admire those Precepts whose imitation leads thee the true way to Glory. VVe have innumerable Examples of those that die happily and cheerfully. Rather imitate him among the Ancients that made this Dialogue between himself and the Minister of Death *Thou shalt die.* Since the Fall 'tis the Nature no

ſo much the puniſhment of Man, *Thou ſhalt die.* Upon this condition I came into the VVorld. *Thou ſhalt die.* 'Tis the Law of Nations to repay what has been borrow'd. *Thou ſhalt die.* Life is a Pilgrimage, when thou haſt travell'd as far as thou haſt deſign'd, thou muſt return home again. *Thou ſhalt die.* I thought thou wouldſt have told me ſome News, I came for this purpoſe. As ſoon as I was Born Nature ſet me my Bounds. VVhy ſhould I be offended? *Thou ſhalt die.* 'Tis a vain thing to fear what I cannot avoid: He that ſtays the longeſt cannot fly it. *Thou ſhalt die.* I am not the firſt nor the laſt, many went before, and many ſhall follow. *Thou ſhalt die.* VVhat wiſe Man ever took it amiſs to be ſet at Liberty. VVhatever begins muſt end. *Thou ſhalt die.* It is not grievous becauſe but once to be ſuffered. They are Eternal Pains that torment. Now is Death leſs to be fear'd than formerly. For then the Gate of Heaven being not ſo open, all Men bewail'd for this.

Noctes atq; Dies, &c.
Both day and night ſtands ope th' Infernal Gate
Of ſwarthy Diſ ———

But now we can Sing,

Both day and night to Zealous Faith and Hope
The ſplendid Gate of higheſt Heav'n ſtands ope.

So that it matters not how terrible and threatning Death appears. 'Tis the moſt inconſiderable what he deſires of us. He never thought of Death that liv'd well, nor loſes any thing who gains all things.

Sect. 4. *How the Holy Men do desire, yet fear Death.*

LET us behold Paul, saith *Gregory, how he loves what he seeks to avoid.* How he avoids what he loves. He desires to die and yet fears to be spoil'd of his Flesh. Why so? because though the Eternal Victory over-joy him, yet the present pain disturbs him: And though the Love of the Recompence overcome him, yet he cannot be unsensible of the twitches and pangs of Torment. For as a Couragious Souldier just before the Battel palpitates, trembles, looks pale, yet is still instigated by his Anger. So a Holy Man seeing the approach of his Suffering, is shaken by the weakness of his Nature, fears the approach of Death, and yet rejoices to die. And because there is no passage but through Death, therefore trusting he doubts, and doubting trust; rejoicing he fears, and fearing rejoices. Because he knows he shall not attain the Garden of Repose, unless he get over the Hill that lyes between. *David* shew'd his fear of Death when he cry'd out, *Lord take me not away in the midst of my Age.* Neither was *Abraham, Jacob* nor *Elias* free from that fear though it were but moderate.

Arsenius a Man of a Hundred and Twenty years of Age, after he had served God Five and Fifty years, being ready to depart the World, began to be afraid and to shed Tears; which his Friends admiring. *And dost thou Father*, cry'd they, *fear death?* To whom he, *Verily*, said he, *ever since I have taken upon me Religious Orders, I have always been afraid of this Hour.* To which purpose *Seneca* spake very perspicuously. *Therefore*, saith he, *the stoutest*

ſtouteſt Man, while he is putting on his Arms looks pale, and the fierceſt Souldiers knees tremble a little at firſt. *Charles* the Fifth in all Warlike Expeditions moſt Couragious, in all Dangers moſt undaunted, yet when he put on his Armour before a Battel, was always wont to look pale, and quiver for fear, but after his Arms were on, like an Armed Giant breathing nothing but a Lion-like Valour, like an Iron Giant he flew upon the Enemy.

Thus the beſt of Men deſires and fears Death. But it is better to die with *Cato*, than to live with *Antony*. He overcomes death who dextrouſly ſuffers himſelf to be overcome by Death.

Sect. 5. *An Ill Death follows an Ill Life.*

AS the Tree when it is cut falls which way it bends. So which way we bend when we live, that way we fall when we die. It would be a ſtrange thing that a commendable death ſhould conclude an ill-ſpent Life. A Courtier of King *Kenred*, who ſtudied more to pleaſe his Lord than his Saviour Chriſt, when he came to die, he did not ſo much ſeem to neglect, as to delay the care of his Soul. But at length ſeeing the Devils triumphing about him, with a Liſt of his wicked Actions, in deſpair he expir'd.

When the Impious *Chryſaurius* deſir'd reſpite, reſpite but till Morning he expir'd with a denial. Thus *Jezabel* and *Athaliah*, thus *Benhadad* and *Belſhazzar*, thus *Antiochus* and thouſands of others, as they liv'd ſo they ended their days.

Sect. 6. *A good Death follows a good Life.*

MOST truly said St. *Austin*, *That is not to be thought an ill death which St.* Ambrose *gives us this Rule; A sincere fidelity and a discerning foresight. Or Charity with Prudence, and Prudence with Charity.*

Thirdly, *Sole care of Salvation.* This is the one thing necessary. St. *Austin* ten days before he died, admitted no body to see him, but the Physician and the person that brought him sustenance, and that at set Hours. All the while employing himself in Prayers, Groans and Tears; leaving this Rule behind him, That no Man ought to depart hence without a worthy and competent Repentance.

Fourthly, *To Receive the Sacrament.* In this Affair delay is always dangerous.

Fifthly, *An Entire Resignation of thy self to the Divine Will.* All Men perhaps cannot shew an undaunted Spirit; but all Men can shew a willing Mind. Therefore let the sick Patient often repeat those words of the Lord Christ; *Even so, O Father, for so was it thy good pleasure.* He cannot well miscarry, that so effectually reconciles himself to his Judge.

Sect. 7. *How to recover Time lost.*

WHoever he be that desires to recover his lost time, let him remove himself from all time and place, and betake himself to that *Now of Eternity*, where God lives. In God all things lost are to be found. Let Man plunge himself into God in this manner.

Most

Moſt Eternal God, O that I had liv'd as purely, as obediently, as holily, from the beginning to the end of the World, as all thoſe Men did, who beſt pleas'd thee in the practice of all manner of Vertues, in continual Miſeries and Afflictions. Oh that I might be able to bear thee that Love wherewith all the Bleſſed, and all thy Holy Angels bear thee. For all that I can do and more is due to thy Mercy and Love. But now, O Lord, have Mercy upon me according to thy Knowledge, and thy good Pleaſure.

He recovers his loſt Hours who ſincerely grieves for having loſt them.

Sect. 8. *A ſhort Life how to be prolong'd.*

A Man of an upright Mind is to live not as long as is convenient, but as long as it behoves him. Wiſdom cries out, though he was ſoon dead, yet fulfilled he much time. For how has he not fulfill'd all times who paſſes to Eternity. For as much time as he has ſpent, not in Series of Years or Number of Days, but in Devotion, and an unquenchable deſire of profiting in Piety, ſo much does he deſervedly claim of true Life. For he retains in Vertue what he loſt in time. And therefore an unwearied ſtudy of profiting, and a continual going forward to perfection, is reputed for perfection.

Sect. 9. *There is an End of all Things but of Eternity.*

'TIS the Sence of St. *Gregory*, all the length of the time of this preſent Life is known to be a

point, and has its end. Which the ſame *Gregory* confirming. 'Tis but little, all that has an end. For whatever tends to a Non-Entity by the courſe of time, ought not to ſeem long to us. Thoſe very moments that ſeem to delay it drive it on. St. *Auſtin* is more plain. *All this time*, ſaith he, *I do not mean from to day till the end of the World, but from* Adam *to the end of the World, is but a drop compar'd to Eternity.* All things elſe have an end, but Eternity has none. There is nothing in the World but has an end; Banquets, Balls, Pleaſure, Laughter, have all an end, but Eternity has none. Wherefore then do we ſet our Minds upon vain things? Nothing but what is durable will delight a great Mind. Whatever had a beginning ſhall have an end, only Eternity has no end.

Why boaſts the fond vain-glorious World
Whoſe Joys are tranſitory?
Like to the Potters brittle Ware
Is all her Pomp and Glory.

Ah! where is Solomon *the Wiſe,*
Or Sampſon *ſtrong in Fight;*
Where is the lovely Abſalom;
Or David's *dear Delight?*

What is becеme of Cæſar *now?*
With all his Trophies around.
Where's Ariſtole? Tully *where,*
In Learning ſo profound?

So many Men of Might and Fame
With all their Honour won,
In the ſhort twinkling of an Eye
Are vaniſh'd all and gon.

The

The fleeting Banquet of our Joys
Swift as our ſhadows run.
In the ſhort twinkling of an Eye
Th' are vaniſh'd all and gone.

Sect. 10. *The Conſideration of a Dying Man.*

SAith the Maſter of Patience, *Job, The waters pierce through the very ſtones by little and little, and the Floods waſh away the Gravel and Earth; ſo ſhalt thou deſtroy the hope of Man. Thou prevaileſt ſtill againſt him, ſo that he paſſes away. Thou changeſt his Countenance, and putteſt him from thee,* Job c. 14. v. 19, 20. How few Ceremonies God uſes, when he would ſend a Man out of this into another World. He changes his Countenance, and commands him to be gon. VVhen death is at hand, the whole Face is changed. The Noſe becomes ſharp, the Eyes ſunk and hollow, the Skin of the Forehead hard and wrinkled, the Colour of the Face grows pale, with ſeveral other Mortal Symptoms, that make ſuch a ſtrange and diſmal alteration in the Countenance that it ſeems to be quite another thing. So that when God changes the Countenance of Man, he ſends him forth; *Go now,* ſaith he, *go Man, into thy Houſe of Eternity.* Upon ſo ſmall a point of Death depend ſo many Ages not to be numbered by Ages.

Sect. 11. *Of Dying in a ſtanding Poſture.*

IT was a ſaying of *Veſpaſian, That an Emperor ought to die ſtanding.* I alſo ſay that it becomes a Chriſtian to die no otherwiſe than ſtanding.

In

In the year 1605. at *Vienna* the Night before *Chriſtmas* day, a Souldier ſtanding Sentinel in a ſmall wooden Houſe was frozen to death; in the Morning he was found ſtanding, but not watching; for he had finiſhed the VVatch of the Night and of his Life both together. In the ſame manner died another, who was frozen to death, and had done Living before he had done Riding; for the Horſe knowing the way carried his Maſter to *Conſtance* into his publick Quarters very faithfully. *Q. Curtius* teſtifies, that ſome of *Alexanders* Souldiers were frozen to death againſt the Trunks of Trees; and were found not only as if they had been living, but as if they had been talking together, being all in the ſame poſture as death ſeized them.

VVe read that *Leodeganius* the Martyr, having his Head cut off, raiſed himſelf upright, and ſtood immoveable for above an Hour. *Peter* alſo the Martyr being upon his Knees, yet kneeled upright after his Head was off. In the times of *Diocleſian* and *Maximilian*, *Urſus* and *Victor* the Martyrs, after their Heads were cut off walked with them a good way in their Hands: And ſo did not only die ſtanding, but ſtood after they were dead.

Thus it becomes a Chriſtian to die ſtanding, and a dying Chriſtian muſt ſtand and fight; he ſtands and fights well, who being ſupported by God, fears not to die.

Sect. 12. *Some dead before death.*

'TVVas a wiſe ſaying of *Alexandridas*, *That we ſhould die before we are compelled to die.* St. *Paul* makes this Aſſeveration, *I die daily.* *Gregory* the Great deſcribing his own condition, *Me*, ſaith he, *bitterneſs of Mind, and continual trouble and pains*

of

of the Gout so violently afflict; that my Body is as it were like a dried Carkass in the Sepulcher, so that I am not able to rise out of my Bed.

Cosmo de Medici lying at the point of death, and being ask'd by his Wife, why he shut his Eyes so, especially when he was awake, made answer, *I desire so to accustom them, that they may not take it ill to be always closed.* 'Tis the best way of dying then to shut the Eyes, when any Allurement of pleasure assails them. O shut thy Eyes and so die that thou maist not always die, whoever thou art that lovest Integrity. Most wisely *Seneca* Councels *Lucilicus*, *Endeavour this before the day of thy death, that thy Vices may die before thee.*

Sect. 13. *Of those that have been Buried by themselves.*

Pacuvius, Tiberius Cæsar's Procurator in *Syria* so largely endulged himself every day to Drinking and Gluttony in that manner, that he was carried from his Dining-room into his Bed-chamber in the midst of the Applauses and Symproms of his Domestick Servants, that all the way sang to him after the manner of a Funeral Dirge, *Vixit, vixit.* He hath lived, he hath lived; what was this but every day to cause himself to be carried forth and buried? Of whom most excellently *Seneca. What*, saith he, *this Man did out of an evil Conscience, let us perform with a good Conscience, and going to sleep, let us chearfully sing, vixi, I have lived; if God add to morrow to our Lives, let us gladly accept of it; he is the most happy, and the most secure enjoyer of himself, who without any sollicitude expects to Morrow.*

Labienus, who furiously Satyriz'd upon all Men, and

and was therefore called *Rabienus*, so far hated, that all his Books were burnt; this *Labienus* could not brook, nor would survive the Funerals of his Will, but caused himself to be carried into the Monument of his Predecessors, and there to be shut up: Nor did he only put an end to his Life, but Buried himself alive. But more to be admir'd was he, *who being buried alive, was unburied when dead.* *Storax*, a Neopolitan, a Man some few years since of great Wealth, delicate and proud; who being Keeper of the publick Stores of Provision, when he had been tardy in his Office, drew the fury of the famished Multitude upon him; he seeking for refuge, hid himself in the Sepulcher of St. *Austin*; where being found at length and stoned to Death, he was prosecuted with that rage that the people tore his Flesh bit from bit, and threw his broken Bones about the Streets, which produced this Epitaph upon him.

Storax, *who living in a Tomb lay hid,*
Yet wanted, strange to tell, a Tomb, when dead.

Albertus Magnus, the wonder of his Age, having resigned his Miter of *Ratispine*, returned to *Cologne*, to the Learned Poverty of his Order. There he lost the remembrance almost of every thing as had been foretold him. Yet was he not so forgetful, but that he remembered every day to approach the place of his Burial, where he constantly said his Prayers for himself as if he had been Buried.

S. Severus Governour of *Ravenna*, entered into his Monument alive, and placing himself between his Daughter and his Wife, which had been dead some years before, expir'd upon the place.

Macarius the Roman stood three years Buried up to the Neck in Earth.

Philotomus a Presbyter of *Galatia*, lived six years among the Sepulchers of the dead, that he might overcome the fear of Death.

Phi-

Philemon of *Laodicea*, as *Suidas* teſtifies, the Diſciple of *Timocrates* the Philoſopher, and Maſter of *Ariſtides* in the Six and Fiftieth year of his Age, threw himſelf in a Sepulcher, having almoſt ſtarved himſelf to death, to eaſe the pains of the Gout. And when his Friends and Relations bemoan'd him, and endeavoured to perſwade him to come out of the Sepulcher, *Give me*, ſaid he, *another Body and I will riſe.*

But the next is an Example of more Piety. Two *Anchorites* lived in the *Perugian* Rock near the River; one of which grown old and dying was Buried in the Mountain by his Companion. Some few days after the Diſciple of the Old Man deceaſed, going to a Countreyman, that was at Plough in the bottom; *Do me but one kindneſs Brother*, ſaid he, *take thy Spade and Mattock and follow me.* Being come where the old Man lay Buried, the *Anchorite* ſhewed the Countreyman the Grave. And having ſo done, *Dig*, ſaid he, *here I deſire thee, while I pray in the mean time.* When the Grave was digged, and that the *Anchorite* had finiſhed his Prayers, embracing the old Man, *Pray for me*, ſaid he, *Brother*; and throwing himſelf alive upon his Maſter thus Buried by himſelf, he gave up the Ghoſt.

Theſe things may be admired, but not imitated, unleſs the Holy St. *Paul* intimates. *You are dead*, ſaith he, *and your Life is hidden with Chriſt in God.* Moſt Excellent is that Admonition of the Philoſophers; *Live as it were lying hid.* For he lives well that abſconds himſelf well. Such a one is honeſtly buried by himſelf, and to his great Advantage. Who too much known to all men, dyes unknown to himſelf. He dies moſt quietly, who ever buries himſelf alive in that manner.

Sect.

Sect. 14. *Considerations upon the Sepulchre.*

The next third Season, within Plithia's *Walls,*
Will bring me to my longed for Funerals.

THus *Socrates* foretold his own Death; and truly, here the City *Plithia* signifies no other than the Coffin, and the Sepulcher, whither, whatever Treaties makes a hasty speed. The Old Poet sang of *Alexander* the Great.

But having enter'd once that mighty Town,
Whose Sun-bak'd Walls were of such high Renown,
Contented in a Coffin then he lay;
Thus Death alone makes the most true display.

What little things Mens Bodies are,——

There is no House or Habitation so certainly our own, as the Grave. This the blessed *Jacoponus*, a Person as Religious as Facetious, most aptly taught. A Citizen of *Tudertum*, had bought a pair of Cock Chickens, and spying *Jacoponus*, in the Market, desired him to do him the Favour to carry them home for him, desiring him withal that he would not fail. To whom *Jacoponus*, be certain, said he, that I will not fail to carry them home; and so went directly to the Church of St. *Fortunatus*, where that Citizens Monument was, and hid the Chickens as well as he could. The Citizen returning home, in the first place, enquired for his Chickens: All the Servants denied they saw any such thing: thereupon, the Citizen returning back, and finding *Jacoponus*; I thought, said he, thou wouldst deceive me, as thou usest to do, But where are the Chickens? said he, To whom *Jacoponus*, I carried them home, as you ordered me: Thereupon, the Citizen

zen denying any such thing to be done; come along with me, said *Jacoponus*, and believe thy own Eyes; and so saying, carried the Citizen to his Monument, and lifting up the Stone; *Friend* (said he) *Is not this thy House?* Which the Citizen acknowledged to be true, and there received his Chickens again. Therefore, most truly, saith *Job*, I know, because thou wilt deliver me to Death, where the House is appointed for all living Creatures.

Sect. 15. *Nine Wills.*

VEry truly said *Pliny* the younger; the common Opinion is false, that the Wills of Men are the mirrour of Manners.

1. *Zilka* bequeathed his Skin to make a Drum, and his Flesh to the Fowls of the Air, and Wild Beasts; and commanded his Souldiers to spare neither Churches nor Monuments. He died of the Sickness, in the year 1424.

2. There was a Woman that left her Cat, by Will, five Hundred Crowns, for her Cats Food, as long as she lived. O the ridiculous Fosteries of Humane Thoughts. *Augustus* said of *Herod*, I had rather be his Hog than his Son. A Man might as well have said, I had rather have been this Womans Cat than her Servant.

3 A Famous Usurer, being at the point of Death, sending for the *Publick Notary* and *Respesses*, caused his Will to be written in these VVords; Let my Body be returned to the Earth, from whence it was taken; but my Soul be given to the Devils. His Friends astonished at his words, advised, rebuked him, but he again and again persisted, saying, Let my Soul be given to the Devils, for I have unjustly scraped together the most of my Estate. To them be-

belongs the Soul of my Wife, and the Souls of my Children, who that they might have wherewithal to ſpend upon Cloaths, Feaſting and Luxury, put me upon the wicked Trade of Uſury. To them alſo belongs the Soul of my Confeſſor, who encouraged my wickedneſs by his ſilence. And ſo ſaying he breathed his laſt.

4. St. *Jerome* rebukes the Covetouſneſs of Heirs, with this Fable. A little Pig bewailed the Death of its Dam. with a moſt bitter gruntling; but hearing the Will read, and that there were a heap of Acorns, and ſome Buſhels of Peaſe left him, he held his Peace; and being asked wherefore he ceaſed his Lamentation ſo ſuddainly; Oh, ſaith he, the Acorns and the Peaſe have ſtopped my Mouth. This is the Humour of moſt Heirs now adays. They gape after the Legacies, make Inventories of the Goods, and tell the Money; let what will become of the Soul of the Teſtator; let him reſt as he has deſerved. But let us view another ſort of Wills.

5. The Holy Martyr *Hieremy*, the fourth day before he was carried to Execution, left his Eſtate to his Mother and Siſter; but to *Ruſticius*, who was chief in Authority in the Commonwealth of *Aneyra*, his Hand already cut off.

6. The Holy *Hilarion*, at Fourſcore years of Age, made *Heſychius* his Heir, in theſe Words. All my Wealth, that is to ſay, the Goſpel, and one Hair Veſt, my Coat, and little Cloak, I leave to my moſt loving Friend *Heſychius*. And this was all the Inventory of his Goods.

7. *Antonius* the Great, made his Will, in theſe Words. As for the Place of my Burial, let no man know, but your own Love. My Felt, and old Cloak, give it to *Athanaſius*, the Biſhop, which he gave me when it was new. Let *Serapion*, the Biſhop, take the other, which is ſomewhat better. Do you take

take my Hair Garment. And ſo farewel. My Bowels for *Antony* is going. He had no ſooner ended theſe Words, but extending his Legs, he gave admittance to Death.

8. The Patriarch of *Alexandria*, *John* of *Almes*, wrote his Will thus. I give thee thanks, O God, that at my Death, of all my Revenues, it hath pleaſed thee to let me have remaining, but one third part of a pound. When *Alexandria* firſt made me their Patriarch, I found Fourſcore Hundred pieces of Gold; to this the Friends of Chriſt added an unſpeakable quantity of Money, all which, that I might give to God that which was Gods, I expended upon the Poor; wherefore what remains I alſo give to them.

9. To this may be added, the Will of a certain Chriſtian, changing only the Name, the Year, and the Day.

I *Achathius*, Victor, have been running to Eternity, from the year 1581. upon the 15*th*. of *Auguſt*, and have Eternity in my mind. Now I commend my Spirit to God; and becauſe I cannot deny the Earth what belongs to it, I bequeath my Body to the Earth, and to the Worms. Of my Goods, there is nothing now mine, but good will, which I carry with me to the Tribunal of God; the reſt I thus diſpoſe.

1. I forgive all my Enemies from the bottom of my Heart.

2. I am ſincerely ſorry for all my Sins.

3. I believe in Chriſt Jeſus, my moſt loving Redeemer. And in this Faith, I deſire the Sacrament of the Church.

4. I hope for Eternal Life through the goodneſs of God.

5. I love my God, with all my Heart, above all things, and reſign my ſelf up fully to his holy will.

Moſt

Moſt abſolute prepared to be well, to be ſick, to live or die, when it ſhall pleaſe the Lord. The will of God be done.

Unleſs every Chriſtian ſo order his Life, and his laſt Actions, he is to be thought to have lived ill. and to have died worſe. The laſt Hour conſumates Death, but is not the cauſe of it; which was preceded by a good Death: For nothing makes Death ill, but what follows Death. Good Seed brings a good Harveſt. The Highway to a good Death, is a good Life. I may not unfitly compare Life and Death to a Syllogiſme. The end of a Syllogiſme, is the Concluſion; the Concluſion of Life Death: But the Concluſion is either true or falſe, according to the Nature of the Antecedents; ſo is Death good or bad, as the Life before was good or bad. Thus St. *Paul* ſeverely pronounces, ſaying, *Whoſe end ſhall be according to their Works.* 2 Cor. 11. 15.

Memorable is the Death of that Holy Martyr, *Felix*, who being led to Execution, rejoicing to himſelf, with a loud Voice; I have, ſaid he, preſerved my Virginity, I have kept the Goſpels, I have preached the Truth, and now I bow my Head a Victim to God. There is a Relation of one who died ſuddenly in his Study, and was found with his Finger pointing to that Verſe, in the Book of *Wiſdom*, ch. 4. v. 7. which ſays. *Though the Righteous be overtaken with Death, yet he ſhall find reſt, pretious in the ſight of the Lord, is the Death of his Saints whether ſlow or ſuddain.*

The Copious St. *Bernard*, being near his end, Becauſe, ſaith he, I cannot leave you great Examples of Religion, yet I commend Three things to your Obſervation, which I remember obſerved by my ſelf. 1. I leſs believed my own than the Judgment of another. 2. Being injured, I never ſought Revenge. 3. I never would offend any Perſon.

Ge-

Gerard, the Brother of St. *Bernard*, upon his Death-Bed, broke out into that *Davidean* Rapture, Praiſe the Lord in Heaven, Prai e him in the Higheſt; Where is thy Victory, O Death? Where is thy Sting, O Grave? *Gerard*, through the midſt of thy very Jaws paſſes not only ſecurely, but joyfully and triumphantly to his Country. He cannot die ill who has lived well.

Sect. 16. *As we Live, ſo ſhall we Die.*

The weary Huntſman in his reſt, all Night
Dreams of new Sports, and of his paſt Delight.

IN the ſame manner, thoſe things that pleaſed us in our Health, we are delighted with at our Deaths.

Antiochus miſerably afflicted the *Jews*; and *Maximinus*, the Emperour had deſigned the utter Exterpation of the Chriſtians. At length, they both fell into a moſt lamentable Diſeaſe; and when they ſaw no other way, the one beſought the Jews, the other the Chriſtians, to pray to their God for their Recovery. Like *Eſops* Crew, which being taken deſperately ſick, cautioned his Mother, as ſhe ſate by him, not to weep for him, but rather pray to the Gods for his Recovery. To whom ſhe replied, O my Son, which of the Gods doſt thou think will be propitious to thee that has robbed the Altars of every one of them.

Therefore, as we live, ſo we die; ſo are we reprieved and condemned, ſo deſtined to Heaven or to Hell.

Sect.

Sect. 17. *A good Death to be desired.*

I Pray God my Soul may die the Death of the Righteous, and that my last end may be like his, cried the Prophet *Balaam*. How much more rightly had he wished. Let my Soul live the Life of the Just, that it may also die the Death of the Just. 'Tis a Ridiculous thing to desire a good Death, and flie a good Life. 'Tis a Labour to live well, but a Happiness to die well; he that refuses to pass the *Red Sea*, must not think to eat *Manna*. He that loves the *Egyptian* Servitude, shall never reach the Land of *Canaan*. Piously and Elegantly St. *Bernard*, Oh that I may fall, saith he, frequently by this Death; that I may escape the Snares of Death; that I may not feel the deadly Allurements of a Luxurious Life, that I may not besot my self in sensual Lust, in Covetousnes, Impatience, Care and Trouble, for worldly Affairs.

This is that Death which every one ought to wish for, who designs a Life that shall never know *Death*. Before Death, to die to Sin and Vice, is the best Death of all.

Sect. 18. *Sleep the Brother of Death.*

Pausanias relates, that he saw a Statue of Night, in the shape of a Woman; holding in her right Hand a little white Boy sleeping, in her left, a little black *Boy*, like one that were a sleep. The one was called *Somnus*, Sleep; and the other *Lethum*, Death, but both the Sons of Night. Hence it is that *Virgil* calls Sleep the Kinsman of Death.

Ga-

Gorgias Leontinus, being very old, was taken ill. In his Sickneſs he was viſited by a Friend, who finding him fall'n aſleep, when he waked, asked how he did? To whom *Gorgias* made anſwer; Now Sleep is about to deliver me to his Brother.

Whoever thou art, O Chriſtan, before thou layſt thy ſelf to Sleep, examine thy Conſcience, and wipe away the ſtains and ſpots that defile it. There are many who have begun to ſleep, and die both together; and ended their Lives before they had ſtept out of their Sleep. The Brother of Death is to be feared, and not only cautiouſly, but chaſtly to be fallen into. He that ſleeps not chaſtly, ſhall hardly wake chaſtly.

Sect. 19. *The fore-runners of Death.*

THE fore-runners of Eternity, is Death; the fore-runners of Death, are Pains, and deadly Symptoms. One deadly Symptome, if we believe *Pliny*, in the height of Madneſs is Laughter, in other Diſeaſes an unequal Pulſe. But the Eyes, and the Ears, ſhew moſt undoubted Prognoſticks of Death. Experience teacheth us, that when ſick People talk of going Journeys, and endeavoured to eſcape out of their Beds, when they pull and pick the Blankets, they are near Death. *Auguſtus*, the Emperor, a little before he expired, ſuddainly terrified, complained that he was carried away by Forty young Men. Which ſaith *Suetonius*, was rather a Preſage, than a ſign of any Delirium, for ſo many Pretorian Souldiers, when he was dead carried him to his Funeral Pile.

When *Alexander* went by Water to *Babylon*, a ſudden Wind riſing blew off the Regal Ornament of his Head, and the Diadem fixt to it; This was

lookt upon as a Preſage of *Alexander*'s Death, which happened ſoon after.

In the Year of Chriſt, 1185. the laſt and moſt fatal end of *Andronicus Commenus* being at hand, the Statue of St. *Paul* which the Emperour had cauſed to be ſet up in the great Church of *Conſtantinople*, abundantly wept: Nor were theſe Tears in vain which the Emperour waſht off with his own Blood.

Barbara Princeſs of *Bavaria*, having ſhut her ſelf up in a Nunnery, among other things allowed her for her peculiar Recreation, ſhe had a Marjoram-Tree of an extraordinary bigneſs, a ſmall Aviary, and a Gold Chain, which ſhe wore about her Neck: but fourteen days before ſhe died the Marjoram-Tree dried up; the Birds the next Night were all found dead; and after that the Chain broke in two in the middle. Then *Barbara* calling for the Abbeſs, told her that all thoſe Warnings were for her, and in a few days after died, in the Seventeenth Year of her Age: After her death above twenty other Virgins died out of the ſame Nunnery.

Several other Preſages there are that foretold the death of Princes and great Men: As the unwonted Howlings of Dogs, the unſeaſonable noiſe of Bells, the Roaring of Lions, *&c.* Therefore ſaid *Pliny*, The Signs of Death are innumerable, and that there are none or very few Signs of Safety or Security. What do all theſe things Admoniſh us, but only this; *Remember, O man, that thou art a man*; think upon Eternity to which thou art haſtening: Go to, prepare thy ſelf, thou art called to that Tribunal of God; as thou didſt live, ſhalt thou be judged.

Sect.

Sect. 20. *What Answer is to be given to the Messenger of Death.*

SAint *Ambrose* having received the News of his Death, when his Friends bewailed him, and begg'd of God to grant him a longer space of Life; *I have not lived, as to be ashamed to lieve among you, neither do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God.*

Saint *Austin*, nothing troubled at the News of his Death; *He never shall be great*, saith he, *who thinks it strange that Stones and Wood fall, and that Mortals die.*

Saint *Chrysostom* a little before his Death, in Exile, wrote to *Innocentius*, *We have been these three Years in Banishment, exposed to Pestilence, Famine, continual Incursions, unspeakable Solitude, and continual Death.* But when he was ready to give up the ghost, He cryed out aloud, *Glory be to thee, O God, for all things.*

Let a dying Christian imitate these most holy Persons, and repeat these Sayings often to himself; *Thanks be to God*; *Glory be to thee, O God, for all things*. I have watcht long enough among thorns, Labour'd long enough in Storms: Now because I see the end of my Watching and my Labour, *Thanks be to God*: *Glory be to God for all things*; For Life is tedious, Death a certain gain.

Sect. 21. *Death is better than a sorrowful Life.*

IT is better once to Die, than to be always Dying: We daily Die, we have lost our Child-

hood, our Youth is gone. All our Time even to Yesterday is slid away. These things *Gregory Nazianzene* comprehending in a few words, *There is no good among men, with which there is not something of evil mixt.* Riches are a Snare; Poverty a Fetter, Honour a meer Dream, Empire dangerous, Subjection troublesom, Youth is the Summer of Life, Grey-hairs the Sun-set of Life, Matrimony a Bond, Children the growing Crop of Care, Fulness breeds Petulance, Want begets Impatience. Whatever we behold in this World, is like the World in a perpetual motion. Whatever seemed stable, is now doubtful, corresponding with the perpetual volubility of Day-night Labours, Diseases, Sorrows, Pleasures and Calamities; Death is most certain. Elegantly St. *Austin*; *Death*, saith he, *is only certain, all things else uncertain.* A Child once Conceived perhaps is born, perhaps not, but perishes in Abortion. If he be born, perhaps he grows up, perhaps not: perhaps he grows old, perhaps not: Peradventure he shall be Rich, peradventure Poor; perhaps he shall attain to Honour, peradventure live Contemned; perhaps he shall have Children, it may be not; perhaps he shall die in his Bed, it may be slain in the Field: But who can say, perhaps he shall die, perhaps not.

The first Book of *Maccabees* thus describes the Death of *Alexander*; *Then he fell sick, and when he perceived that he should die*, Alexander *had wished for several Worlds in hopes of Victory, and thought with himself that he had performed Atchievements that deserved Eternal Annals.* Nevertheless after so many and such great Victories, overcome at length he fell, not only into his Bed, but into his Tomb, contented with a small Coffin. *Peter Alfonsus* reports, That several *Philosophers* flockt together, and variously descanted upon the King's

Death.

Death. One there was that ſaid, *Behold now four Yards of Ground is enough for him, whom the ſpacious Earth could not comprehend before.* Another added, *Yeſterday could* Alexander *ſave whom he pleas'd from Death, to Day he cannot free himſelf.* Another viewing the Golden Coffin of the Deceaſed: *Yeſterday*, ſaid he, *Alexander heaped up a Treaſure of Gold, now Gold makes a Treaſure of* Alexander. This was their Learned Contention, yet all ended in this; *Then he fell ſick and died.*

Thus forgetful of our ſelves, what Mountains do we raiſe to our ſelves in Thought. We revolve in our Minds Immortal, I wiſh they were Heavenly Things, whilſt Death ſurprizes us in the midſt of our vaſt Undertakings; and that which we call Old Age, is but the Circuit of a few Years. Wherefore do we truſt to Death? Behold through what ſlight Occaſions we loſe our Lives. Our Food, our Moiſture, our Watchings, our Sleep, are unwholeſome to us without their due meaſure. A ſmall hurt of a Toe, a light pain of the Ear, a Worm in the Tooth, make way for Death. The little Body of Man is weak, frail, ſubject to Diſeaſes; this Air, theſe Winds, thoſe Waters offend him. Therefore let us believe the Son of *Syras*, *Death is better than a bitter Life, and Eternal Reſt better than continual Sickneſs.* So that it is much better to be an Inhabitant on Earth, than a Pilgrim in Heaven.

Sect. 22. *The Happineſs of Death.*

BLeſſed are the dead that die in the Lord; even ſo ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their labours, and their works follow them. To die in the Lord, is the ſame thing as to die a Servant of the Lord; as the Scripture ſpeaks concerning *Moſes*,

Moſes my Servant is dead. As if God had ſaid, ſaith *Cajetan*, *Though he were once a Sinner, and was not then my Servant, nevertheleſs he died my Servant.* He ſo died, that whatever he was, or whatever he did, was mine; for a Servant wholly belongs to the Maſter: And let ſuch a Servant of the Lord ſing that Song of *Simeon* at his death, *Lord, now let thy Servant depart in peace according to thy word.* Altogether in peace, and that Eternal; in the beginning whereof all the Warfare of good men is at an end, never more to be rekindl'd. For ſuch Servants of God die in the Lord, who dying, reſt in the Boſom of God, and ſo reſting, ſweetly ſleep in death. Thus *Stephen* among ſo many Showers of Stones, in ſuch in the midſt of the Tumult and Dinn of the Enraged Multitude, *ſlept in the Lord.* Thus *Moſes the Servant of the Lord, died by the command of God.* Thrice happy and bleſſed are ſuch, that never more ſhall be miſerable. The death of the Juſt, ſaith St. *Bernard*, is good, becauſe of its Reſt, better becauſe of its Novelty, beſt of all by reaſon of its Security. Bleſſed, and again thrice bleſſed are ſuch, for their Works follow them: They follow them as Children follow their Parents, as Servants follow their Maſters, as Scholars follow their Teacher, and Souldiers their Captain. They follow them to the Tribunal of God, to the Court of Heaven; as Peers follow their Prince, whither theſe Noble Servants are only admitted.

Sed

Sect. 23. *The Farewel of a dying Person to the living, which are to go the same way.*

THere are many things of which it behoves me to Repent, of Vertue often neglected, and Time ill spent. How much did it become me to have been more patient, more submissive, more studious of daily Death. How small a Spark of Divine Love did glow in me! Pity me, O God, pity me, according to thy great Mercy! Spare a Sinner, O Infinite God; through the Passion and Blood of thy dear Son. But I have also offended you both in Word and Deed; Pardon me; you find me both Confessing and Sorry, and deny me not this Provision for my Journey, the pardon of all my Transgressions. Let not your Vertue decrease by my Example, which was always bad. You have before your Eyes the Lives of the Saints, to which yours must conform. Enable their Patience, Submission, and Obedience to the utmost of your power. I also return you thanks for your Pains, for your Assistance, for your Advice, and for your Love. God the inexhaustible Fountain of Goodness, and the Immense Ocean of Love, recompence your Affection. God is certainly most Liberal to those that Commit themselves to his most holy Providence. Obedience is a most Noble Vertue, Patience is absolutely necessary, Submission is a most excellent Vertue, and Contempt of our selves, Poverty is a Vertue belov'd of Christ, Charity is the Queen of Vertue: Yet above all the Vertues, *Faith in God* seems to me to have something singular and most excellent, and a Plenary *Resignation* of a Man's self to Divine Providence, which the holy Scrip-

ture ſo commends, and which is continually in the Mouth of the Kingly Prophet, and which Chriſt endeavours to inculcate into us, by ſo many Arguments drawn from Flowers, &c. little Birds. The Vertues of this Faith, and the Tranquility that attends it, he only knows and finds, who in every thing as well ſmall as great, moſt perfectly truſts in God, and confines himſelf to rely upon his Providence and Will Neither do I believe there is any man who had this Hope and Truſt in God, but that ſtrange and hidden Myſteries befell him. Therefore let us truſt in God, and commit our ſelves wholly to his Will and Protection.

I, whom ye here ſee, am cited to the Tribunal of God, to give an Account of Sixty Years. All my Deeds, Words and Thoughts, are open to this Judge. Nothing is concealed from him. All my Lifes Actions ſhall receive their definitive Sentence. How I tremble! for it is a terrible thing to ſtand in Judgment before God. But in this Extremity there is that which comforts me: Therefore though I am a wicked Servant, my Lord is Gracious and Infinitely Good, who will acknowledge his Servant though he have been bad. And now God be with you all that Survive: Farewel all you that are to follow me in your order.

Sect. 24. *The laſt Admonitions of Dying People.*

AS the Sun towards his Setting, ſhines often forth more pleaſantly; So Man the nearer he is to Death, the wiſer he is. Hence thoſe Admonitions of dying People, which *Wiſdom* has ſo much applauded.

Cyrus

Cyrus being about to die, My Son, said he, when I am dead, close up my Body neither in Silver nor in any other Mettal, but return its own Earth to the Earth again. His last Words were, Be grateful to your Friends, and you will never want the Power to punish your Enemies. Farewel my dear Son, and tell these my Words to your Mother also.

Wisely saith *Theophrastus*, upon his Death Bed, Many fine and pleasant things doth Life impose upon us, under the pretence of Glory, then the Love of which there is nothing more vain. Hither may be referred the saying of *Severus*, the Emperor. I was all things, but nothing avails.

Constantius, Father of *Constantine* the Great, upon his Death-Bed, as he was resigning his Empire to his Son, with a wonderful Chearfulness; Now (said he) do I almost esteem Death above Immortality. I leave a Son, Emperor. Here is the Man, that after 270 years has wiped away the Tears of the Christians, and avenged the Cruelty of Tyrants. Christ was truly in Arms with *Constantius*.

Lewis, King of *France*, gave these his last Admonitions to his Son. Beware my Son, that thou never commit any deadly Sin; rather suffer all manner of Torments. First, chose such about thee as will not be afraid to tell thee what thou art to do, and what to beware. To thy Parents give all Obedience, Love and Reverence.

Ferdinand, the Great, King of *Castile*, falling sick of his last Sickness, caused himself to be carried to the great Church, in all his Royal Robes, where putting off all his Royal Ornaments, and as it were restoring God his own, he put on a Hair Cloth, and casting himself upon the Ground, with Tears in his Eyes. *Lord*, said he, *the Kingdom which*

thou gaveſt me, I return to thee again, ſear me, I beſeech thee, in Eternal Light.

Charles King of *Sicily*, ſpoke theſe Words, Oh the Vain Thoughts of Men! Miſerable Creatures, we are delighted with Honour, heap up Treaſure, and neglect Heaven. O the happy Fate of the poor, who content with little Sleep in Tranquility. What does now my Kingdom, what do all my Guards avail me? I might have been Miſerable, without all this Pomp. Where is now the power and ſtrength of my Empire? The ſame neceſſity involves me, as hampers the meaneſt Begger. Of ſo many Thouſands of Clyents, Servants and Flatterers, there is not one that will or can accompany to the Tribunal of God. Go Mortals go, and ſwell your Breaſts with great Thoughts; to Day or to Morrow, ye muſt die. Farewel Earth, would I could ſay, welcom Heaven.

Nor muſt we forget the moſt Holy and Opulent of Kings, the Son of the *Hebrew* Nation, *David*, who being near Death, I ſaith he, am going the way of all the Earth, and then turning to his Son, But thou my Son *Solomon*, ſaid he, Keep thou the watch of the Lord, thy God, that thou walk in his Ways, and keep his Statutes and Precepts. If thou ſeek the Lord, thou ſhalt find him; but if thou forſakeſt him, he ſhall caſt thee off to Eternity. A terrible Exhortation, and enough to have pierced a Heart of Adamant.

Thus Death devours all, cuts off Kings, lays Nations waſt, and ſwallows the People up; deaf to Prayers, Riches, Tears, nor to be overcome by any humane force. Only the wiſe Man dies contented, the Fool murmurs at his departure.

Sect. 25. *Christ is invited.*

ABide with me, O Lord, for it draweth toward Night, and the day is far passed. The day of my Life hastens towards Night, and there is no *Joshua* to stay the Sun, or prolong the Day. But as the Sun is daily buried under ground, yet every Morning revives; so I and all that live shall go to the Earth, but we shall return from the Earth clearer than the Sun it self.

Therefore, O Christ, O my most Gracious Saviour, abide with me, behold it draweth towards Night. My Eyes, my Ears, all my Senses fail me; but do thou, I beseech thee, not fail me, O most loving Jesu, and all the rest, I most willingly abandon. Begon all other things; I dismiss and give ye leave. My Creator is with me, it is enough. It is well with me. But that thou may'st tarry with me till Night, even till Death; still I cry, abide with me, O Lord, for it draweth towards Night.

Sect. 26. *The dying Man is encouraged.*

WHen thou hast not the convenience of reading much, behold a few Verses not a little useful to ease thy Troubles, and confirm thy mind. Consider that St. *Cyprian* whispers these Words into thy Ears: When we die, we pass to Immortality. Nor can we attain to eternal Life, unless we depart from hence. Neither is this an Exit, but a Passage, and a flight to Eternity, after the short Conclusion of a Temperate Race. How preposterous, how perverse a thing it is, when we desire that the Will of God should be done, when

he calls us forth of this World, that we ſhould not ſtreight be obedient to his Will? We ſtrive, we ſtruggle, and like head-ſtrong Servants we are haled into the preſence of God, with Sadneſs and Sorrow; forc'd rather by Neceſſity, than won by the tie of our Obedience; and is it reaſonable we ſhould be honoured by him with Celeſtial rewards, to whom we go unwillingly? Wherefore do we deſire and pray that the Heavenly Kingdom may come, when our Earthly Captivity ſo much delighteth us? Wherefore do we ſo earneſtly wiſh for the fulfilling of Chriſts Kingdom, when we had rather ſerve the Devil here, then raign with Chriſt there?

Then ſhall the Servants of God injoy Peace, and a calm and quiet Reſt, when freed from the troubles of this World, when having vanquiſhed Death we come to immortality. When to ſee Chriſt, it ſhall be our joy, when we can have no joy, but by ſeeing Chriſt. What blindneſs of mind, what madneſs is it, to be in love with the Oppreſſions, Pains and Tears of this World, and not rather to make haſte to that joy which can never be tak'n from us?

Death is therefore the Hav'n of all Mortals. O happy Shore, O ſecure Port! wherein none but the obſtinate can Shipwrack.

Sect. 27. *Faith in the Reſurrection.*

THis Fleſh of ours now lives; though ſhortly to return to its Clay, to its mouldring Duſt; to be the Food of Fiſh, Locuſts, Ants, and poyſonous Vermin. And yet, after all this, the ſame Fleſh ſhall riſe; and the Butcheries of Executioners, and the Coats of Martyrs ſhall be crown'd. Neither do thou dream of any Fleſh than the former, un-

leſs thou canſt imagine God unjuſt to give the reward to any other than that which has won the Prize, or that he ſhould receive another to his Heavenly Reſt, than that which won the Prize. The ſame Soul in all things, which in this Fleſh fought the good fight, ſtood ſtedfaſt, learnt God, put on Chriſt, ſowed the hope of Salvation, the ſame ſhall reap. The ſame Fleſh that with the Soul ran through the whole Order of Life, endured, bled, with the ſame Soul, its Companion, ſhall reap the reward. *Lazarus* was the ſame after he had been four days in the Sepulchre as before. The ſame the Son, after the Mothers Tears were tried up as before: The ſame was Chriſt, after his being entombed as before. Neither does any aid of Sepulture deprive God of his Omnipotency, or put a ſtop to his Goodneſs. The ſame was the Tongue of the Rich Man, that was fed with Banquets, and that which was ſcorched in the Infernal Flames, and begg'd to be relieved by the Finger of the more happy Begger; the ſame Fleſh ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed according to its Merits. Is not God able to enliv'n the Clay, with the ſame breathing of his Spirit as formerly? He that formed the Muſcles, the Bones, the Nerves, the Veins, the Marrow, out of the ſame Clay, Can he not form the ſame, out of the ſame again? Is there a neceſſity that what periſhes once ſhould always Periſh? By what Law? Behold, that I may not ſtumble thee with any higher Philoſophy; behold thy Univerſal returning, Order of all things; that is a teſtimony and argument of returning Man. Summers and Winters revolve, Springs and Autums have their turns. The light of Sun and Stars return with the morning Splendor, or the natural Darkneſs had obſcured. Thou wouldſt think the Vine dead, and the Branches only fit for the Fire, yet

yet we see them revive again, and thicker clad than before; and what the cold Kills, the heat of Summer restores more. Beautiful, as if decay it self paid use. Not that these things, in all things, prove the Reparation of Human Life but lead us to it. Wouldst thou have more signal Arguments? We have a pledge in Christ, in whom we Usurp Heaven, and the Kingdom of God. Wouldst thou have it in Man? The mortified and putrified Flesh of *Lazarus*; wise Flesh. *Moses* and *Elias*, made known to the Apostles, demonstrated, that the same Habit and Condition of Body is still preserv'd in Glory. And the departed Souls delivered out of the Prisons of this Flesh, and returned to their own pure Light and Substance; yet desire nothing more than to be clad with this refin'd Clay, and in the former Matrimonial Society, to continue a Life with the same Flesh, never to be dissolved; that they which endured together may injoy the same equality of Glory, like Christ their Captain, who ascended Flesh and Bone into Heaven, a Pledge and Argument of our future Purity.

Therefore, let us not be sad. When the old House falls a fairer will rise in the stead. He not only believed without a Cause, but lived for no Cause, that thought himself born to Perish.

Sect. 28. *The hope of Resurrection, our greatest Comfort.*

JOB almost buried in the Grave of innumerable Calamities, yet with a vast alacrity of Mind; I know (saith he) that my Redeemer Lives, and that I shall rise out of the Earth, at the latter day, and shall be covered again with my Skin, and shall see God in my Flesh; when I my self shall see, and mine

mine Eyes shall behold, and none other for me. This my hope is laid up in my Bosome. Christ also as it were returning an Answer to *Job*; I am the Resurrection and Life, saith he; whoever believeth in me, though he be dead shall live.

There will most certainly come a day, that will restore us to Light, and therefore ought to depart contentedly.

'Tis reported that there is a Bird in the *East Indies*, called *Semenda*, which being sensible of her approaching Death, fetches Wood into her Nest, sings sweetly, and by the clapping of her Wings sets it a Fire, where being consumed, out of the Ashes grows a Worm, which afterwards comes to be a Bird of the same Nature. A plain Symbolum of the Resurrection.

Mirmeius, the *Roman* Orator, a great Antagonist of the Christians: see (saith he) how for our comfort all nature points out our Resurrection. The Sun sets and rises, the Stars fall and return. Flowers decay and reflourish; the withered Trees recover their Vendure. Seeds return their several species. Thus the Body deceased, like Trees in Winter, cover their Vigour with a feigned dryness. We are also to expect the *Spring of the Body*. I know that my Redeemer Lives, and that I shall rise again at the last day.

Sect. 29. *The hope of Heaven.*

WHat wouldst thou? What desirest thou? Wouldst thou live? And wouldst thou not die? So live then that thou mayst once live happy. For to live, and not to live happily, is a kind of death, or the way to death. In Heaven thou shalt live, never to die. Therefore thou shalt

live

live happily, for thou neither ſhalt nor canſt ſuffer pain, becauſe there is none there. There thou ſhalt enjoy thy Wiſhes; nor canſt thou be put out of poſſeſſion. *Eat O ye* Cant. 5.1. *Friends, drink and be merry, O ye beloved.*

This Banquet has no end. St. *Auſtin* cries out, *O ſempiternal Life, and tempiternally bleſſed; where joy without ſorrow, reſt without labour, dignity without fear, health without ſickneſs, life without death, happineſs without calamity, where all good things perfect in charity. The Gates of* Jeruſalem *ſhall be built of Saphyrs and Smarayds, and of precious Stones, the whole Circuit of her Walls. The Streets of the City ſhall be pure Gold, tranſparent as Glaſs, and through her Villages ſhall* Allelujahs *be ſung.*

Therefore *bleſſed are they that dwell in thy houſe, they will be alwaies praiſing thee. I believe verily to ſee the goodneſs of the Lord in the land of the living.*

Sect. 30. *Sighs to Heaven.*

Exod. 33. verſ. 18. *Shew me thy Glory.* Shew me all thy Good.

Iſa. 61. 3. *When wilt thou give unto them that mourn, beauty in ſtead of aſhes, joyful Ointment for ſighing, pleaſant rayment for a heavy mind.*

Job 6. 8, 9. 10. *O that I might have my deſire, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for. O that God would begin to ſmite me. That he would let his hand go and take me clean away. Then ſhould I have ſome comfort; yea I would deſire him in my pain, that he would not ſpare, for I will not deny the words of the Holy One.*

Job 7. 2. *For as a bond-ſervant deſireth the ſhadow, and as the hireling would fain have the reward of his work.*

Pſalm

Pſalm 15. 1. *Lord who ſhall dwell in thy Tabernacle? who ſhall reſt in thy holy place?*

Pſalm 27. 45. *One thing have I deſired of the Lord, which I will perform, even that I may dwell in the houſe of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to viſit his Temple.*

Pſalm 42. 1, 2. *Like as the Hart deſireth the Water-brooks, ſo longeth my Soul after thee, O God. My Soul is a thirſt for God, yea, even for the living God. When ſhall I come to appear before the preſence of God? Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by my ſelf. I went by with the multitude, and brought them forth to the houſe of God.*

Pſalm 55. 6. *O that I had wings like a Dove, for then would I fly away and be at reſt.*

Pſalm 60. 9. *Who will lead me into the ſtrong City?*

Pſ. 65. 4. *Bleſſed is the man whom thou chooſeſt and receiveſt unto thee; he ſhall dwell in thy Court.*

Pſ. 73. 1. *Truly God is loving unto Iſrael;* even to *ſuch as are of a clean heart.* Verſ. 24. *Whom have I in Heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I deſire in compariſon of thee.* Verſ. 25. *My fleſh and my heart faileth, but God is the ſtrength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*

Pſalm 84. 1. *O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hoſts.* Verſ. 2. *My Soul hath a deſire and longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord* V. 10. *For one day in thy Courts is better than a thouſand years.*

Pſalm 116. 9. *I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.*

Pſalm. 120. 5. *My Soul hath long dwelt among them that be Enemies to peace.*

Pſalm 122. 1. *I was glad when they ſaid unto me, we will go into the houſe of the Lord.*

Pſalm 138. 1. *By the waters of* Babylon *we ſat down and wept, when we remembred thee, O* Sion.

Ver. 4. *How ſhall we ſing the Lord's Song in a ſtrange Land? If I forget thee, O* Jeruſalem, *let my right hand finger forget her cunning.*

Pſ. 142. 9. *Bring my Soul out of priſon, that I may give thanks unto thy Name. Which thing if thou wilt grant me, then ſhall the righteous reſort unto my company.*

I deſire to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt.

Sect. 31. *An Abſtract of the Comforts againſt Death.*

FIrſt *Death* kills our familiar Enemy the *Body*. There is no miſchief more peſtilential than a Boſom-Enemy. *The Fleſh luſteth contrary to the Spirit, and the Spirit contrary to the Fleſh*, Gal. 5. 17. Theſe are contrary one to another.

2ly, *Death* breaks the Door of the Priſon wherein we are lockt up: But as old Priſoners, many times long acquaintance with the place detains us not unwilling in the midſt of our Fetters and Sufferings. But the beſt of Kings deſired to be delivered out of Cuſtody.

3ly, *Death* eaſes us of a vaſt Burthen; for why, a corruptible Body is heavy to the Soul, and the Earthy Manſion keepeth down that Underſtanding that muſeth upon many things: No man can ſwim with this Burthen.

4ly, *Death* puts an end to our Pilgrimage. What is Mortal Life, ſaith St. *Gregory*, *but a way?* Conſider my Friends, what it is to be aweary upon the way. Our preſent Life is full of pain, a perpetual ſtrugling, and yet we cannot forſake it without Tears.

5ly, *Death* brings us out of all Danger. The moſt Fortunate Man that lives is ſubject to many

Dangers; and Danger is hardly avoided without danger. He has only escaped all Dangers, who is out of this Life.

6ly, The necessity of *Death*. Nobly said the wise *Roman*, *There is no greater comfort in Death, than Death it self.* He would not live, that would not die. Death carries with it an impartial and unvanquishable Necessity. For the first part of Impartiality is Equality.

7ly. The Death of Christ. To the Contemplation of this, St. *Paul* exhorts us: *Let us*, saith he, *run with patience unto the Battel that is set before us. Looking unto Jesus the Captain and Finisher of our Faith; who for the Joy that was set before him, endured the Cross.* To the Members of this Head this is the greatest Consolation: For that the Members should not fear Death, the Head endured the utmost violence of Death. The Author of Life by dying set open the Gates of Heaven. Why do we fear to die? Heb. 12. 1, 2.

8ly, The Hope of Resurrection. Wherefore do we expostulate with *Death*? He does not deprive us, but introduces us into Life. The Day will shine that will recal us from our Graves. We shall all rise. Which sundry Arguments demonstrate unto us, as has been already shewed.

9ly, Immortality it self. *Death* is the end and passage; the end of Calamity, the passage to Calamity. Hence the death of the Just is called their *Birth-day*. Hence also that other Saying, *Death is but a Sport to a true Christian.* And that no man might fear this Sport, *Prudentius* in his Hymns, has these Lines.

That

That which you see, believe me, is no pain,
And but a minute doth prolong its raign.
Nor doth it silly man of life deprive;
But life reforme, by keeping life alive.

Thus the best, and all the best of men have the same beginning of Happiness, as end of Morality.

Sect. 32. *Against those that Die unwillingly.*

SO it is, we generally fear *Death*, neglect *Life*, and die unwillingly: And yet this is Ingratitude, not to be content with our time allotted. They will always be but a few Days, saith *Seneca*, if they be numbred. The Prolongation of Life nothing avails to Happiness. How much more satisfactory is it to put a good Value upon our own, than to value the Years of another. Did God think me worthy of this time? This is enough. He might have added more, but this is a Favour. Here opportunely *Horace*.

But having his compleated time enjoy'd,
Let him, like a full Guest, the Room avoid.

Who would endure a Guest that at the end of a Banquet should cry, *I have not filled my Belly* Who can praise that man, who departing out this life shall complain and say, *I have not lived long enough?* and bemoan himself as if his life were broken off in the third Act? 'Tis not only a shameful but a ridiculous Complaint. The bounds are set; but whether a long Life or a short, there is to be an end of it. So it pleases the Author of Life.

Th' hast eat and drank enough, enough hast plaid.
And now Time calls that will not be delaid.

Most admirably *Epictetus*; Thy Honour is at end, 'be gone, depart, gratefully, modestly; give place 'to

'to others: Others muſt be born, as thou wert; 'and being born, they muſt have Habitations and 'Food? But ſhould not the firſt depart, what 'would be left? Why art thou inſatiable? why 'art thou not ſatisfied? why doſt thou ſtifle and 'croud the World. But more admirably than *Epictetus*. St. *Auſtin*; 'At what time ſoever God 'would have thee make thy departure, let him find 'thee ready; For thou art a Stranger, and not 'Maſter of the Houſe: The Houſe is only let to 'thee, nor haſt thou any certain Leaſe of it. What 'ſaid the Lord thy God; When I pleaſe, when I 'ſay the word, be gone, depart. I will turn thee 'out of thy Inne, but I will give thee a Houſe. 'Thou art a Pilgrim upon Earth, thou ſhalt be a 'Tenant in Heaven.

He more earneſtly expects, more confidently hopes for Heavenly Pleaſures, who denies himſelf Earthly Delights.

Who life doth count ſevere,
Leſs cauſe hath death to fear.

Sect. 33. *Delay is the Rock of dying People.*

WE have admoniſhed the Healthy, the Sick, we muſt alſo admoniſh the Dying, to beware of this Rock, *Delay*. How many thouſand People have made an ill end, only becauſe they have delaied thoſe things which were not to be delaied. Why, O dying Friend, doſt thou ſet apart to Morrow, or the next Day for thy Salvation? To Morrow is not thine, to Day is. To Day, this very Hour, even now do what is to be done. Where wilt thou be to Morrow, or next Day.

Emylius and *Plutarch*, that the approach of the *Theban*

Theban Exiles being reported to the Magistrates of the *Thebans*, they being in the midst of their Jollity took no notice of it. At the same time Letters being brought to the Chief Magistrate, wherein all the Counsels of the Exiles were discover'd, and deliver'd to him at the same Banquet, he laid them under his Cushion, Sealed as they were, saying, *I defer serious Business till to Morrow.* But this Deferrer of Business with all his Friends was that Night surprized and killed. Thus *Death* uses to surprize those that delay, while they deliberate, while they muse, while they defer, he comes and strikes with his unlookt for Dart. Saint *Austin*, a most faithful Monitor, thus instructs one that premises, *I will live to Morrow.* 'God has promised 'thee pardon, but neither God nor Man has pro-'mised thee to Morrow. If thou hast lived ill, Live well to Day. *Fool, this Night thy Soul shall be taken from thee.* God calls thee now, exhorts thee now, expects that thou shouldst now repent, and dost thou delay? He is not so patient in suffering, as never to be just in reverging. He has divided his times. Do not say then, *To morrow I will repent; to Morrow I will serve God.* For though God has promised thee Pardon, he has not promised to add to Morrow to thy delay. Delay not thy Conversion to God, for then God will be angry and destroy the work of thy hands. The Day is to be prevented, that so often is accustom'd to prevent.

Sect. 34. *A ready Mind.*

I Will receive the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. This Cup is bitterer, yet my Saviour drank it up, and from the bloody Cross drank

drank the same to me that I should pledge him. This Cup is the fatal Cup of Death which Christ, which those most dear to Christ, which all Mortals drink through an inevitable necessity. Why should I alive refuse it? Who ever began to live, must cease to be, that he may begin that life that never shall decay. Both Good and Evil, Life and Death, Poverty and Riches, proceed from God. What meanest thou then vain Fear? wouldst thou not that I should drink the Cup which the Father provided for me, which Christ mingled for me? I am Mortal; and do I wonder at Death?

When *Alexander* the *Macedonian* lay sick, and that some of his Spiritual Flatterers seemed to hint to him, as if *Philip* his Physician had mingled Poyson in his Physick; the King receives *Philip* just then coming to him with the Poyson prepared; with one hand he gave him his Friends Letter, with the other he received the Poyson from him; and as he put it to his Mouth, he fixed his Eye upon the Physician's Face, to try whether he could discover any Marks of Guilt in his Face: but perceiving none, and being thereby confirmed in the Fidelity of his Physician. he forthwith drank off the Poyson. So will I do, when my dear *Jesus*, my Physician and Saviour shall reach me that wholesome Cup that is to procure my Eternal Rest, while I drink it, I will fix my Eyes continually upon this Physician's Face, upon the Countenance of my Crucified Lord, wherein I shall read his Love toward me, and fearless I will take off the Cup, which the more of Love it has, the more it has of Salvation.

Sect. 35. *The dying Perſon arms himſelf with* Faith, Hope *and* Charity.

THat this may be the more readily and eaſily done, we have ſet down certain Forms for the Exerciſe of *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*.

To Faith.

I do proteſt (in the preſence of God, his Holy Angels, and the Church both Triumphant and Militant) that I believe what ever the Holy Univerſal Church believes, and that I live and die in the Faith, which the ſame Univerſal Church Profeſſion (in Union which, and under her Head) our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. From which, whatever is diſſonant, I utterly reject and abandon.

To Hope.

I have ſet God always before me; for he is on my right hand, therefore I ſhall not fail.

Wherefore, my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced; my fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in hope.

For why, thou ſhalt not leave my Soul in Hell, nor ſuffer thine Holy One to ſee Corruption.

Thou ſhalt ſhew me the Path of Life; in thy preſence is fulneſs of Joy, and in thy right hand is pleaſure for evermore. Pſal. 16. v. 8. &c.

To Charity.

What ſhall I return to the Lord for all his Benefits. I will receive the Cup of Death from the hand of God, and call upon the Name of the Lord. I will

will call upon God with Praiſes, and I ſhall be ſafe from my Enemies. Into thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit. Thou haſt created me, O God, thou haſt redeemed me, thou haſt ſanctified me; thine am I alive and dead. I offer my ſelf up entirely to thy will. Jeſu, Son of *David*, have mercy upon me.

Sect. 36. *What is always to be in the thought and Mouth of a ſick and dying Chriſtian.*

IN ſickneſs, O Chriſtian, if thou art asked, how thou do'ſt? or how is it with thee? Beware of returning any other Anſwers but theſe——*As God will*——*As God pleaſes*——*As the Lord's pleaſure is*——*So let it be done*——*According to the good pleaſure of God*——*As it pleaſes God, ſo let his will be fulfilled in Earth, as it is in Heaven.*

Nor will it be amiſs to have theſe threefold Prefaces continually in thy lips, and in thy mind, as well in thy Sickneſs, as at the hour of thy Death.

1. *Bleſſed be God to all Eternity.*
2. *Have mercy on me, O Lord, according to thy loving Kindneſs; though I am not worthy of the leaſt of thy mercies, O God.*
3. *Oh, Lord, my God, I ſurrender my ſelf wholly up to thy will, let thy will be done.*

Sect.

Sect. 37. *Certain Precepts to be particularly observed by a dying Person.*

FIrst, Not to depend upon the Merits; but with all thy Sins and Omissions to cast thy self into the Fathomeless Ocean of Divine Mercy.

Next, To adhere stedfastly and constantly to the belief of the true Holy Church; and to receive the Holy Sacrament.

Thirdly, To forsake all the frail and passing Vanities of this Life; and to unite thy self to God, with all thy Soul and Affection. To breath after the Land of Promise, where thou may'st be able to offer up a lasting Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving to God for all his Mercies.

Fourthly, To offer up thy self, a Living Sacrifice to the Glory of God, for his great good will toward thee, and to endure patiently for his sake all the pains and troubles of Sickness, and the bitterness of Death.

Fifthly. To set continually before thy Eyes, the terrible Death and Passion of thy Lord Christ, that so thou mayst unite thy Body and Soul, with the wounded Body, and afflicted Soul of Christ.

But the safest way is, whatever thou wouldst do in the utmost extremity of thy Sickness, to begin to do that in the prime of thy Health.

Sect. 38. *Refreshments for a dying Person.*

COme my People, enter thou into thy Chambers, and shut thy Doors about thee. Hide thy self for a little while, till the Indignation be overpast. Isa. 26. 20. *When I was angry, I hid my Face from thee for a little*

a little season; but through everlasting goodness I have pardoned thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer, Isa. 54. 8.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my Soul? And why art thou so unquieted within me. Put thy trust in God, for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his Countenance, Psalm 42. 6.

For we are the Children of the Holy Man, and look for the Life which God shall give unto them that never turn their belief from him, Tob. 2. 18.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish, Mat. 13. 14.

For God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish but have Everlasting Life, *John* 3. 16.

But if any Man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous. And he is the Attonement for our Sins, not for our Sins only, but for the Sins of all the World, 1 *John* 2. 1.

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my Word, and believeth in him that sent me hath Everlasting Life, and shall not come into Damnation, but is escaped from Death unto Life, *John* 5. 24.

All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me, and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out, *Joh.* 6. 37.

I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, yea though he were dead yet shall he live.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not dye eternally, *Joh.* 11. 25, 26.

In my Fathers House are many Mansions, 14. 2.

If God be on our side who can be against us? Who spared not his own Son, but gave him for us all; how shall he not with him, give us all things?

Who ſhall lay any thing to the charge of Gods chooſen? It is he that juſtifies; who is he that condemneth? It is Chriſt which dyed, yea rather which is raiſed again, which is alſo on the Right Hand of God, and maketh Interceſſion for us, *Rom.* 8. 31, *&c.*

For no Man liveth to himſelf, and no Man dyeth to himſelf; for if we live, we live unto the Lord. Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lords.

For we know that if our Earthly Houſe of this Tabernacle were deſtroyed, we ſhould have a Building of God, even a Habitation not made with Hands, but Eternal in Heaven. For therefore ſighwe, deſiring to be farther cloathed with our Houſe which is from Heaven; for if that we be cloathed, we ſhall not be found naked, 2 *Cor.* 1, 2, 3.

Now alſo Chriſt ſhall be magnified in my Body, whether it be by Life or by death. For Chriſt is to me Life, and Death is to me Advantage. Having a deſire to depart and be with Chriſt, *Philip.* 1. 20, 21.

But our Converſation is in Heaven, whence alſo we look for the Saviour; who ſhall change our vile Body, that it may be faſhioned like his glorious Body.

This is a faithful ſaying, and by all means worthy to be received, that Chriſt Jeſus came into the World to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief, 1 *Tim.* 1. 15,

But he that ſhall endure to the end, the ſame ſhall be ſaved, *Mat.* 24. 13.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life, *Rev.* 2. 10.

Theſe Fountains refreſh and cool the hot Baths of death, he ſhall happily ſwim therein, who plunges himſelf over Head and Ears in theſe Rivo-

Sect. 39. *The Sighs and Prayers to God proper for a Dying Person.*

ENlighten my Eyes, O most merciful Jesu; that I sleep not in death. Lest my Enemies say, I have prevailed against him, *Psal.* 13. 3, &c.

Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the Living God. Lay thy Passion, Cross and Death between thy Judgment and my Soul.

O Lord Jesu Christ, remember not our old Sins, but have mercy upon us, and that soon, for we are come to great misery, *Psal.* 79. 8.

Sweet Lord Jesu Christ, for thy glories sake, and for the Effectual Vertues sake of thy Sufferings; cause me to be written down among the number of thy Elect.

Enter not into judgment with thy Servant O Lord, for there is no Man righteous in thy sight.

I worship thee O Christ, I bless thee because thou hast redeemed the World by thy Sufferings. Saviour of the World save me, who by thy Cross and Blood hast redeemed me.

O most merciful Jesu, I beseech thee that with thy precious Blood which thou didst shed for Sinners, that thou wouldst wash away all my iniquities. O Blood of Christ purifie me; let the Body of Christ save me; let the Water from Christs side wash me; let the Passion of Christ comfort me.

O kind Jesu hear me; hide me between thy Wounds: Permit me not, O merciful Jesu, to be separated from thee; in this my Hour of death call me; command me to come to thee, that I together with thy Saints may praise thee to all Eternity. Cast me not from thy Countenance, nor take thy Holy Spirit from me.

Sect. 40. *At the Moment of Death.*

NOW Lord according to thy good pleasure deal mercifully by me, and command my Spirit to be received in peace. Sound into the Ears of my Mind those sweet words; this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. Now let thy Servant depart in peace, because mine Eyes have seen thy Salvation.

O Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, permit me to enter into the number of thy Elect. O Jesu, Son of *David*, have mercy upon me O Lord Jesu, make haste to help me, O Lord Jesu, receive my Soul.

Sect. 41. *The true Confidence of a Dying Person in God.*

HEre *I* confidently aver with St. *Bernard*. Let another pretend to Merit; let him boast of enduring the heat and burthen of the day; my desire is to adhere to God, and to put my hope in the Lord.

And though I am conscious to my self, that such was the naughtiness of my pass'd Life, that I deserve to be forsaken of God, yet will I not cease to relye upon his Immense Goodness, and to hope that as hitherto his most Holy Grace has afforded me strength to endure all things, so the same will still uphold me, and enable me to finish my course. Therefore this one thing I beg of thee O God, that thou wilt never suffer me to distrust of thy Goodness, though I know my self to be weak and miserable. Yea, though I should perceive my self in that Terror and Consternation ready to fail, like St. *Peter*,

ter, upon one blaſt of Wind, let me remember him; let me call upon Chriſt; *Lord make me whole.* Then, O then ſhalt thou ſtretch forth thy Hand and ſave me from ſinking. But if thou ſuffereſt me to go farther yet with *Peter*, to run headlong into denial; then ſuch is my hope that thou wilt look upon me with an Eye of Mercy and Compaſſion, as thou lookeſt upon *Peter*, and grant me a new Confirmation of Eternity. This I am certain of, that unleſs the fault be mine the Lord will not forſake me. I acknowledge that ſaying of St. *Auſtin*, *God may ſave ſome without good works, becauſe he is Good; but he condemns none but for their evil works, becauſe he is Juſt.* And therefore I commit my ſelf to him with a full hope and confidence in him. If he ſuffer me to periſh for my Sins, yet his Juſtice ſhall be magnified in me. Yet I hope and moſt certainly hope, that his moſt merciful Goodneſs will moſt faithfully preſerve my Soul, ſo that his Mercy rather than his Juſtice ſhall be praiſed in me. Nothing can happen to me againſt the will of God. Whatever he pleaſes, to whomever it ſeem ill, is ſtill the beſt to me. Whatever pleaſes thee, that will I, that will I, O God.

Sect. 42. *The Laſt Words of Dying Perſons.*

Auguſtus the Emperor dy'd with theſe words in his Mouth. *Live mindful of our Nuptial Knot, and ſo farewel.* How much more holily would theſe Chriſtians do, that direct their laſt words to the Beginning and Creator of all things.

Dyoniſius the Areopagite, being condemned to loſe his Head, with a Chriſtian Generoſity, contemning the Reproaches of the Spectators, Let the

last words of my Lord upon the Cross, said he, *Be mine in this World; Father into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.*

Basil the Great, lying at the last period of Life, after he had piously instructed his own Friends, breathed out his Soul with these last words, *Lord into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.*

St. *Bernard* upon his Death-bed, *Oh Christian*, said he, *despair not of this Infirmity. Christ has taught thee what thou oughtest to say in all the dangers of death, whom to fly to, whom to invoke, in whom to hope. Therefore do thou so behave thy self, that at the hour of death, thou maist be able to say, In thee Lord have I trusted let me not be confounded to Eternity.*

Therefore let the last words of a dying Person be directed to God. All his Prayers, Wishes, Desires, and last Hopes must ever tend to him. Let the dying Person say from the bottom of his Heart; *To thee Lord I turn my face; to thee I direct my Eyes.*

Sect. 46. *Let the dying Person imitate the Penitent Thief in* Golgotha.

LOrd remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom. Happy Thief, who in the School of Christ had learnt more in three Hours, than the Unhappy *Iscariot* in three years.

Lord God! How great is the Abyss of thy Judgments. Thy Friends and Kindred are silent; thy Disciples forsake thee; the Angels appear not. Where are those thousands fed by this Crucified Lord? Who of all that multitude speaks one word for so great a Benefactor? Yet the Thief against his Companion pleads the Cause of Christ, and justifies his Innocency; take off all Scandals from him,

him, and convicts the Multitude of Murther. Nor was the Son of God asham'd of such an Advocate; but rather applauded him. Nor was the happy Rhetorician wanting in his Cause. 'But we truly, 'said he, are righteously punished, for we receive 'according to our deeds, but this Man hath done 'nothing amiss.

Oh how truely may I say the same of my self. I justly now dye, I receive according to my Deeds, but my God and my Lord did nothing, that he should dye, and dye in so much Torment. And therefore may I truely use this Prayer, *Lord remember me because thou art come into thy Kingdom.* And because thou art now in thy Kingdom look upon me weeping in this Exile, and admit me going hence into thy Kingdom. This I beg of thee for the sake of thy Scourgings, thy Thorns, thy Cross, and through thy Torments and thy Death.

Therefore what remains but for me to throw my Soul into his Bosom, who alone considers its Pains and Sufferings, He knows what conduces to the Salvation of Souls; *I wait for thy Salvation, O Lord.*

Sect. 47. *A Heliotropian Receit against all Sickness and Death.*

THE Heliotrope is a Flower, which as we find by daily Experience, turns it self with the Sun from East to West, and doing the same even in cloudy VVeather; and in the Night, for want of the Sun contracts and shuts up the Beauty of its Colours. Let the will of Man always wait upon Divine Pleasure, continually turning and winding it self to the beck of Sacred Power, though the VVeather be cloudy. Nor can any day in all

the life of Man be more cloudy than the day of our death. Then let the dying Perſon with fix'd and ſtedfaſt Eyes, like the Heliotrope, turn himſelf to his only Sun. This let our Saviours words teach us.

Even ſo, O Father, for ſo was it thy good pleaſure. After this manner, my dear dying Friend ſpeak altogether. In all things to be done, to be avoided, to be endured and born, according to thy Lords Example always ſay; Even ſo, O Father, even ſo; always ſubmitting thine to the moſt holy Will. Even ſo, O Father, even ſo, both now and for evermore.

Philip the ſecond King of *Spain*, groaning under the pains of a deſperate Diſeaſe, was wont continually to repeat theſe words of our Saviour. *Father, not mine, but thy will be done.* And one time among the reſt, as the Paſſion of Chriſt was read to him, while the Chirurgeons were Lanching open an Apoſthume, he cauſed the Reader to ſtop at theſe words. So highly did that great King value this Heliotropian Receit, as well in Health as in Sickneſs.

This Heliotrope cures Sickneſs, Death, and all ſorts of Diſeaſes. He is far from Deſtruction, who in his will is ſo near to God.

THE

THE

Fatal Moment.

When we dye our Everlasting state is to be determin'd! After Death the Judgment. The moment of our departure hence will pass us over to the Righteous Tribunal of God. It will make us either to shine with the Angels above, or to set with the Devils. It will either fix us in a joyful Paradise, or in an intolerable state of Woe. So that we may say with *Nieremberg*, How many things are to pass in that Moment? In the same is our Life to finish, our Works to be examined, and we are then to know how it will go with us for ever and ever? In that Moment I shall cease to Live, in that Moment I shall behold my Judge, in that moment I must answer for all my publick and my secret Actions, for all that I have ever thought, or spoke, or done; for all the Talents, the Time, the Mercies, the Health, the Strength, the Opportunities and the Seasons, and Days of Grace that I have ever had, for all the Evil that I might have avoided, for all the good I might have done and did not, and all this before that Judge, who has beheld my ways from my Birth to the Grave; before that Judge who cannot be deceiv'd, and who will not be impos'd upon. Little can he that has not been brought near to Death and Judgment know what Thoughts the Diseased have when they are so. Little, very little does a Soul in Flesh know what it is to appear before the Great God. This is so great and so

ſtrange a thing, that they only know it who have receiv'd their final Sentence; but they are not ſuffer'd to return to tell us how it is, or what paſſes then; and God ſees it fit it ſhould be concealed from us who are yet on this ſide the Grave. But who does not tremble to think of this mighty Change, and of this Moment that is the laſt of Time and the beginning of Eternity; that includes Heaven and Hell, and all the Effects of the Mercy and Juſtice of God.

Who does not tremble when he conſiders that Infinite and Holy Majeſty before whom the Angels cover their Faces; that conſiders his Omniſcience, and his Greatneſs, and the mighty Conſequences of that Sentence, how ſudden it is, and how irreſiſtible, and that it is an irrevocable Decree, and by a Word of this mighty Judge we live or dye for ever. It is no wonder if the thoughts of it make us ſhrink and quiver. It is a greater wonder that when ſome or other, whom we know, are almoſt every week going to ſuch a place and ſtate as this, we who are not yet Cited to the Bar, are no more concerned, and uſe no more endeavours to be ready for it.

Oh my Friends, when you come to the Borders of the Grave, when you are within an Hour or two's diſtance from your Final Judgment, and your unalterable ſtate; what a mighty Change will it cauſe in your thoughts and your apprehenſions. You will then know and feel it. Then, when the Perſpective is turn'd, and the other World begins to appear very great, and this very little. This that I have repreſented to you is a part of that which we call dying.

It is a great Mercy, and greatly to be acknowledg'd that God allows us ſo much Time wherein to prepare our ſelves for this final and irrevocable

Doom.

Doom. It is an instance of his Patience that is truly Divine, that notwithstanding our many repeated Sins he has not cut us off. It is his great Mercy that gives us leave to appear in his Courts before we appear at his Tribunal, and that he affords us such large notice and warning that so we may be ready for our Last Tryal, whereon so very much depends.

THE

THE TREATMENT OF OUR Departed Friends AFTER THEIR DEATH In Order to Their Burial.

WHen we have received the laſt Breath of our Friend, and cloſed his Eyes, and compoſed his Body for the Grave, then ſolemn and appointed Mournings, are good Expreſſions of our dearneſs to the departed Soul, and of his worth, and our value of him.

The Church in her Funerals of the dead, uſed to ſing Pſalms, and to give thanks for the Redemption and Delivery of the Soul, from the evils and dangers of Mortality.

Bur-

But it is good that the Body be kept veiled and ſecret, and not expoſed to curious Eyes; neither ſhould the diſhonours wrought upon the Face, by the changes of death, be ſtared upon by impertinent perſons. When *Cyrus* was dying, he called his Sons and Friends to take their leave of him, to touch his Hand, to ſee him the laſt time, and gave in charge, that when he had put his Vail over his Face, no Man ſhould uncover it. And *Epiphanius* his Body was reſcued from inquiſitive Eyes by a miracle. Let it be interr'd after the manner of the Countrey, and Laws of the Place, and the Dignity of the Perſon; for ſo *Jacob* was Buried with great Solemnity, and *Joſeph*'s Bones were carried into *Canaan*, after they had been embalmed, and kept 400 years, and *devout men carried St. Stephen to his Burial, making great lamentation over him.* And *Ælian* tells us that thoſe who were the moſt excellent perſons, were buried in publick, and men of ordinary Courage and Fortune had their Graves only trim'd with Branches of green Olives, and mourning Flowers, together with a few ſprigs of Roſemary and Bays.

But nothing of this concerns the dead in real and effective purpoſes; nor is it with care to be provided for by themſelves, but it is the duty of the living; for to them, it is all one whether they be carried forth in a Chariot or a wooden Bier, whether they rot in the Air, or in the Earth, whether they be devoured by Fiſhes or by Worms, by Birds or by Sepulchral Dogs, by Water or by Fire, or by delay.

Concerning doing honour to the dead, the conſideration is not long; anciently the Friends of the dead uſed to make their Funeral Orations, and the Cuſtom deſcended, and in the Channel of time it mingled it ſelf in the Veins of the Earth, through which

which it paſſed. *And now a days, Men that dye* are commended *at a price*, and the meaſure of their Legacy, is the *degree* of their Vertue. But *theſe things ought not ſo to be*, the reward of the greateſt Vertue ought not to be proſtitute to the doles of common Perſons, but preſerved like flouriſhing Laurels and Coronets, to remark and encourage the nobleſt things.

But that which is moſt conſiderable is, that we perform the will of the dead, the Laws oblige us, and will ſee to it; but did they not, certainly it is the nobleſt thing in the World, to do an act of kindneſs to him whom we ſhall never ſee again, but yet hath deſerved it of us, and to whom we would do it if he were preſent: And unleſs we do ſo, our Charity is Mercenary, and our *Friendſhips* are direct Merchandize, and our Gifts are Brokage; but what we do to the dead, or to the living for their ſakes, is *Gratitude, and Vertue for Vertues ſake, and the nobleſt portion of Humanity, Kindneſs and Love.*

The Reaſons why we ſhut the Eyes and Mouth of the Dead.

IN the firſt place, when our dear Friends and Relations are dead, we cloſe their *Eyes* and *Mouth*, which a Learned Author ſays, is a Cuſtom that was uſed by the Primitive Chriſtians, to repreſent that the death of the Faithful is, according to the Oracles of Scripture, nothing elſe but a Repoſe; ſince after having been aſleep for a while, they ſhall be awaked to Eternity. Moreover by *ſhutting their Eyes and Mouth*, we do intimate, that the dead are no more to take delight in the Objects of this viſible World, their Employment now being ſtedfaſtly to behold all the Raviſhing Beauties

of

of the other World, and continually to praise God, who is the Glorious and Bountiful Dispenser of them.

The Reasons why Dead Bodies are often Kissed, Washed, Perfumed and Cloathed: Together with the Customs of several Nations in the Burial of their Dead.

MAny Persons, 1. Kiss, and kindly Salute their dead Friends and Relations, to shew the natural tenderness and love they had for the deceased; but this Custom is now quite abolished with us in many places, though this practice ought not to be altogether discommended. 2. As for the usage that is in some Countreys, of washing the dead, St. *Chrysostom* tells us, that it was derived at first from the Person of our Lord and Saviour, whose precious Body was washed as soon as they took it down from the Cross. And we read in the ninth Chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, that a Woman of *Joppa* called *Tabitha*, whom St. *Peter* restored to Life, had been wash'd before she was laid out for the Grave. *The Indians burn their dead.*

3. The Custom of Perfuming and Embalming the Corps, hath in our days been (especially in *England*) much observed. And indeed the very reason, why the *Primitive Christians* were so careful to *perfume the dead*, was, because they regarded them as so many Members of the Mystical Body of the Redeemer of the World. *Tertullian* in his Apology, upbraiding the Heathens with the vast expences of sweet Scents and Perfumes, consumed in the Temples, tells them that those *Odours* would be better employed, in perfuming and embalming the

the Bodies of Christians, and their dear Friends departed. At the *Canary Islands they bury their Dead with a Bottle of Wine standing by them.*

4. As concerning the manner of Apparelling the Dead, all Christians use not the same practice; for some do only cover them with a large *Winding-sheet*, as they do in *France*: And others dress them in the very same Cloaths they were wont to wear, as in *Italy*, and several other places. And others dress them and lay them in their Coffin, in a white Shirt, a clean Cap (*with their Toes tyed with a black Ribband*) and sometimes (as a late Act of Parliament enjoyns) in Flannel; this is the Custom in *England*. And likewise here it is the Custom to set the Body when dress in order to the Grave, either in the Entry, or the principal and most publick Room of the House, and that for this reason, and that by this sight, those that pass by it at the Funeral, may be taken off from Terrestrial things, and fix their thoughts on those that are Heavenly, by being thereby put in mind of their *latter end*, and that it will not be long before they must lye in the like posture too, in order to be carried on their Friends Shoulders to their Graves, as this their Friend or Relation is now to be carried. *The Chineses always before they Bury their Dead* (if he was a Married Man) *bring him to his Wife, that so she might first kiss him, and bid him farewel.*

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The manner of Burying the Dead in England, *with the Reasons of the Pomp and Ceremony wherewith the* Engliſh *carry their Dead to the Grave.*

NOW having thus far taken care of the dead Body, the next thing is to conſider the reaſons and manner of the Pomp and Ceremony, wherewith the *Engliſh* carry their dead to the Grave, the manner is thus.

The whole Company of Invited Gueſts (being the Relations, Mourners for, and Friends of the deceaſed) march in a *ſorrowful Proceſſion*, firſt to the Church, and then to the Grave, attended with more or leſs Pomp and Ceremony, according to the *Quality* of the Party deceaſed: At the Head of this *ſolemn attendance*, the *Miniſter* that is to *bury the Corps*, walketh before the Corps (and if the party deceaſed was a Perſon of Quality or Faſhion) then goes a vaſt number of *young Blew-Coats* (*Boys and Girls*) ſinging Pſalms and Hymns moſt melodiouſly all the way to the Church; next to theſe *Ranks* now recited, goes a *huge croud* of Mourners and other People, that accompany the *Corps*, whereof uſually ſome are *weeping* and *lamenting*, whilſt others are *ſwooning*, and ſometime almoſt fainting away by reaſon of grief for the party deceaſed. (*Though ſuch exceſſive lamenting uſually laſts not long, as appears plainly by the ſtory of a Woman, who did paſſionately follow her Husband to the Grave, and would by all means be buried alive with him, yet* (*being of a baſe and wanton temper*) *as ſoon as ever the black attire of her Husbands Funeral was over, the next day ſhe married a brisk Youngſter, with whom ſhe lived jocundly all her days.*)

But

But to proceed, if 'tis not a Perſon of Quality that is diſeaſed, this great Ceremony in *England* is rarely obſerved.

Laſt of all, when they are arrived at the Church, after the uſual Ceremonies are over, and Funeral Sermon preached, the Corps is Interred in the Chancel (if it was the Body of a Rich and Honourable Man) or Church-yard, if it was the Body of a Mean and Ordinary Perſon.

The exact Method that ought to be obſerved in Funeral Proceſſions, for moſt Ranks and Degrees of Men.

FIrſt Children of the Hoſpital. Two Conductors. Poor Men. Gentlemens Servants in Cloaks. Gentlemen in Cloaks. Gentlemen in Gowns. Aldermen in Black. The Preacher. A Penon of his own Arms, Helm and Creſt. The Coat of Arms. Chief Mourners. Two Aſſiſtants. Aldermen not in Black. Maſter of the Company if, &c. Maſter of the Hoſpital. Then all Gentlemen not in Black. Neighbours and others.

THE

THE Funeral Solemnity.

I Might here inlarge upon Mourning for, and the Ancient Cuſtoms and Manners of *Burying the Dead in all Nations*, throughout all the habitable World.

The Ancient *Romans* did uſe them that were dead after two manners, and they had two *kinds of Obſequies*; the firſt and moſt Ancient was to cover the dead with Earth, and to bury them as we do; the other to burn their Bodies, but this manner did not continue long.

Numa Pompilius was the Inventer of Obſequies, and he Inſtituted a High-prieſt, who had the Charge. The firſt Honour which they uſed to perform in the Obſequies of Famous Perſons, was to commend the Party by an Oration. *Valerius Publicola* made a Funeral Oration on the death, and in the praiſe of *Brutus*. In like manner *Julius Cæſar*, being but Twelve years old, commended his Grandfather; and *Tiberius* at the Age of Nine years praiſed his Father. The ſecond Honour was to make Sword-players to Fight. *Marcus* and *Decius* Sons to *Junius Brutus*, were the firſt that did practiſe this, in Honour of their Father. The third Honour was, to make a Feaſt of *Magnificent Furniſhment*. The fourth was a diſtribution of Meat to all the common People. And ſuch (as I have ſaid before) as could not be Buried with the like, and ſo great Pomp (for the Expences were inſupportable) were buried in the Night time, by the *Veſpilions* clothed all in white, who carried the dead Body to his Grave. They had likewiſe an Order, that within

within some while after the Obsequies, they would strew *divers Flowers and sweet Odours* upon the Sepulchre, as the *Roman* people did upon the Funeral Monument of *Scipio*. And also they accustomed yearly to Garnish, Deck, and Adorn the Tombs or Graves of the Dead, with Posies, Crowns and Garlands of all sorts of Flowers. Husbands (saith Saint *Jerom ad Pammachum*) were wont to straw, spread, or scatter over, and upon the Graves and Sepulchers of their deceased dear Wives, Violets, Roses, Lillies, Hyacinths, and divers Purple Flowers; by which *uxorious Office* they did mitigate and lessen the grief of their Hearts, conceived by the loss of their *Loving Bed-fellows*. The like expression of Mutual Love Wives shewed to their buried Husbands.

Now above all Flowers in these Ceremonious Observances, the *Rose* was in greatest request, and had the sole preheminence, as *Kirman* relates. To which *Jo. Passeratius* in his *Rosa* thus alludes.

Manibus est imis Rosa grata, & grata Sepulchris,
Et Rosa flos Florum.

Unto the Tombs and Spirits of the Dead
The Rose is grateful, of all Flowers the Head.

And *Anacreon* in praise of the Rose thus sings in one of his Odes: I will use the Latine Translation.

Rosa, honor, decusque florum
Rosa, cura amorque veris
Rosa, cœlitum voluptas.

And in another Ode in commendation of the Rose more aptly to this purpose, thus,

Medicatur hæc & ægris,
Defendit hæc sepultos.

The Rose full many griefs doth Cure,
Defends Corps laid in Sepulture.

The

The Ancient Ethnicks did hold the *ſpringing of Flowers*, from the Grave of a deceaſed Friend, an argument of his happineſs; and it was their univerſal wiſh, That the *Tomb-ſtones* of their dead Friends might be light unto them; and that a perpetual Spring-tide, of all kind of fragrant Flowers, might incircle their verdant Graves. According to this of *Perſius Sat.* 7.

Dii majorum umbris tenuem & ſine pondere terram
Spiranteſque crocos, & in vina perpetuum ver.

(bear
Lye Earth light on their Bones, may their Graves
Freſh fragrant Flowers; let Spring-tide ſtill live
(there.

But to come back again. The magnificence in burning the Bodies of the dead, did far exceed in charges all *other kinds of Funeral*; for which the Bodies of Perſons of principal regard (as you may read in the Travels of *George Sandys*) they burnt rich Odours, Gold, Jewels, Apparel, Herds of Cattel, Flocks of Sheep, Horſes, Hounds, and ſometimes the Concubines and Slaves whom they moſt reſpected, to ſupply their wants, to ſerve their delights, and attend upon them in the *lower Shades*. The expreſſion of ſuch a *Funeral Fire*, wherein the Body of *Archemorus* was conſumed, is thus ſet down by *Statius* the *Theban*, in his ſixth Book, Tranſlated by *Sandys*.

Never were Aſhes with more Wealth repleat;
Gems crackle, Silver melts, Gold drops with heat:
Embroidered Robes conſume, Oaks, fatned by
The Juice of ſweet *Aſſyrian* Drugs, flame high:
Fier'd Honey, and pale Saffron hiſs: Full Bowls
Of Wine pour'd on, and Goblets (gladding Souls)
Of black Blood, and ſnatcht Milk. The Greek Kings
(then
With Guidons trail'd on Earth, led forth their Men

In

In seven Troops; in each Troop an Hundred Knights
Circling the sad Pile with siniſter Rites: (round
Who choak the Flame with Duſt. Thrice it they
Their Weapons claſh; four times a horrid ſound
Struck Armours rais'd; as oft the Servants beat
Their bared Breaſts, with out-cries. Herds of Neat,
And Beaſts half ſlain, another waſtful Fire
Devours, &c.

With the like Solemnity, or far greater, the Funerals of *Patroclus* were performed by *Achilles*, for with him were burned, Oxen, Sheep, Dogs, Horſes, and twelve ſtout and valiant Sons of Noble *Trojans*. *Achilles* pulls off the Hair off his Head, and caſts it into the Flame; and beſides inſtitutes certain *Funeral Games* to the Honour of his ſlain Friend, the Glory of the Greekiſh Nation, *Patroclus*, which is Recorded by *Homer* in the 23d Book of his Illiads; of which this is the Argument.

Achilles orders juſts of Obſequies,
For his *Patroclus*, and doth Sacrifice
Twelve *Trojan* Princes: moſt lov'd Hounds, & Horſe,
And other Offering to the honoured corſe.
He inſtitutes beſides a Funeral Game,
Where *Diomed* for Horſe-race wins the ſame.
For Foot, Ulyſſes; other otherwiſe
Strive, and obtain, and end the Exequies.

They uſed to quench theſe Funeral Fires with red Wine, and gathering the Bones together, to include them in Urns, which they placed in or upon ſome ſumptuous rich Monument, erected for that purpoſe.

Many more Ceremonies were obſerved in the magnificent ordering of both kinds of Funerals, as well of ſuch as were *Buried* in the Earth, as of

these *Burned* in these costly Piles of VVood. The Custom of burning the dead Bodies continued among the *Romans*, but until the time of the *Antonine* Emperors, *An. Dom.* 200. or thereabouts; then they began to Bury again in the Earth. *Manutius de leg. Rom Fol.* 125, 126.

They had, at these Burials, suborned counterfeit hired Mourners, which were VVomen of the loudest Voices, who betimes in the Morning did meet at appointed places, and then cried out mainly; beating of their Breasts, tearing their Hair, their Faces, and Garments, joining therewith the Prayers of the defunct, from the Hour of his Nativity, unto the Hour of his Dissolution; still keeping time with the Melancholick Musick. (This is a Custom observed at this day in some parts of *Ireland*, but above all Nations the *Jews* are best skilled in these Lamentations, being

Fruitful in Tears; Tears, that still ready stand
To sally forth, and but expect command.)

Amongst these VVomen there was ever an old aged *Beldam*, called *Præfica*, superintendent above all the rest of the Mourners; who with a loud Voice did pronounce these words, *Ire licet*; as much to say, He must needs depart; and when the dead Corps were laid in the Grave, and all Ceremonies finished, she deliver'd the last Adieu in this manner, *Adieu, Adieu, Adieu, we must follow thee, according as the course of Nature shall permit us.*

The manner of these lamentings, (saith *George Sandys* in his Journal) *may of old appear by this Ironical personating of a Father following the Exequies of his Son, introduced by* Lucian *in these words: O my sweet Son, thou art lost, thou art dead: Dead before thy day, and hast left me behind, of Men the most miserable.*

To

To Mourn after the Interment of our Friends, is a Manifeſt Token of true Love; by it we expreſs that Natural Affection we had to the departed, with a Chriſtian-like Moderation of our Grief, whereby our Faith to God-ward is demonſtrated. For as God has made us living, ſo hath he made us loving Creatures, to the end we ſhould not be as Stocks and Stones, void of all kind and natural Affection, but that living and loving together, the love of the one ſhould not end with the life of the other.

Our all Perfect and Almighty Saviour Chriſt Jeſus, wept over the Grave of dead *Lazarus* (whom he revived) whereupon the ſtanders by ſaid among themſelves, *Behold how he loved him.*

The Ancient *Romans*, before they were Chriſtians, *mourned nine Months*, but being Chriſtians, they *uſed mourning a whole year, clothed in black* for the moſt part, for Women were clothed partly in white, and partly in black, according to the diverſity of Nations.

Theſe Examples conſidered, I obſerve that we, in theſe days, do not weep and mourn at the departure of the dead, ſo much, nor ſo long, as in Chriſtian duty we ought. *For Husbands can buy their Wives, and Wives their Husbands*, with a few counterfeit Tears, and a ſoure Viſage masked and painted over with diſſimulation; contracting *ſecond Marriages*, before they have worn out their Mourning Garments, and ſometimes before their Copemates be cold in their Graves.

THE

AN ACCOUNT

Of the

Death and last *Sayings*

Of the most Eminent Persons, from the Crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour, down to this present time.

FUneral *Orations* have been anciently used both within and without the *Church*, without among the *Heathens*, within among both *Jews* and *Christians*. *David*, 2 *Sam.* 1. 19. sets forth the Praise of *Saul* and *Jonathan* his Son; *The Beauty of* Israel *is slain upon his high places.* And memorable is that Funeral Oration of Saint *Jerom* for his *Paula*, and her Daughter *Eustochium*: And good reason since, not only *Life* but the *Death of Saints* is precious in God's sight; let it be so in ours, if both the one and the other be spoken of, we ought not, nor can without Injury to the Pious Souls deceased, *bury in silence* those *Vertues* and *Graces* of God which were Eminently visible in their *last Exit*, not only for God's Glory who was Author, but also for Example and Comfort of the *Survivers*: And how can we doubt but that the Sound of the Praises of the Godly, will cause the most Dissolute one time or another to wish, *Oh that I might die the death of the righteous, and that my latter end may be like his.*

For these holy Purposes, I design here to give

you an account of the *Death and last Sayings of the most Eminent Persons, from the* Crucifixion *of our Blessed Saviour, down to this present time.*

It was a Custom in the Primitive Times, to *Transmit to Posterity* what would be most Remarkabe and Exemplary to present as well as to future Ages; And I hope such Precedents will not appear unnecessary; since Divine Authority informs our weak Judgment, that St. *Luke* made one *Treatise of all that* Jesus *began to do and to teach*, Acts 1.1. Which blessed Pattern was fully delineated by that holy Apostle for our Imitation, and whose *Holy Example* we must endeavour to follow, if we expect to be his Disciples.

It was the Wish and earnest Desire even of *Dives* when in Flames, *That* Abraham *would send* Lazarus *to his Brethren to warn them of coming to that dismal place of Torment*; as we find it, *Luke* 16. for he conceived a *Message from the Dead* would operate more powerfully than the Arguments or Perswasions of the *Living:* And in this *following Account*, we may be said to allow you that which was denied to this Man, while we Treat you with a seasonable Banquet, *Served up by Repentance*, through the Grace and Mercy of God, even upon the *Brink of the Grave.*

THE

THE Death of Christ and his Apostles, &c.

The Death of our Lord and Saviour *JESUS CHRIST.*

NO sooner had our First Parents, by eating the Forbidden Fruit, forfeited their State of Happiness; but the All-wise Creator, out of the Abundance of his Mercy and Goodness, found a means to rescue them and their Posterity, from the Power and Malice of Satan, and gave them a Promise, That *the Seed of the Woman should break the Serpent's head*, Gen. 3. 15, All which was fulfilled by our blessed Lord and Saviour.

The Son of God, and Second Person in the Trinity, was born of the Virgin *Mary*, and made Man, whose Birth and Glorious Triumph over Death, the Grave, and Hell, the Patriarchs and Prophets all along had foreseen.

After our Blessed Saviour, that Glorious Son of Righteousness, had run his Course, he undertook to satisfie his Father's Justice, by making a Propitiatory Sacrifice for the Sins of lost and undone Man, and suffered himself to be Tempted, Betrayed, Scourged, Spit upon, Reviled, Crowned with Thorns, and lastly, submitting even unto the Death of the Cross; all which had been exactly foretold by the Prophets. Though it happened

not after the common manner, but was attended with such dismal Darkness, and terrible Earthquakes. Insomuch, that a Heathen Philosopher at that Instant declared, That *either the God of Nature suffered, or the World was at an end.* But he could not long rest under the power of the Grave, but as a Victorious Captain, breaking the Bonds of Death, he led Captivity Captive, in spite of the Malice of his Enemies, who set a Guard upon him; for as we have it, *Matth.* 28. 1,2,3,4,5,6. *In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came* Mary Magdalene *and the other* Mary, *to see the Sepulchre, and behold there was a great Earthquake, for the Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled away the Stone from the door, and sat upon it, his Countenance was like Lightning, and his Raiment white as Snow, and for fear of him the Keepers did tremble, and became as dead men, and the Angel answered and said unto the women, fear ye not, for I know that ye seek* Jesus *that was crucified, he is not here, but is risen as he said, come see the place where the Lord lay.*

The Death of St. PETER.

WHen he was at *Rome*, he Propheſied the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, and the *Jewish* Nation by *Vespasian*: But about that time the Persecution growing hot against the *Christians*, especially upon *Nero*'s return from *Achaia* in great Pomp, he, at that time resolving to glut himself with Innocent Blood, caused several thousands of the *Christians* to be shut up in Prisons, and among the rest St. *Peter*, for whose Preservation the Prayers of the *Christians* were still put up to Heaven many of the chief of them, who could gain Access perswa

perſwading him earneſtly to make his eſcape, alledging, that the preſervation of his Life would be very uſeful to the Church. The which (after many denials) he attempted by getting over the Wall, which being effected, and coming to the City Gate, is there ſaid to meet our Lord, who was entring the City, when knowing him, he asked him, *Lord, whither art thou going?* from whom he received this Anſwer, *I am come to* Rome *to be Crucified a ſecond time.*

By which Anſwer, St. *Peter* apprehending himſelf to be reproved for endeavouring to fly that Death which was allotted him, and that our Saviour meant he was to be Crucified in his Servant, he returned again to Priſon, and delivered himſelf to the Keekper, and ſo continued till the Day of his Execution with great chearfulneſs. Having Saluted his Brethren, and eſpecially St. *Paul*, who was at that time his Fellow-Priſoner, he was led to the top of the *Vatican* Mountain, near the River *Tiber*, about three Furlongs without the City, and there Crucified with his Head downwards; it being his own deſire ſo to die, alledging that he was unworthy to ſuffer after the ſame manner that his Lord and Maſter had ſuffered; and ſo *having run the race that was ſet before him, he (undoubtedly) obtained the reward laied up for him in the Higheſt Heavens.*

The Death of St. PAUL.

HOW long St. *Paul* continued in Priſon after he had received Sentence to die, is uncertain; but the Day of his Execution ſoon came; but what his preparatory Treatment was, whether he was Scourged, as Malefactors were wont, in or-

der to their Death, is not known. As a *Roman* Citizen, by the *Valerian* and *Porcian* Law, he was exempted from any such Ignominious and Infamous Punishment, though by the Law of the Twelve Tables, Notorious Malefactors Condemned by the *Centuriate* Assemblies, were first to be Scourged and then put to Death. And as *Baronius* informs us, That in the Church of St. *Mary*, beyond the Bridge in *Rome*, two Pillars are yet to be seen, to which St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* were Bound and Scourged before their Executions.

As our Apostle was led to Execution, he is said to have Converted three of the Souldiers who Guarded him; which the Emperour hearing, commanded that they should be put to death: St. *Paul* being come to the place appointed for his Execution, which was near the *Aquæ Salviæ*, three Miles from *Rome*, after he had exhorted such as came to see his Tragedy, to Repentance, and recommended his Spirit into the hands of his blessed Lord and Master, he kneeling down, had his Head stricken off with a Sword.

St. *Chrysostom* declares, That his chearful submitting to Death, and his constant Courage till the last, was a means not only to Convert his Executioner, but several others, who afterwards suffered Martyrdom for the Faith of Christ. He was Executed, as far as can be gathered, in the Sixty eighth Year of his Age. And thus the great Apostle, after he had Preached the Gospel to the *Gentiles*, and either in Person, or by his Epistles, visited most of the known World; and, as *Theodoret* tells us, in the Isles of the Sea, (whereby he undoubtedly means *Britain*) he received first the Crown of Martyrdom.

He was Buried *in via Ostiensis*, about two Miles from *Rome*, *Over whose Grave*, about 318 Years after

after *Conſtantine* the Great, at the requeſt of Pope *Sylveſter*, built a ſtately Church, and endowed it with many rich Gifts and Priviledges.

The Death of St. ANDREW.

WHen he was Condemned, the Pro-Conſul ordered him to be Scourged; and as he was going to be Crucified, the People cried out, *He was a juſt and good man*; yet he was faſtned upon the Croſs with Ropes, that he might be the longer dying; the Croſs being two Beams ſet in the faſhion of the Letter X. From this Croſs, after he was faſtned to it, he Preached to the People for the ſpace of two Days; and by his admirable Patience, Courage, and Perſeverance, Converted many to the Faith, During his *hanging there*, great ſute was made to the Pro-Conſul for his Life, but our Apoſtle deſired them not to Intercede for him. *For that he was greatly deſirous to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.* Praying earneſtly to Heaven, that he might at that time finiſh his Race, and be crowned with Martyrdom: And ſo it happened, for he there gave up the Ghoſt. After which, his Body being taken down, was Embalmed at the Command of *Maximilia*, whom he had Converted, and afterwards laied in a ſtately Tomb prepared for that purpoſe, where it continued till the time of *Conſtantine* the Great, and was at his command brought to *Conſtantinople*, and buried there in the great Church which he had founded to the Honour of the Apoſtles.

The *Scots* for many Ages paſt, have had ſuch Veneration for him, that they Stiled him the Patron of their Country, bearing his Croſs in their Standard.

The Death of St. JAMES.

A Short time after his Impriſonment, Sentence of Death was paſſed upon him; and as he was led to the Place of Execution, according to *Clemens Alexandrinus*, the Souldier or Officer who Guarded him to the place of his Martyrdom; or as *Suidas* will have it, his Accuſer being Convinced, by the Courage and Bravery of the Apoſtle, in his chearfully going to his Death, came and fell down before him, asking Pardon for what he had done, upon which the bleſſed man raiſed him from the Ground, embraced and kiſſed him, ſaying, *Peace my Son, peace be to thee, and a pardon of thy faults:* Whereupon, before all the Aſſembly, he openly confeſſed his Converſion, declaring the Chriſtian Faith to be the only means of Salvation; declaring, that he was ready to die for the ſame, which accordingly he did, they being both Beheaded at the ſame time.

As for the Body of our Apoſtle, it being Interred near *Jeruſalem*, was from thence brought into *Spain*, and there ſaid to do many Miracles; but what Credit is to be given to that, I leave to the Reader's Judgment.

The Death of St. JOHN.

HE died, ſaid the *Arabian*, (as *Kirſten* has it in the Lives of the Four Evangeliſts) in the expectation of his bleſſedneſs; from which he infers, that he died peaceably, and not a violent Death; although *Theophylact* and others, do conceive that he died a Martyr.

Many

Many there are likewise who have cherished a fond Opinion, that he never died, but rather that sleeps in his Grave; alluding to the words of our Saviour upon *Peter*'s enquiry, *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?* John 21. 23. Others say, that having commanded his Grave to be dug, he went into it, and ordered such as went with him to fasten down a great Stone upon the same, and come the next Morning and look into it, which they did, and found nothing there but the Grave-cloaths; from which, as *Nicephorus* relates, they concluded he was Ascended, he having intimated some such thing before his lying down.

The Death of St. PHILIP.

THis Apostle was seized and carried to Prison, and being Sentenced, he was cruelly Scourged, and hanged by the Neck against a Pillar; though some would have it, that he was Crucified; but however, during the Execution, such a terrible Earthquake happened, that the Earth began to open, so that the affrighted people cried to Heaven for Mercy, upon which it instantly staied.

The Apostle being dead, his Body was taken down by St. *Barnabas*, his Companion in the Ministery of the Gospel at that time, and *Mariamne* St. *Philip*'s Sister, who bore him Company in all his Travels: After they had taken him down, they decently Interred him, and when they had confirmed the people in the Faith of Christ, they departed thence.

The

The Death of St. BARTHOLOMEW.

HIS Sentence was to be Crucified, and when the Day of Execution came, he went chearfully to embrace his Death, Comforting and Exhorting his Proselytes *to keep stedfast in the Faith and Doctrine that they had received, which was able to make them wise unto Salvation:* and so continued to instruct them to the last moment of his Life. Several there are that affirm he was Crucified with his Head downwards, and that he was fleied alive; which cruel usage, as *Plutarch* relateth, was common in that Country.

After his Death, his Body was removed to *Darus*, a City in the Borders of *Persia*, from thence to *Benevent* in *Italy*, and from thence to *Rome*.

The Death of St. MATTHEW *the Evangelist.*

WE find in an ancient Author, that he suffered Martyrdom at *Naddabar*, a City of *Æthiopia*, but what kind of Death he died, is not mentioned; and as *Dorotheus* reports, he was Buried at *Hierapolis*. During his Lifetime, he was a great Assertor of the true Religion, a Contemner of Worldly Treasure, which is evident by his leaving so gainful a Calling to follow our Saviour: As for his Humility, he exceeded many of his Fellows, which may well be observed in his Writings, where he gives them the Pre-eminency: His Age at the time of his Death is not certainly known, though some are of Opinion he died in the Seventy Year, &c.

The

The Death of St. THOMAS.

THE *Brachamans* or Heathen Priests, were so enraged against St. *Thomas*, that they sought always to destroy the Apostle, as hoping by that means to extirpate his Doctrine, which by being embraced on all hands, had near spoiled their Trade: So that one Day when he was praying alone in a solitary place, they came upon him with Stones, Darts and Spears; and having grievously wounded him, one of them run him through the Body with a Spear: His Body being taken up by his Well-willers, was Buried with great Solemnity in the Church that he had built, which was afterwards greatly enlarged.

The Death of St. JAMES.

HE was took up by force and thrown down from the Battlements; notwithstanding which Fall, *He reared himself upon his Knees and prayed for them*, the which whilst he was doing, such Villains as they had appointed for that purpose, fell upon him with Clubs and Stones, till one among the rest, (notwithstanding the entreaty of many to save his Life) with a Fuller's Club beat out his Brains, and by that means gave his Soul a passage to the *Eternal habitations of Bliss and Joy that fade not away.*

He died in the Ninty fourth year of his Age, and Twenty four after Christ's Ascension, to the grief of all good men. *Gregory* Bishop of *Tours* informs us, that he was buried upon Mount *Olivet*, in a Tomb which he had caused to be erected during his Life: In which he had buried old *Simeon* and

Zacha-

Zacharias, though *Hegesippus* will have it, that he was buried near the Temple in the place where he was Martyr'd, and that there being a Monument erected for him, it continued there for many years after.

The Death of SIMEON *the Zelot.*

THE Devil that great Enemy of our Salvation, stirred up the Multitude to persecute him, whose barbarous rage in a short time after Crowned him with Martyrdom; as not only *Dorotheus* and *Nicephorus* affirm, but also expressed in the Menologies, where we are informed that St. *Simeon* went at last into *Britain*, and having enlightned the Minds of many with the Doctrine of the Gospel, he at length was Crucified by the Infidels, and buried there, but as to any particular place of his Burial no mention is made.

Some there are who tell us, that after he had Preached the Gospel in *Ægypt*, he went to *Mesopotamia*, where meeting with St. *Jude*, they journeyed together into *Persia*, where having planted the Gospel, they were both Crowned with Martyrdome.

The Death of St. JUDE.

Nicephorus tells us, that after all he came to *Edessa*, where *Abgarus* was Governour, and where the other *Thaddæus* who was one of the Seventy, had been before him, and there perfected what was begun; and having by his Preaching and Miracles established the Gospel, he died a peaceable and quiet Death. But *Dorotheus* affirms th

he was slain at *Berytus*, and buried there in a stately Tomb, although by the General Consent of the *Latin Church*, he went Preaching the Gospel in *Persia*, where after he had brought many over to the Faith, and established the *Christian Religion* there for many years; he at last was for his reproving and strongly opposing Idolatrous and Diabolick Devices of the *Magi*, by their procurement cruelly put to Death.

The Death of St. MATTHIAS *the Apostle.*

HE was treated with all manner of Rudeness and Inhumanity; from whom for all his Pains and Labour, about saving their Immortal Souls, and directing them in the way to everlasting Life, he was at last Marty'd by them, *Anno Christo* 59, or as others will have it, 64. The manner of his Death is uncertain, though *Dorotheus* reports, he was Martyr'd at *Sebestople*, near the Temple of the *Sun*, (past doubt for reproving their Idolatrous Worship, in *Adoring the Creature instead of the Creator*) and was buried there. Another account we have, that he was seized by the *Jews* as a Blasphemer, and after being stoned, was beheaded. When as the *Greek* Offices, seconded by several Breviaries, relate, that he was hanged upon a Cross: And farther 'tis said, that his Body was for a long time kept at *Jerusalem*, and conveyed thence to *Rome* by *Aelen*, Mother to *Constantine* the Great, where some Bones, said to be his, are shewed with great Veneration to this day.

The

The Death of St. MARK.

WHilſt St. *Mark* was intent at Divine Worſhip, the barbarous Multitude broke in upon him, and faſtning Cords about his Feet, dragged him through the Streets in a moſt inhumane manner, ſo that his Fleſh was torn off by the Cragginess of the way; not being ſatisfied with this, they caſt him into a Priſon near the Sea, where he was comforted in his Agony by a Divine Apparition. The next Morning they drew him forth, till by the extream effuſion of Blood his Spirits failed, and he gave up the Ghoſt; after which, as *Metaphraſtus* adds, they kindled a large Fire and burnt his Body; the remains of which being preſerved by ſuch as he had Converted to the Chriſtian Faith, were depoſited in the place where he was wont to Preach, and ſuch part of him as remained, was afterward carried to *Venice*, and there kept in a Church built to the Honour of that *Evangeliſt*, being one of the ſtatelieſt Piles now extant in *Europe*.

The Death of St. LUKE.

SOme there are that ſay, he died a Natural Death; but *Naſianzen*, and *Polinus* Biſhop of *Nola*, with ſome others, affirm, that he received the Crown of Martyrdom.

Nicephorus gives us this following account, *viz.* That Saint *Luke* coming into *Greece*, ſucceſsfully Preached the Goſpel, Baptizing many Converts into the Chriſtian Faith, and working many Miracles; till at laſt a party of Infidels (encouraged by

by their Priests, whose Idolatrous Worship the *Evangelist* (sharply reproved) fell at unawares upon him, and forcibly dragged him to the place of Execution, where not having a Cross in readiness, they hanged him upon an Olive-Tree, in the 80th Year of his Age.

But certain it is that he was put to Death; some affirm that his Body was at the Command of *Constantine* the Great, or his Son *Constantius*, brought to *Constantinople*, and there solemnly Interred in the great Church, Founded there to the Honour of the Apostles.

THE *DEATHS* OF THE Primitive Fathers.

The Death of IGNATIUS.

IGnatius was born Twelve Years before the Crucifixion of our Saviour, having with his Eyes beheld him in the Flesh; he being, as many think, one of those little Ones that our Saviour commanded his Disciples to suffer to come unto him: Nay, some affirm, that it was he whom our Blessed Lord set in the midst of his Disciples, when they contended about Superiority. However, he

he was indued with a more than ordinary Portion of the *Divine Spirit*, and ſucceeded St. *Peter* in the Paſtorſhip of the Church of *Antioch*, where he laboured diligently in the Miniſtry of the Goſpel, Converting and Confirming many to the Chriſtian Faith, being a great oppoſer of the *Hereſies* or Erroneous Opinions that had ſprung up in the Church.

When the day of his Martyrdom came, he chearfully ſaid, *I am Gods Corn, when the wild Beaſts have ground me to powder with their Teeth, I ſhall be his white Bread.* He ſuffered Martyrdom the 11th. year of *Trajan*, being, as many of the Ancients affirm, Torn to pieces by wild Beaſts in the Theatre to make the Tyrant ſport. And thus ended the Life of this good Man, who upon many occaſions was wont to ſay, *My Love is Crucified*, meaning either Chriſt the Object of his Love, or that his darling Sins and Affections to the World were Crucified; and in another place he declares, that he beheld the Lord after his Reſurrection before he Aſcended.

He uſed to ſay, *That there is nothing better than the peace of a good Conſcience.*

Of Patience, *Other Graces are but parts of a Chriſtians Armour; as the Shield of Faith, the Sword of the Spirit, &c. But Patience is the* Panoply *or whole Armour of the Man of God.*

The Death of POLYCARP.

HIS Enemies thirſted after his Blood, and thereupon deſired the Proconſul that he might be thrown to the Beaſts; but he alledging the time for the Game of Beaſts was paſt, they prayed that he might be expoſed to the Flames, to which laſt he conſented; and thereupon the multitude led him

him away, crying, *This is the Doctor of Asia, the Father of the Christians, the Overthrower of our Gods, who hath taught many, that our Gods are not to be Adored.* Every one of them fetching Wood from their Shops and Houses.

When the Pile was reared, the Holy Man put off his Apparel, being assisted therein by the Faithful Christians, that came to take their last Farewel of him, striving to touch his Body, as accounting it no small Honour. When he was naked, the Infidels offered to nail him to the Stake; but he desired them to forbear, saying, *Suffer me even as I am, for he that has given me strength to come to this Fire, will give me patience likewise to persevere therein, without your fastening me with Nails.*

He died *Anno Christi* 170. In the midst of the Fire, he said this Prayer.

O God, the Father of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the Knowledge of thee: O God, the Creator of all things, upon thee I call, thee I confess to be the true God: Thee I glorifie, O Lord receive me, and make me a Companion of the Resurrection of thy Saints, through the Merits of our great High-Priest, thy beloved Son Jesus Christ; to whom with the Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be all Honour and Glory for ever, Amen.

The Death of DIONYSIUS AREOPAGITA.

HE was Condemned to be Beheaded; the which to put him to greater Torment, was done with a blunted Sword, on the top of the Mount without the City, where kneeling he said with an Audible Voice, *O Lord God almighty, thou only begotten Son, and Holy Spirit; O Sacred Trinity, which art*

art without beginning, and in whom there is no diviſion, receive the Soul of thy Servant in peace, who is put to death for thy Cauſe and Goſpel. After which he ſubmitted his Head to the ſtroaks of the Executioner; Suffering *Anno Chriſti* 96, and of his Age 110.

The Death of JUSTIN *Martyr.*

AFter his having painfully preached the Goſpel in many Countreys, he came to *Rome*, where he had many Conteſts with the Philoſophers and Sages; and was at laſt by the procurement of one *Creſcens*, Condemned, and accordingly Beheaded, *Anno Chriſti* 139. and as *Epiphanius* has it, under the Reign of *Adrian*, ſome time before he Prognoſticated his death. So fell this Faithful Labourer in Chriſt's Vineyard.

He uſed to ſay, *That which the Soul is in the Body, that are Chriſtians in the World: For as the Soul is in, and not of the Body, ſo Chriſtians are in, but no part of the World.* And alſo, *It is beſt of all not to ſin; and next to that, to amend upon the Puniſhment.* Furthermore, *That it is the greateſt ſlavery in the World, to be ſubject to ones Paſſions.*

The Death of IRENÆUS.

THis Holy Man being taken, with ſeveral of his chief Friends, they were led to the top of a Hill, on which were placed Croſſes on one Hand, and Idols on the other; and they put to their Choice, either to embrace the Idols, and Live, or be Crucified: Upon which, they joyfully choſe the latter, ſuffering Martyrdom *Anno Chriſti* 182.

and

and of *Irenæus* his Age 60, or as ſome will have it, 90.

He compared the Hereticks and Schiſmaticks to *Æſop*'s Dog, *that loſt the Subſtance of Religion, whilſt they gaped too earneſtly after the Shadow.*

Concerning the Vanity of Earthly things, he ſaid, *What profit is there in that Honour, which is ſo ſhort-lived, as that perchance it was not Yeſterday, neither will be to Morrow? And ſuch Men as labour ſo much for it, are but like Froth, which though it be uppermoſt, yet it is unprofitableſt.*

The death of TERTULLIAN.

HE died *Anno Chriſti* 202. and of his Age 63.

He uſed to ſay of Repentance, 'If thou beeſt back-'ward in thoughts of Repentance, be forwards in 'thoughts of Hell, the burning flames whereof, on-'ly the tears of a penitent Eye can extinguiſh. Of Satans Power, 'If the Devils without Chriſts leave, 'had no power over the *Gadarens* Swine, much leſs 'have they power over Gods own Sheep. Of Faith, 'We ſhould not try Mens Faith by their 'Perſons, but their Perſons by their Faith. Of forgiving Offences, 'It's in vain to come to the 'God of peace, without peace; or to pray for the 'remiſſion of our Sins, without forgiving others. 'We muſt not come to make an Atonement with 'God at his Altar, before we have made an Atone-'ment with our Brother in our Hearts.

The

The Last Sayings of CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS.

AFter the death of *Pontenus*, *Clemens* succeeded him in that Office, from whence he received the Name of *Alexandrinus*. He was Famous for all manner of Learning, and was ordained Presbyter in *Alexandria*, where he propagated the Christian Faith.

His Sayings were these: 'Such as adorn themselves with Gold, and think themselves bettered thereby, are worse than Gold, and not Lords of it, as all that have it ought to be.

'Out of the depth and bowels of the Earth hath God discovered and shewed Gold unto Men, and they have made it the occasion of all Mischief and Wickedness.

'Gold to many Men is much dearer than their Faith and Honesty: And the love of it makes Man so Covetous, as if they were to live here for ever.

The Death of ORIGEN.

HE died in the Reigns of *Gallus* and *Volusianus*, *Anno Christi* 220. and of his Age 69.

Concerning Gods Providence, he used to say, 'That Gods Providence hath ordained all things for some end and purpose He made not Malice, and though he can restrain it, yet he will not; for, if Malice were not, Vertue would not have a Contrary, and so could not shine so clear. For the Malice of *Joseph*'s Brethren was the Mean whereby God brought about many admirable works of his Providence.

The

The death of St. CYPRIAN.

Cyprian said to his Executioner, *Do whatever shall be in thy power*; and thereupon he putting off his Cloaths, delivering them to his Deacons, bidding them give his Executioner five Twenty-pieces of Gold for the kindness he was to do him, to express he freely forgave him. Then pulling a Vail over his Eyes, he kneeled down and had his Head smitten off with a Sword, suffering Martyrdom for the Testimony of his Lord and Master, *Anno* 259. and in the 70 year of his Age, as some have it.

He used to say of Charity, 'Let not that sleep 'in thy Treasury that may be profitable to the Poor. 'Of the Heart and Tongue; Two things never wax 'old in Man: The Heart ever imagining new Cogitations; the Tongue ever uttering the vain 'Conceptions of the Heart. Of Resignation. That 'which a Man must necessarily part with, it's Wisdom for a Man to distribute it so, that God may 'Everlastingly reward him. Of Pride. Women 'that Pride themselves in putting on Silk and Purple, cannot lightly put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Again, 'They which Colour their Locks with Yellow and Red, begin betimes to Prognosticate of 'what Colour their Hair shall be in Hell. Again, 'They which love to paint themselves in this World, 'otherwise than God Created them, may justly 'fear, that at the Resurrection their Creator will 'know them. Of Alms-deeds. He that gives an 'Alms to the Poor, offers a sweet-smelling Sacrifice unto God. Of Injuries. All Injury of Evils present is to be neglected, for the hope of good 'things to come.

Twelve

Twelve Attributes (he ſaid) was in the Life of Man, *viz.* 'A Wiſe Man without good works; an 'Old Man without Religion; a Young Man without Obedience; a Rich Man without Alms; a 'Woman without ſhamefac'dneſs; a Guide without Vertue; a Contentious Chriſtian; a Poor 'Man that is Proud, a King that is Unjuſt; a Biſhop that is Negligent; People without Diſcipline; 'Subjects without Law.

The Laſt Sayings of ARNOBIUS.

HE was a Famous Profeſſor of Rhetorick in *Sicca*, a City in *Africa*; after his Converſion he applied himſelf to ſome Biſhops with great earneſtneſs, to be Baptized and admitted into the Church.

When he was Maſter to *Lactantius* he uſed this Expreſſion, 'That Perſecution brings Death in one 'hand, and Life in the other; for while it Kills the 'Body it Crowns the Soul. He lived under *Dioclesian*, between 300 and 330.

The Death of EUSEBIUS.

HE lived to a good old Age. for the moſt part in Peace and Tranquility; Dying *Anno Chriſti* 340.

He uſed to ſay, 'That *Moſes* wrote the Old Law 'in dead Tables of Stone, But Chriſt writ the 'perfect Documents of the New Teſtament in 'Living Souls.

The

The Death of LACTANTIUS.

HE was a Man of great Parts, both Morally and Divinely Wiſe; he was always Liberal, for whatſoever he received, he again diſtributed it to ſuch as were in want; inſomuch, that notwithſtanding the many Rich Preſents he received at the hands of the Emperor, he died very Poor.

He uſed to ſay of Piety, 'That Godlineſs always 'enriches the Poſſeſſor.

The Death of ATHANASIUS.

AFter all the Storms that were raiſed up againſt him, he died in peace at *Alexandria*, *Anno Chriſti* 375; having been Biſhop of that See 46 years, during which time he had been in many great Perils and Hazards of his Life; for not only Biſhops, but Emperors and Nations ſought his Deſtruſtion: But God delivered him out of their hands, to the Glory of his Name; for his only truſt was in God alone, which cauſed him often to ſay, *Though Armies ſhould Encamp about me, yet I would not fear.*

The Death of HILARIUS.

HE Travelled to *Italy* and *France*, inſtructing the Biſhops in thoſe parts in the Catholick Faith: He was very Eloquent, and wrote many Treatiſes in *Latin*, alſo Twelve Books of the Trinity, Expounding the *Canon*, containing the Clauſe of One Subſtance, being of ſufficient proof againſt the

the *Arrians*. He died under *Valentinian* and *Valence*, *Anno* 355.

The Death of CYRILLUS.

IN the midst of all his Afflictions, he kept his resolution to die in the Faith.

He used to say, concerning the benefit of Hearing; 'Some come to Church to see Fashions, o-'thers to meet their Friends; yet it's better to 'come so, than not at all: In the mean time the 'Net is cast out, and they which intended nothing 'less, are drawn into Christ, who catches them, 'not to destroy them, but that, being dead, he 'may bring them to Life Eternal. He died *Anno* '365.

The Death of EPHREM SYRUS.

HE died *Anno* 404.

He used to say, concerning Perseverance; 'The resolute Traveller knows that his Journey is 'long, and the way dirty, yet goes on in hopes to 'come to his House: So let a Christian: (though 'the way to Heaven be narrow, though it be set 'with Troubles and Persecutions) yet let him go 'on, till he has finished his Course with Joy; for 'Heaven is his Home. Concerning the Soul, he used 'to say, 'He that feasts his Body and starves his 'Soul, is like him that feasts his Slave, and starves 'his Wife. He died *Anno* 404.

The Death of BASIL.

Baſil died at *Cæſarea*, when he had ſat Biſhop there eight years, departing this Life, *Anno Chriſti* 370. At his departure he uttered theſe words, 'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.

He uſed to ſay of Self-knowledge, 'To know 'thy Self is very difficult: For as the Eye can 'ſee all things but it ſelf, ſo ſome can diſcern all 'faults but their own. Of Love, Divine Love is a 'never-failing Treaſure; he that hath it is Rich, 'and he that wanteth it is Poor. Of the Scriptures, 'It's a Phyſicians Shop of Preſervatives a-'gainſt Poyſonous Hereſies: A pattern of profita-'ble Laws againſt Rebellious Spirits: A Treaſury 'of moſt coſtly Jewels againſt Beggarly Elements: 'And a Fountain of moſt pure Water, ſpringing 'up to Eternal Life.

The Laſt Sayings of GREGORY NAZIENZEN.

IN his Minority he joined Studies with *Baſil*, and accompanied him to *Athens* and *Antioch*, where he became an Excellent Orator.

There is ſo much Perfection in all his Writings, and ſuch a peculiar Grace, that he never tires his Reader; but he always diſmiſſeth him with a thirſt after more. Concerning Preaching, he uſed to ſay, 'That in a great multitude of people of ſe-'veral Ages and Conditions, (who are like a 'Harp with many Strings) it is hard to give eve-'ry one ſuch a touch in Preaching, as may pleaſe

'all, and offend none. He lived under *Theodosius*, 'Anno 370.

The Death of EPIPHANIUS.

WHen he found himself Sick, he said to his Friends, 'God bless you my Children, 'for I shall see you no more in this Life. He died Aged 115.

He used to say, this was his Antidote against Hatred: 'That he never let his Adversary sleep; 'not that he disturbed him in his sleep, but be- 'cause he agreed with him presently, and would 'not let the Sun go down upon his Wrath.

The Death of AMBROSE.

AFter *Ambrose* had sate Bishop about Sixteen years, Death summoned him to lay down this troublesom Life, for a Life more lasting: Before his Death, he resolved to provide a Shepherd for his Flock, and for that purpose sent for one *Simplicianus*, and ordained him Bishop in his stead; after having given many Godly Exhortations to such as were about him, he gave up the Ghost, dying in the third Year of *Theodorus*, *Anno Christi* 397.

He used to say of Repentance, 'When Gold is 'offered to thee, thou usest not to say, I will come 'again to morrow and take it, but art glad of pre- 'sent possession: But Salvation being proffered to 'our Souls, few Men haste to embrace it.

He used to say of true Charity, 'It is not 'much to be enquired how much thou givest, 'with what Heart: It's not Liberality, when the 'rab

'takeſt by Oppreſſion from one, and giveſt it to 'another. Of Conſcience: A clear Conſcience 'ſhould not regard ſlanderous Speeches, nor think 'that they have more power to Condemn him, than 'his own Conſcience hath to clear him.

The Death of GREGORY NISSEN.

HE lived under *Conſtantius*, *Julian*, *Jovian*, *Valentinian*, *Valence*, *Gratian*, and *Theodoſius* the Great: He was Preſident in the Council of *Conſtantinople*, againſt the *Macedonian* Hereticks, 492.

Amongſt his Similitudes, 'he compared the 'Uſerer, to a Man giving Water to one in a Burn-'ing Fever, which proves prejudicial: So the U-'ſerer, though he ſeems for the preſent to relieve 'his Brother, yet afterwards he torments him. This Character he alſo gave the Uſerer: 'He 'loves no Labour, but a Sedentary Life: A Pen 'is his Plough; Parchment his Field; Ink his 'Seed; Time is the Rain to Ripen his greedy de-'ſires; his Sickle is calling in his Forfeitures; 'his Horſe the Barn where he Winnows his Cli-'ents; he follows his Debtors as Eagles and Vul-'tures do Armies, to prey upon dead Corps. Again: 'Men come to Uſerers as Birds to a heap 'of Corn; they covet the Corn, but are catcht in 'the Net'.

He died under *Valentine* and *Valence*.

The Death of THEODORET.

HE died in the Reign of *Theodoſius* Junior, not with Age, but hard Studies.

He used to say, *That the Delights of the Soul are to know her Maker; to consider his Works, and to know her own Estate.*

The Death of HIEROM.

HE died *Anno Christi* 422, and of his Age 91. He wrote many large Volumes, being a Man of singular Chastity, of great Wit, slow to Anger, and in Learning exceeding most of his Time.

His usual Prayer was, *Lord, let me know my self, that I may the better know thee, the Saviour of the World.*

An Excellent Saying he had of Christian Fortitude: 'If my Father was weeping on his Knees 'before me, my Mother leaning on my Neck be- 'hind, my Brethren, Sisters, Children and Kins- 'folks, howling on every side to retain me in a sin- 'gle Life, I would fling my Mother to the ground, 'run over my Father, despise all my Kindred, and 'tread them under my Feet, that I might run to 'Christ.

Of Chastity; 'That Woman is truly Chaste, that 'hath liberty and opportunity to Sin, and will not. Of Vertue; 'All Vertues are so linked together, 'that he that hath one hath all; and he that wants 'one wants all. In all his Actions he ever fansied this sound in his Ears, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment.*

The Death of CHRYSOSTOM.

THE exact year of his death I find no where set down, but that he flourished in the Bi- shoprick of *Constantinople*, *Anno Christi* 400, is most certain.

He used to say of Lust: 'As a great shower of 'Rain extinguisheth the force of Fire; so Medita-'tion of Gods Word, puts out the Fire of Lust in 'the Soul. Of the danger of Riches: 'As a Boat 'over-laden sinks, so much Wealth, drowns Men in 'perdition. Of Love; A Bulwark of Adamant is 'not more Impregnable than the Love of Brethren. Of Temptations; 'The Devils first Assault is vio-'lent, resist that, and his second will be weaker; 'and that being resisted, he proves a Coward.

The Death of AUGUSTIN.

HE died *Anno Christi* 430, of his Age 76, and of his Ministry 40. He was a Man of a Charitable Disposition, very sparing in Diet, and a hearty Lover of all good Men.

His Table was more for Disputation, than for Revelling; and had Engraven upon it,

He that doth love an absent Friend to jeer,
May hence depart, no room is for him here.

He Collected together several Precepts of a Christian Life, which whoever perused it, might see their Duty; this he called, *A Looking-glass.*

His usual Wish was; *That Christ when he came, might find him either Praying or Preaching.* when the *Donatists* upbraided him of Levity in his Minority; *Look* (said he) *how much they blame my former faults, by so much the more I commend and praise my Physicians.*

He used to say of Marriage; 'Humble Marriage 'is better than Proud Virginity.

Of Death; 'There is nothing that more abateth 'Sin, than the frequent Meditation of Death; he

'cannot die ill that lived well; and seldom doth 'he die well, who lived ill.

Of Christian Thoughts; 'A Christian at home 'in his House must think himself a Stranger; and 'that his Countrey is above.

Of Riches; 'If Men want Wealth, it is not to 'be unjustly gotten; if they have it, they ought 'by good Works to lay it up in Heaven.

He so admired the *Seven Penitential Psalms*; that he had them hung up in great Letters within his Bed-Curtains, that so he might depart in the Contemplation of them.

The Death of CYRIL *of Alexandria.*

HE was Famous for Wit, Eloquence, and Piety.

Concerning Charity he used to say, 'Tis 'the best way for a Rich Man to make the Bellies 'of the Poor his Barn, and thereby to lay up Trea-'sure in Heaven.

Of Modesty; 'Where the Scripture wants a 'Tongue of Expression, we need not lend an Ear 'of Attention; we may safely knock at the Coun-'cil-door of Gods Secrets; but if we go further, 'we may be more bold than welcome.

He lived under *Theodosius* Junior, and died *Anno* 448.

The Death of PETER CHRYSOLOGUS.

HE was a Man of an Excellent Wit, and by his Example and Ministry, wrought upon many Souls.

He

He uſed to ſay of Charity; 'Let not thy Care 'be to have thy hands full, whilſt the Poors are 'empty; for the only way to have full Barns, is 'to have Charitable Hands.

And; 'Vertues ſeparated, are annihilated; E-'quity without Goodneſs, is Severity; and Juſtice 'without Piety, Cruelty.

He lived under *Martian* the Emperor, having been Biſhop above 60 Years. He died *Anno* 500.

The Death of PROSPER.

PRoſper having (under *Martian*) continued 20 years in that Epiſcopal See, he fell ſick; many of his Friends coming to viſit him, and perceiving them to weep bitterly, he comforted them with theſe words, *The Life which I have enjoyed* (ſaid he) *was but given me upon condition to render it up again, not grudgingly but gladly; for me to have ſtayed longer here might ſeem better for you, but for me it is better to be diſſolved.* So falling into fervent Prayer, he with great Alacrity reſigned up his Spirit into the hands of his Creator; dying *Anno Chriſti* 466.

His uſual Sayings was, of Conſcience, 'That it 'was his utmoſt endeavour to keep a Conſcience 'void of offence, towards God and Man.

Of Vice; 'Thou ſhalt neither hate the Man for 'his Vice, nor love the Vice for the Mans ſake.

Of Pride; 'Conſider what thou art by Sin, and 'ſhalt be in the Grave, and thy Plumes will fall; 'for every proud *Man* forgets himſelf.

Of Gods Secrets; 'Thoſe things which God 'would have ſearched into, are not to be neglect-'ed; but thoſe which God would have hidden, 'are not to be ſearched into; by the latter we be-

'come unlawfully Curious, and by the neglect of 'the former, damnably Ingrateful.

The Death of FULGENTIUS.

WHen *Fulgentius* fell Sick, during which ſickneſs, he behaved himſelf with wonderful Patience and Humility; and when his Phyſicians told him a Bath would do well for the recovery of his Health, he anſwered, *What tell you me of a Bath, can any Bath preſerve the life of him who has run his natural courſe, that he ſhall not die? and why perſwade you me, now I am at the point of death, to abate of that rigor, which I all my life have uſed?* When having taken leave of thoſe that came to viſit him, and diſtributed what Money he had to pious uſes, he yielded up the Ghoſt, dying *Anno Chriſti* 529, and of his Age 65, having ſat Biſhop 25 years.

He uſed to ſay, *If want of Charity be tormented in Hell, what will become of the Covetous?* In his greateſt Suffering he would ſay, *We muſt ſuffer more than this for Chriſt.*

The Death of GREGORY *the Great.*

HE never could read theſe words, *Son, remember that thou in thy Life-time receiveds't thy good things*, &c. without Horror and Amazement; leſt he by enjoying ſuch Dignities and Honours, ſhould loſe his Portion in Heaven. He dyed *Anno* 605.

The

The Death of ISIDORE.

HE so wasted his Body with Labours, and enriched his Soul with Divine Contemplations, that he seemed to live an Angelical Life upon Earth.

He used to say of a Guilty Conscience; 'All 'things may be shunned, but a Mans own Heart; 'a Man cannot run from himself; a Guilty Conscience will not forsake him whereſoever he goes.

Of the danger of Pride. 'He that begins to 'grow better, let him beware left he grow proud, 'left Vain-glory give him a greater overthrow than 'his former Vices. He dyed 675.

The Death of Venerable BEDE.

IN his Sickness he was wont to encourage himself with the words of the Apostle, *Heb.* 12. 6. *Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth.* And when he beheld some of his Scholars weeping over him, he comforted them with these words, *The time is come, if my Creator pleaseth, that being freed from the Flesh, I shall go to him, who made me when I was not, out of nothing. I have lived long, and the time of my dissolution is approaching, and my Soul desireth to see my Saviour Christ in his Glory.* And so gave up the Ghost, *Anno Christi* 735, and of his Age 64. Some affirm, that whilst he was Preaching to his Congregation, a loud Voice was heard (but from whence it came none could tell) *Well done, Venerable* Bede. Upon his Tomb was found this Epitaph.

Here lyes Entombed in theſe Stones,
Of Venerable BEDE, *the Bones.*

The Death of JOHN DAMASCENE.

Damaſcene having finiſhed his Courſe, he yielded to Death, in certain hope of a Glorious Crown of Life and Immortality; dying about the Year 750. He wrote many Books, but eſpecially his Three Books of Parallels of the Holy Scriptures, and his Four Books of the Orthodox Faith.

The Death of THEOPHILACT.

HIS Chief Work was to reform the Churches, into which many Errors had crept, eſpecially in *Bulgaria*; ſo that continuing a Faithful Paſtor for about three years, he then yielded up the Ghoſt, and exchanged for a better Life. He was a Man of great Patience; Mild and Meek in all his Actions; exceeding moſt of his time in Learning.

He uſed to ſay, *That comes forward in the World, goes back in Grace; his Eſtate is miſerable that goes Laughing to Deſtruction, as a Fool to the Stocks of Correction.*

The Death of ANSELM.

HE uſed to ſay, *That if he ſhould ſee the ſhame of Sin on the one hand, and the pains of Hell on the other, and muſt of neceſſity chuſe one, he would rather*

be thrust into Hell without Sin, than go into Heaven with Sin.

A while after his return to *England*, he dyed, in the Ninth Year of King *Henry* the I. *Anno* 1109. Aged 76.

The Last Sayings of NICEPHORUS.

HE was one of great Learning and Judgment. He wrote an *Ecclesiastical History* in *Greek*, and Dedicated it to *Andronicus*.

He used to say, Christ *asked* Peter *three times if he loved him; not for his own Information, but that by his threefold* Profession, *he might help and heal his threefold denial of him.* He lived under *Andronicus* Senior, 1110.

The Death of BERNARD.

HE lived with great applause, till the 63 year of his Age, when retiring to his Monastery, he fell sick, and calling all his Disciples about him, when he perceived them weep, he comforted them, saying, 'My Fatherly love moves me 'to pity you my Children, so as to desire to re-'main here; but on the other side, my desire to 'be with Christ, draws me to long to depart hence; 'therefore be of good comfort, for I submit to the 'will of our Heavenly Father, to whose protection 'I leave you. And thereupon he resigned his Spirit into the Hands of his Redeemer, dying *Anno Christi* 1153, and in the Sixty third year of his Age.

Upon entring the Church, at the Door, he usually said, 'Stay here all my Worldly Thoughts, and

'and all Vanity, that I may entertain Heavenly 'Meditations.

The Death of PETER LOMBARD.

HIS uſual Sayings were theſe, 'There is in us evil 'concupiſcence, and vain deſires, which are 'the Devils Weapons bent againſt our Souls, where-'by when God forſakes us, he overthrows us with 'deadly Wounds. Let none glory in the Gifts of 'Preachers, in that they edifie more by them: 'For they are not Authors of Grace, but Miniſters. 'The Inſtruction of words is not ſo powerful as the 'Exhortation of works; for if they that teach well, 'neglect to do well, they ſhall hardly profit their 'Audience.

He dyed on the 13th of *Auguſt*, 1164. and lyes Buried at *Paris*, and has this Inſcription upon his Tomb:

Here lyeth Peter Lombard, *B. D. of* Paris, *who compoſed the Book of Sentences, and the Gloſſes of the Pſalms and Epiſtles.*

The Death of Alexander Hales.

HE was Born at *Hales* in *Glouceſterſhire*, carefully Educated, of an Excellent Wit, and very Induſtrious.

His Sayings were, of Patience, 'A Soul patient 'when wrongs are offered, is like a Man with a 'Sword in one hand, and a Salve in the other; 'who could wound, but will heal.

Of Faith, 'What the Eye is to the Body, Faith 'is to the Soul; it's good for Direction if it be

'k&R

'kept well: And as Flies hurt the Eye, so little 'Sins and ill Thoughts torment the Soul.

Of Humility, 'An humble Man is like a good 'Tree; the more full of Fruits the Branches are, 'the lower they bend themselves. He dyed *Anno* '1245.

The Life of Bonaventure.

TO keep himself imployed, he wrote the Bible over with his own Hand, and so well used it, that he could readily Cite all the material Texts by heart.

After this he was made Doctor of Divinity, in which he continued for a considerable time doing all the deeds of Charity that lay in his power to perform, likewise perswaded others to do the like: So that at last, spent with tedious Studies, Nature decayed in him, and he falling sick, gave up the Ghost, dying *Anno Christi* 1274, Aged 53, and was Buried in a Stately Sepulchre in the Cathedral.

The Death of Thomas Aquinas.

WHen any one offered him promotion, he was wont to say, *I had rather have* Chrysostom's *Commentary upon the Gospel of St.* Matthew. In all his Sermons he framed his Speech to the Peoples Capacities, and hated Vice in any, though he loved their Persons never so well. He dyed as he was going to the Council Summoned at *Lyons*, *Anno Christi* 1274.

His usual Sayings were these, of Spending our Time, 'Make much of time, especially in that 'weighty

'weighty matter of Salvation. O how much would 'he that now lyes frying in Hell, rejoice, if he 'might have but the leaſt moment of time, 'wherein he might get God's favour!

Of Death, 'The young Man hath Death at his 'Back, the old Man before his Eyes, and that's the 'moſt dangerous Enemy that purſues thee, than 'that which marches up towards thy Face.

Of Repentance, 'Remember that though God 'promiſes forgiveneſs to repentant Sinners, yet he 'doth not promiſe that they ſhall have to morrow 'to repent in.

The Death of John Wicklif.

HE was an Engliſh Man by Birth, deſcended of godly Parents, who ſent him to *Morton* College in *Oxford*, where he profited in Learning, and in a ſhort time was Divinity Reader in the Uuiverſity, which he ſo well performed, that he obtained a general Applauſe from all his Auditors; he was a Man of great Piety, often bewailing the vicious Lives of the Clergy.

After all the Perſecution and Malice of his Enemies, he dyed in peace, *Anno Chriſti* 1384. But after his Death many of his Famous Writings were burned by the Popiſh Clergy.

The Death of John Huſs.

IN Degrading him they were ſo cruel as to cut the Skin from off the Crown of his Head with Sheats, and to diſannul the Emperors Letters of ſafe Conduct, they made a Decree, *That no Faith ſhould be kept with Hereticks.*

After

After which, they prepared for his Execution, and put a Cap upon his Head, painted with Devils; the which he joyfully put on, ſaying, *That ſince his Lord and Maſter wore for his ſake a Crown of Thorns, he would not diſdain for his ſake to wear that Cap:* When he had put it upon his Head, a Biſhop ſtanding by, ſaid, *Now we commit thy Soul to the Devil*; but *Huſs* lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, ſaid, *Into thy Hands Lord Jeſus I commend my Spirit, which thou haſt redeemed with thy moſt precious Blood.* Then they Burnt his Books, at which he with a joyful Countenance ſaid to the People, *Think not good People that I die for any Hereſie or Errour, but through the hatred and malice of mine Adverſaries.*

As he lifted up his Face in Prayer, the Cap fell off, whereupon a Souldier put it on again, ſaying, *He ſhould burn with his Maſters the Devils whom he had ſerved.* Then riſing up, ſaid, *Lord Jeſus aſſiſt and help me, that with a conſtant and patient mind, by thy moſt gracious help, I may bear and ſuffer this Ignominious Death, whereunto I am Condemned, for the preaching thy moſt Holy Goſpel.*

As they were binding him to the Stake with a Chain, he ſaid with a merry Countenance, *That he would embrace that Chain for Chriſt's ſake, who for his ſake had been bound with a far worſe.*

When the Fire was kindled, he began to ſing with a loud Voice, *Jeſus Chriſt, the Son of the Living God, have mercy upon me:* The which, after he had repeated three times, the flame ſtopped his Breath; his Heart being afterwards found, they roaſted it upon a Stake, and gathering up his Aſhes, they caſt them into the *Rhine.* He ſuffered Martyrdom, *Anno Chriſti* 1415.

The

The Death of Hierom *of* Prague.

HIS Enemies passed Sentence upon him, after which, they put a Paper about him, painted with red Devils, to make him odious to the People; as likewise a Paper Mitre on his Head, which he took very patiently, saying, *Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he suffered Death for me, did wear a Crown of Thorns upon his Head, and for his sake I will wear this Cap.*

As he went to the place of Execution, he sung Psalms, and coming to the place where *John Huss* was Burned, he upon his Knees put up his Prayers to Heaven; after a while they bound him to the Image of *John Huss*, Carved in Wood, which they had set up instead of a Stake, and there with admirable patience he sustained the fury of the Flames; when at the giving up the Ghost, he with an Audible Voice said,

This Soul of mine in flames of Fire set free,
O! Christ my Saviour, now I offer thee.

The Death of Martin Luther.

FAlling Sick he soon grew exceeding weak, yet putting his trust in God, he supported himself to Comfort his Friends beyond measure: Insomuch that the day before his Death, he dined and supped with *Melancthone* and the rest of his Accomplices: But after Supper his Pain increasing, he retired to pray, and then went to Bed and slept till Midnight; but being awakened by the Pain, and perceiving his Life near at an end, he called his Friends about

about him, and ſaid, *I pray God to preſerve the Doctrine of the Goſpel amongſt us, for the Pope and the Council of* Trent *have grievous things in hand.* After which, he prayed, and earneſtly deſired of God that he would defend his Church againſt the Pope, and all his Adherents.

When he was about to die, *Juſtus*, *Jonas* and *Cælius*, bid him be conſtant and perſevere in the Faith he had taught and held to the laſt: To which he anſwered, *Yea*, and ſoon after gave up the Ghoſt, dying *Anno Chriſti* 1546.

He was a Man of great Temperance and Abſtenence; oftentimes had the Papiſts hired Ruffians to kill him, but they had never the power to do it; the Devil one time appeared to him (as he was walking in his Garden) in the ſhape of a huge Boar, but he ſo flouted him that he ſoon vaniſhed. He was wont to ſay, *God would give Peace to Germany during his Life, but woe to them that ſhould live after him.*

The Death of Zuinglius.

Zuinglius being the fourth time run in with a Spear, he fell down upon his Knees and ſaid; *Well, they can kill the Body, but cannot kill the Soul.*

When the Soldiers came to ſtrip the ſlain, *Zuinglius* was found alive, lying upon his Back with his Eyes up to Heaven; whereupon they asked him if he would have a Prieſt to Confeſs him, to which he anſwered, *No*; they then bid him call upon the Virgin *Mary*, which he refuſing, they thruſt him in with a Sword, and ſo expired without fetching a Groan; as ſoon as they knew it to be him, they cut his Body in four pieces and burnt it, the next day

day his Heart was found unperished by the Fire, tho' the rest of his Body was consumed.

Before this Battel a Comet appeared, which he said *Prognosticated his Death*, and declared it openly in his Sermons, Fourteen days before he fell in Battel. He was slain in the year 1531.

The Death of Oecolampadius.

AN Ulcer broke out in his *Os Sacrum*, that he was forced to keep his Bed; and though all means was used for his Cure, he told 'em his Disease was Mortal, and said, *I shall be presently with the Lord.* Then putting his hand to his heart, said, *Here is abundance of Light.* Next Morning he repeated the 51 *Psalm*, and presently after said, *O Christ save me*, and so fell asleep in the Lord, *Anno* 1531. aged 51.

The Death of John Frith.

HE was condemned to be burnt as an Heretick. When he came into *Smithfield*, he with an undaunted Courage went to the Stake, no sooner fastened, but the fire was kindled. He continued till the last with such Constancy and Patience, that many were converted and began to pray to God to receive his Soul; but Dr. *Cook* forbidding them, saying. 'They ought to pray for him no more than 'they would for a Dog, which uncharitable Expression made many blame him.

He suffered Martyrdom, *Anno Christi* 1531. He wrote many Treatises, some were burnt during the Reigns of King *Henry* the Eighth, and Queen *Mary*, and some were saved by Providence, for on *Mid-*

Summer

Summer-Eve, *Anno* 1626. A Cod-Fiſh being brought into *Cambridge* Market, when it was cut up, theſe Writings of *John Frith* were found in its Belly, wrapt in Canvas, which were afterwards Printed, to the rejoicing of all good Chriſtians, *viz.*

A Preparation for Death.
A Preparation to the Croſs.
The Treaſure of Knowledge.
A Mirror to know your ſelf.
A Brief Inſtruction to teach one willingly to die, and not to fear Death.

Which Treatiſes, preſerved
Providence, have no doubt pre

The Death of Thomas Bilney.

HE Preached the Goſpel, till the Biſhop of *Norwich* impriſoned him, who would have perſuaded him from his ſtedfaſtneſs; but upon refuſal he received Sentence of Condemnation.

The day before his Execution, eating heartily, he ſaid, 'I imirate thoſe who have a ruinous Houſe 'to dwell in, yet beſtow coſt as long as they may 'to hold it up. Then diſcourſing about Fire, he put his Finger in the Candle, and ſaid; 'I find by 'Experience, that Fire is hot, yet I believe though 'the Stubble of my Body be waſted, my Soul will 'be purged. At his Execution the fire being kindled, he lift up his Hands, crying, *Lord I believe*; ſo yielded up his Spirit unto God, *Anno* 1531.

The Death of William Tyndal.

THE *English* Merchants at *Antwerp*, hearing of his Imprisonment, became suitors for his Deliverance; but *Philips* with his Money, prevailed beyond their Entreaties. Being at last brought to his Answer, although his Enemies could lay nothing to his Charge, yet the Attorney proceeded to condemn him, and delivered him to the Magistrates to execute him.

When brought to the Stake, he cried with an audible voice, *Lord open the Eyes of the King of* England: then being strangled, fire was set to the Wood, and he consumed to Ashes, *Anno Christi*, 1536. Within a short time after, the Judgment of God overtook *Phillips*, who betrayed him, insomuch that he was eaten up with Lice.

Death of Bertholdus Halerus.

HE was born in *Helvetia*, 1502. and from his Child-hood much addicted to Learning. Several Disputations he held with the *Helvetians*, especially with *Eccius* the Pope's Champion. In his time Popery was extinguished in many places; and shortly after he died with an immature Death, *Anno* 1536. aged 44.

The Death of Urbanus Regis.

ON *Sunday* (in the Evening) he complained of a pain his Head, yet was chearful and went to Bed; early in the morning, rising out of his

Bed,

Bed, he fell upon the Floor, and seeing his Wife and Friends mourning, he comforted them, and commended himself to his Maker, and within three hours he died. *May* 23. *Anno* 1541. He often desired God he might die an easie and sudden Death, wherein God answered his Desires. He wrote several Treatises, which his Son *Ernest* digested together, and Printed at *Norenburg*.

The Death of Caralostadius.

HE underwent great Afflictions, by Printing some of his Books concerning the Lord's Supper; the Senate of *Zurick* forbidding their People to read them; but *Zuinglius* exhorted them first to read, and then to pass judgment on them; saying, *Caralostadius* knew the Truth, but had not well expressed it. He went to *Basil*, where he taught ten years, and there died of the Plague, *Anno* 1541.

The Death of Capito.

HE went to several places; as *Strasburg*, where he met with *Bucer*, whose Fame spread so far, that the Queen of *Navarre* sent for 'em; so that *France* oweth the beginning of her Reformation to *Capito* and *Bucer*. He was prudent, eloquent, and studious of Peace; the better part of his time he employed in Preaching, and giving wholsome Advice to the Churches; at length returning home, in a general Infection he dyed of the Plague, *Anno*, 1541. aged 63.

The

The Death of Leo Judæ.

HE Tranſlated part of the Old Teſtament, out of the *Hebrew*; but the work being ſo Laborious, and being Aged, he dyed before he had finiſhed it, *Anno.* 1542. aged 60.

Four days before his Death, ſending for the Paſtors of *Zurick*, he made a Confeſſion of his Faith, concerning God, the Scriptures, the Perſon and Offices of Chriſt; concluding, *To this my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, my hope and my ſalvation, I wholly offer up my Soul and Body; I caſt my ſelf wholly upon his mercy and grace*, &c. And ſo recommended to God, the Senate and People of *Zurick*.

The Death of George Spaladius.

HE was born at *Noricum*, and brought up in Learning, eſpecially in the knowledge of Humane Atrs; wherein he profited ſo much, that the Elector of *Saxony* made him one of his Privy Council: He continued in his Office till the time of his Death, which fell out, *Anno.* 1545. aged 63. He wrote many Treatiſes, but eſpecially a Chronicle, from the beginning of the World to his time.

The Death of Myconius.

IN ſeveral Countries he preached the Goſpel, ſincerely, and purely, though to the hazard of his Life; at laſt he fell into a Conſumption, and wrote to *Luther*, *That he was ſick, not to Death, but to Life.* He dyed *Anno*, 1546. aged 55.

The

The Death of John Diazius.

FInding he could not pervert his Brother *Diazius* from the Truth, he acted the Hypocrite, and told him, he was in love with his Doctrine; then he would have persuaded him to go into *Italy*, *Spain*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, and there privately spread his Doctrine; but *John Diazius* refusing, his Brother then took leave of him, in order to his Journey; but privately he and the Cut-Throat stayed at a Village, and purchased a Hatchet of a Carpenter; then going disguised, the Villain pretended to bring Letters from his Brother, which, whilst *John* was reading, the Executioner struck the Hatchet into his Temples, upon which he died immediately. The Murtherers were afterwards apprehended, but by the practice of Papists, who highly applauded the Fact, and to hinder the current of Justice, they pretended the Emperor would have the hearing of the Cause himself. Six years after *Alphonsus* hanged himself about the Neck of his own Mule; a fair reward for so foul a Fratricide.

The Death of Gasper Cruciger.

HE was a Man of great Learning, very Religious, and delighted much in *Luther*'s Books and Doctrine.

He often contemplated the Foot-steps of God in Nature, saying with St. *Paul*, *That God was so near unto us that he might almost be felt with our Hands.* Considering the Vicissitude of Earthly Things, he often repeated this Verse.

Be-

Beſides God's love, nothing is ſure,
And that forever doth endure.

In his ſickneſs he cauſed his young Daughters to repeat their Prayers before him, and then himſelf prayed fervently for the Church, and thoſe his Orphans; concluding, *I call upon thee with a weak, yet with a true Faith: I believe thy Promiſes, which thou haſt ſealed to me with thy Blood and Reſurrection*, &c. He ſpent the few days which remained in prayer and Repentance, and ſo quietly ended his days *November* the 16*th*. *Anno* 1548. aged 45.

The Death of Matthias Zellius.

HE was not only famous for Learning, but for other Chriſtian Vertues: eſpecially Modeſty, Temperance and Charity, having a ſpecial care of the Poor: for being invited to Supper by one of his Colleagues, and ſeeing much Plate was offended and went his way without eating: but afterward ſo far prevailed with him, that he ſold his Plate and was more open-handed to the poor, he dyed 1548. aged 71.

The Death of Vitus Theodorus.

HE often diſputed with his Papiſtical Adverſaries and overthrew all their Arguments: at length he was called to be a Paſtor at *Norimberg*, his own Country, where he preached the Goſpel with great Zeal and Eloquence, to the great Advantage of his Auditors: he dyed, *Anno* 1549.

The Death of Paul Fagius.

Fagius died of a burning Feaver, or as some say, was poysoned by the Papists: so that *Anno* 1550. he was intombed at *Cambridge*, from whence, in the Reign of Q. *Mary*, the Papists (having condemned him for a Heretick) took his Bones and burnt them.

The Death of Martin Bucer.

IN his Sickness, Learned Men came to visit him, especially Doctor *Bradford*, who one day taking leave of him to go preach, told him he would remember him in his Prayers, whereupon *Bucer* with tears in his eyes, said, *Cast me not off, O Lord, now in my old Age, when strength faileth me.* A while after he said, *He hath afflicted me sore, but he will never, never cast me off.* Being desired to arm himself with faith, and a stedfast hope in God's Mercies against the Temptations of Satan, He said, *I am wholly Christ's, and the Devil has nothing to do with me, and God forbid that I should not now have experience of the sweet Consolation in Christ.* Then with a smiling Countenance gave up the Ghost, and was interred nobly by the King's Commandment: But in Q. *Mary*'s time his Bowels being taken up, they were burnt with *Fagius*'s. He died *Anno Christi* 1550.

The Death of Gasper Hedio.

HE preached vigorously against Masses, Indulgences, and Auricular Confession; and wrote many Books against them. What time he could spare from his Ministerial Function, he employed in writing Commentaries and Histories, until the year of his Death, which was, *Anno* 1552.

The Death of Oswald Myconius.

AFter the Death of *Oecolampadius*, he was made chief Pastor in *Basil*, where voluntarily laying down his Divinity Lectures (upon some grudges the University had against him; he inclining to *Luther*'s Opinion, about the real presence in the Sacrament,) he wholly applied himself to his Pastoral Office. He died, *Anno* 1552. aged 64.

The Death of George, *Prince of* Anhalt.

HE was a great Divine, Learned in the Law, and skilful in Physick; he conferred with *Camerarius*, about the mutation of Empires, their Period, and Causes; about Heavenly Motions, and the effects of the Stars. The last Act of this Prince his Life expressed his Piety, using frequent Prayer for himself, and all the Princes of that Family; he often pondered upon these Texts, *God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son*, &c. *No Man shall take my Sheep out of my Hands. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* He died *Anno* 1557. aged 47.

The

The Death of Justus Jonas.

HE employed himself much in Disputations about Religion, in defence of the Truth, and in School Divinity. Several Churches were reformed by him, and committed to his charge. He was a Man of an excellent Wit, great Industry, and Integrity of Life, joined with Piety, and one whom *Luther*, and most of the famous Men of that Age, highly esteemed. He died, *Anno* 1555. aged 63.

The Death of John Rogers.

HE was hurried to *Newgate*. On the fourth of *Febraary*, the Keeper told him he must prepare for Execution: at which not being at all concerned, said, *Then if it be so, I need not tie my points.* Before he went to the Flames, he was carried before *Bonner* Bishop of *London*, who earnestly persuaded him to recant, and live; but he utterly refused life upon such conditions, exhorting such as stood about him to repent and cleave fast to Christ. As he came out, his Wife with Nine small Children about her, and one sucking at her Breast, waited to see him, of which he took his leave, bidding them *trust in the Lord, and he would plentifully provide for them.* After which he went courageously to the Stake, and with admirable patience embraced the Flames, being the first that sealed his Testimony with his Blood, during the Reign of that bloody Queen, suffering Martyrdom, *Anno Christi* 1555.

The Death of Laurence Saunders.

DUring his Impriſonment, he wrote to his Wife and Friends in this manner: '*I am merry, and I truſt I ſhall be ſo, maugre the Teeth of all the Devils in Hell. Riches I have none to beſtow amongſt you, but that Treaſure of taſting how ſweet Chriſt is to hungry Conſciences, (whereof I thank my Saviour I do feel part) that I bequeath to you, and to the reſt of my Beloved in the Lord.*

They offered to releaſe him, if he would Recant; to which he replied, *That he did confeſs Life and Liberty were things deſirable, but that he would not murther his Conſcience to ſave his life; but by God's Grace,* ſaid he, *I will abide the worſt Extremity that Man can do againſt me, rather than do any thing againſt my Conſcience.* And when *Gardiner* threatned him with Death, he ſaid, *Welcom be it, whatſoever the Will of the Lord be, either life or death; and I tell you truly, I have learned to die; but I exhort you to be ware of ſhedding innocent blood, for truly it will cry aloud againſt you.*

After a Year aud three Months Impriſonment, he was brought to the Stake, which he embraced, and afterwards kiſſing, ſaid, *Welcom Croſs of Chriſt, welcom everlaſting life.* The Fire by the malice of his Enemies being made of green wood, put him to exquiſite Torments, but he endured them with a Chriſtian patience, as being well aſſured when his fiery Tryal was at an end, he ſhould receive a Crown of Life that fadeth not away. One thing I ſhall not think amiſs to inſert: When the Nation was in fear of Queen *Mary*'s bringing in *Popery*, Mr. *Saunder*'s being in company with Doctor *Pedleton*, and ſeeming to be much dejected, *Pedleton* ſaid, *What*

What man, there is much more cause for me to fear, than for you; forasmuch as I have a big and fat Body, yet will I see the utmost drop of this Grease of mine melted away, and this Flesh consumed with Fire, before I will forsake Jesus Christ and his Truth which I have professed. Yet when Queen *Mary* came to the Crown, he turned Apostate.

The Death of John Hooper.

BEing come to the County of *Glouceſter*, where he ſuffered, he was received by the Sheriff, who with a ſtrong Guard conveyed him to the place of Execution, being met by thouſands of people, who bewailed his Condition, and ſent up their Prayers to Heaven, that he might be enabled to bear his Sufferings patiently, many of them weeping to ſee ſo Reverend a Perſon fall into ſuch miſery; but he comforted them, and told them, *That he was unworthy who refuſed to ſuffer reproach or death for the ſake of the* Lord *Jeſus, who refuſed not for our ſakes to ſuffer a ſhameful and ignominious death upon the Croſs.* And hereupon he began to exhort them to be ſtedfaſt in their Faith, but the Popiſh Varlets would not ſuffer him to proceed. Then he addreſſed himſelf to the Sheriff, ſaying; 'Sir, my 'requeſt to you is, that I may have a quick Fire. 'which may ſoon diſpatch me, and I will be as 'obedient as you would wiſh: I might have had 'my life with grrat advancement, as to temporal 'things, but I am willing to offer my life for the 'Teſtimony of the Truth, and truſt to die a faith-'ful Servant to God, and a true Subject to the 'Queen. Then kneeling down, he continued in fervent Prayer for the ſpace of half an Hour, with an exalted and chearful Countenance, and then

rising up, suffered them to fasten him to the Stake; where such was the malice of his Enemies, that they had prepared green Wood, yet before the Fire was kindled, a Pardon was offered if he would Recant, but he cried out with a Christian Zeal, *If you love my Soul away with it*; and then three Iron Hoops being brought to fasten him to the Stake, he said, *If you had brought none of these, I would have stood patiently:* and thereupon he took one of them and put it about his middle. When the Reeds were set up, he embraced and kissed them, putting them under his Arms, where he had two Bags of Gunpowder: The Fire being kindled, he continued three quarters of an Hour in praying, and crying out, *O Jesus, thou Son of* David, *have mercy upon my Soul.* Thus fell this blessed Martyr in the bloody Persecution under Queen *Mary*, *Anno Christi*, 1555.

The *Death of* Rowland Taylor.

THE Night before his being carried to *Hadly* to be burned, his Wife, Children and Servants were permitted to come to him, with whom he prayed very fervently, and gave them all his Benediction.

The next Morning the Sheriff received him; and by the way he was greatly solicited by the Sheriff of *Essex* to Recant. To which he only answered; *Well, I perceive that I now have been deceived my self, and shall deceive many in* Hadly *of their Expectations.* At which the Sheriff told him, *It was a gracious Saying*, and desired him to explain it, hoping he intended to Recant. 'Why, said Doctor *Taylor*, 'I did propose to my self once, that I should have 'been buried in *Hadly* Church-yard, in which I now

'see

'see I shall be deceived, and as for my deceiving 'of others of their Expectations, is, that I being a 'man of a Corpulent Body, might have fed many 'Worms, who now must be content without 'me.

Bing come within two Miles of *Hadly*, a great number of people came to meet him, greatly lamenting the state into which he was fallen; but he comforted them, saying, *Be patient, as for me, I thank God, I am almost at home; and have not past two Miles more to go over, before I come to my Father's House.*

When the Fire was kindled, he extended his Arms toward Heaven, and with a Voice ravished with Joy, continued, saying, *Most merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my Soul into thy Hands*, till one with a Halbert beat out his Brains. Thus died this blessed Martyr, *Anno* 1555.

The Death of John Bradford.

WHhen he came to *Newgate*, several came to visit him, to whom he gave Ghostly Consolation: and the next Morning the Sheriff came, and conveyed him together with a Youth of about 18 years of Age to *Smithfield*, where the Stake was prepared. When he came at the Stake he kissed it, as likewise a Faggot that he took up, and then falling flat upon his Face, in token of Humility, he prayed for a good space, till the Sheriff ordered him to rise; putting off his Raiment, he was together with the Youth fastned to the Stake, when as he cried with a loud Voice, *Repent, O* England *of thy Sins; beware of Idolatry, beware of false Antichrists, take heed they do not deceive thee.* Then turning to the young Man, who

was an Apprentice to a Merchant in *London*, he ſaid, 'Be of good comfort Bothers, for we ſhall 'have a merry Supper with the Lord this Night. And then embracing the Reeds, he ſaid, 'Strait 'is the Way, and narrow is the Gate that leadeth 'unto everlaſting life, aud few there be that find 'it.

The Fire being kindled, he held his Hands in the Flames, and with a Chriſtian patience ſuffered the burning, without ſo much as ſtirring the Body, dying a Glorious Martyr, in the Bloody Year, *Anno* 1555.

The Death of Nicholas Ridley.

AFter his Degradation, he was delivered in order to his Execution: At Supper-time his Keepers Wife weeping to think he muſt ſuffer the the next day, he comforted her, ſaying, 'I pray 'be patient and chearful, as I am, for by this Grief 'you expreſs, 'tis plain you love me not; and with a chearful Countenance invited them all to his Wedding, ſaying, *To Morrow I ſhall be married:* And when ſome offered to watch with him, he refuſed their kindneſs, ſaying, 'That he ſhould 'ſleep as well that Night as ever he did in his 'life.

When the Morning was come, the Sheriff and others, came with a great Guard to convey him to the place of Execution; alſo Dr. *Latimer*, who was Condemned with him: Dr. *Ridley* dreſſed himſelf in his Epiſcopal Garments, and ſhaved himſelf, as if he had been going to an Earthly Wedding. Upon his way, he looking behind him eſpied Dr. *Latimer* coming after, and called to him with a chearful Voice, ſaying, 'O Brother, are you there? Yes, ſaid

'ſaid Dr. *Latimer*, I have after you as faſt as I can. Then turning to *Dr. Latimer* at the place of Execution, he embraced him, and bid him be of good comfort; For ſaid he, 'God will either aſſwage the heat of the Fire, or give us ſtrength to endure its Fury with patience: And ſo going to the Stake he kiſſed it, then kneeled down, and prayed for a good ſpace; when riſing up, and being about to ſpeak to the people, the Popiſh Locuſt run and ſtopped his Mouth.

When the Smith was knocking in the Staple that faſtned the Chains, he ſaid, 'I pray thee good Fellow, drive it in faſt, for the Fleſh will have its 'courſe. The Fire being kindled, he ſtood in the Flame a long while before he died, by reaſon of the ill making of the Fire, and then ſaying, 'Into 'thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit, Lord, 'receive my Soul, he gave up the ghoſt, ſufferirg Martyrdom, *Anno Chriſti* 1555.

One thing is worthy of Note, and may be counted a Prophecy, which was this; *Dr. Ridley* then Biſhop of *London*, long before King *Edward*'s death, as he was croſſing the *Thames* in a Boat, the Wind aroſe ſo high that all that were with him were in fear of preſent drowning; but he comforted them, ſaying, 'Fear not, for this Boat carries a Biſhop 'that muſt be burned and not drowned.

The Death of Hugh Latimer.

WHen he was brought to the Stake, he looked with a chearful Countenance, not being diſmaied at the approach of Death: After he had prayed awhile, he unſtripped himſelf, and ſaid to Biſhop *Ridley*, 'Brother, 'be of good comfort, and play the Man; for I

'truſt by God's Grace, we ſhall this Day light ſuch 'a Candle in *England*, as ſhall never be put out; 'adding, That he knew God was Faithful, and 'would not ſuffer him to be tempted above what 'he was able to bear. Then embracing *Dr. Ridley*, he was bound to the Stake, and the Fire kindled; then he cried with a loud Voice, *O Father of Heaven, receive my Soul:* and ſtroaking his Face with his Hand, he gave up the ghoſt, dying a glorious Martyr at *Oxford*, *Anno Chriſti* 1555.

The Death of John Philpot.

WHen he came to *Newgate*, he was put into a place by himſelf, and had word brought him the next Morning, that he muſt ſuffer; when with a cheerful Countenance, he replied, 'I am 'ready, God grant me ſtrength, and a joyful Re-'ſurrection. And after having retired awhile to pray, he came forth, and was conveyed into *Smithfield*, where he no ſooner came, But he fell on his Knees, and with a loud Voice cried, *I will pay my Vows in thee, O* Smithfield; then riſing up, he kiſſed and embraced the Stake, ſaying, 'Shall I diſdain 'to ſuffer at this Stake, when my Lord and Savi-'our refuſed not to ſuffer a moſt vile Death for me? Having poured out his Soul to God, he ſuffered himſelf to be bound with the Chain; and when the Fire was kindled, he commended his Spirit into the Hands of the Father of all Spirits, and patiently gave up the ghoſt, ſuffering Martyrdom, *Anno Chriſti* 1555, and of his Age about Forty Nine.

The

The Death of Thomas Cranmer, *Arch-Bishop of* Canterbury.

THE Popish Doctors frequently visited him in Prison, and used all the Arguments they could to perswade him to a Recantation; but he absolutely resolved for a considerable time, but at last through humane Frailty, and desire of Life, he did subscribe to a Recantation. The good Bishop being soon greatly afflicted, and troubled in his Conscience for what he had done, burst out into a flood of Tears, and after his Speech came to him, he lifted up his Hands towards Heaven, saying; 'O Lord forgive me this great Sin, against thy 'Holy Name; which through the weakness of the 'Flesh, I have unadvisedly committed. And then addressing himself to the People, he desired them for *Jesus Christ* sake, to pray for him; that God would pardon his Sins, and especially that of his Recantation. But, said he, *This right hand, that signed so wicked an Instrument, shall first perish in the Flames.* Then they pulled him down, and hurried him away to the Fire, which was made in the same place where *Ridley* and *Latimer* had suffered, stopping his Mouth lest he should any more speak to the People; who were not a little grieved, to see the Primate of *England* cast down from all his Honours, and in the end so barbarously mis-used.

When he came to the Stake, he fell on his Knees and Prayed; but was interrupted by the Papists who followed him with his Recantation, saying, *Have you not signed it? Have you not signed it?* Then he was tied to the Stake, his Cloaths being first put off, and the Fire being kindled to him, some time before it came at his Body, he stretched forth his

his right Hand, and held it in the Flames till it fell off, without any more than once drawing it back. And after having recommended his Spirit into the hands of our merciful Redeemer the Lord Jesus; he died like a Lamb, ending his Life with the same Meekness as he had lived; suffering Martyrdom for the sake of the everlasting Gospel, *Anno Christi*, 1556, and of his Age 72.

The Death of Conrade Pellican.

HE was born in *Suevia*, and educated at *Zurick*. He was a candid, sincere, and upright Man, free from Falshood and Ostentation. He departed this Life upon *Easter-day*. *Anno* 1556. aged 78.

The Death of John Bugenhagius.

HE was born at *Julin*, near *Sterin*, in *Pomerania*, being well educated in Grammar, Musick, and other liberal Sciences. He used great diligence and industry in converting many to the Truth: drawing near to his end, he often repeated this Portion of Scripture. 'This is life eternal, 'to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom 'thou hast sent. He died *Anno Christi* 1558. aged 73.

The Death of Philip Melancthone.

HE was sent for by the Elector of *Saxony* to *Lipsich*; to examine those that were maintained by the Elector to study Divinity:

In

In which he uſed great Diligence, and after he returned to *Witterberg*; and fell ſick of a Fever, of which he died.

Sickneſs daily increaſed, yet he ſo far ſtrove againſt the power of his Diſeaſe, that he would often riſe to his Study. The laſt Words he ſpake, were to his Son-in-Law, Doctor *Pucer*, who when he asked him what he would have, he replied; 'Nothing but Heaven, therefore trouble me no 'more with ſpeaking to me. After this he lying ſilent, whilſt the Miniſters prayed by him, he gave up the Ghoſt, *Anno Chriſti* 1560. and in the ſixty third year of his Age, having been a conſtant Preacher of the Goſpel, for the ſpace of 42 years.

The Death of John Laſcus.

HE was a man of an excellent Wit, and Judgment, and took great pains to have compoſed that difference in the Churches, about Chriſt's preſence in the Sacrament, though it did not ſucceed. The King of *Poland* had ſuch an eſteem for him, that he uſed his Advice in Affairs of great importance. He died *Anno* 1560.

The Death of Auguſtine Marlorat.

MArlorat was taken and carried before the Conſtable of *France*, who after ſeveral Examinations, condemned him of High-Treaſon; which was to be drawn upon a Sledge, and to be hanged upon a Gibbet, before our Ladies Church in *Roan*, his Head to be ſtricken from his Body, and ſet upon a Pole on the Bridge of the ſaid City; which Sentence was accordingly executed. *Anno* 1562. aged 56.

The

The Death of Peter Martyr.

BEing worn out with Travel, and daily Study, he after a while fell sick, when calling together the principal Pastors of the Church, he made to them an excellent Confession of his Faith, concluding, *This is my Faith, and they that teach otherwise, to the withdrawing Men from God, God will destroy them.* And so taking his Leave of all his Friends, after having made his Will, he gave up the Ghost. *Anno Christi* 1562. and of his Age Sixty-two.

The Death of Amsdorfius.

HE was born in *Misnia*, of noble Parents, and educated at *Wittemberg*. He was recommended by *Luther* to instruct several Churches at *Magdeburg*, *Goslaria*, and *Naumberg*; where he carried on the great Work of Reformation. He having attained to 80 years of Age, died *Anno* 1563.

The Death of Wolfangus Musculus.

MUsculus being destitute, at *Strasburg* some Fortifications were mending, where he hired himself a Labourer, to work by the Day; comforting himself with this Dystich.

A God there is, whose Providence doth take
Care for his Saints, whom he will not forsake.

Much

Much Popish Malice he met with, but God delivered him from their Revenge. At length, being seized with a violent Fever, he died. *Anno* 1563. and of his Age 66.

The Death of Hyperius.

HE was born at *Ipres* in *Flanders*, of noble Parents, and was well educated. His Care was great in reforming the Church, and abolishing the Popish Fooleries, out of the Service of God, and and to establish a holy Scriptural and Ecclesiastical Discipline. And in these Employments having worn out himself, a Catarrh and Cough seized him, complaining also of pains of the head, breast, and sides; which often were so great, as made him sweat, as if he had been seized with a Fever. He died *Anno* 1564. aged 53.

The Death of John Calvin.

CAlvin being settled in pastoral Charge of *Geneva*, he continued to Confute Hereticks, Papists, and stirrers up of Sedition; to heal Breaches and Division, being Couragious even in the worst of times, and as an Undaunted Champion of Christ, not to follow his Standard till Death, who Conquers all, Conquered him; for having made his Will, he received the Sacrament, and earnestly prayed for the Churches. He on the Seventh of *May*, *Anno Christi* 1562. yielded up his Spirit into the hands of his Maker, dying in the 55 Year of his Age.

His Funeral Solemnities were performed at the Charge of the Senate, almost all the City being present.

ſent. He being Buried, as himſelf deſired, in the Church-Yard, where a ſtately Tomb was erected to his Memory.

The Death of William Farellus.

WHere ever he came *Romiſh* Malice attended him; being ſo powerful in Prayer and Preaching, that he gained thereby no ſmall Congregations. When he heard of *Calvin*'s Sickneſs, he could not ſatisfie himſelf, though he was ſeventy years old, but he muſt go to *Geneva*, to viſit him. He ſurviv'd *Calvin* one year, and odd months, and died aged 76 years. *Anno* 1553.

The Death of Vergerius.

THE Devil ſtirred up many Adverſaries againſt him, eſpecially the Friers, who accuſed him to the Inquiſitors; but to avoid their Rage, he went to *Padua*, where he was a Spectator of the miſerable Eſtate of *Francis Spira*; which ſo wrought upon him, that he reſolved to go into Exile, and accordingly he went into *Rhetia*, where he preached the Goſpel of Chriſt ſincerely, till he was called from thence to *Tubing*, where he ended his days. *Anno* 1565. his Brother being dead before him, not without the ſuſpition of Poyſon.

The Death of Strigelius.

AFter his going through many Troubles he fell ſick, and ſaid; 'He hoped his Life was at 'an end, whereby he ſhould be delivered from the 'Frauds

'Frauds and Miſeries of this evil World, and enjoy 'the bleſſed Preſence of God, and his Saints to all 'Eternity. He died *Anno* 1569, aged 44.

The Death of John Brentius.

FAlling ſick of a Fever, he was endued with Patience, ſaying, *That he longed for a better, even an eternal Life.* He died *Anno* 1570. aged 71. was buried with much honour, and had this Epitaph,

With Voice. Stile, Piety, Faith, and Candor grac'd
In outward Shape, John *Brentius was thus fac'd.*

The Death of Peter Viretus.

HE went to ſeveral places, and carried on the Work of Reformation with Vigour and Succeſs; but Popiſh Malice lurked in Corners, inſomuch that they attempted to poyſon him, and laid wait for his Life. He was very learned, eloquent, and of a ſweet Diſpoſition. He died *Anno* 1571. aged 60.

The Death of John Jewel.

IN his Sickneſs, going to Preach, he was deſired by a Gentleman to return home; the Gentleman alledging that one Sermon was better loſt, than by Impairng his Health, to loſe ſo good a Paſtor: But his reply was, That it beſt became a Biſhop to die preaching in a Pulpit, That his great Maſter the Lord Jeſus's Words might be fulfilled, who

who ſays, *Happy art thou my Servant, if when I come I find thee ſo doing.* And thus continued this good Man, till his Sickneſs encreaſing, and Nature viſibly decaying in him, he was obliged to take his Bed; and ſo far was he from fearing Death, that he rather deſired, as longing to enter his Maſters Joy, often repeating the Words of old *Simeon: Lord, now letteſt thou thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine Eyes have ſeen thy Salvation.* One ſtanding by, prayed for his Recovery, which he hearing, ſaid; *I have not ſo lived that I am aſhamed to live longer, neither do I fear to die, becauſe we have a merciful Lord; a Crown of Righteouſnes is laid up for me, Chriſt is my Righteouſneſs. Father, let thy Will be done, thy Will I ſay, and not mine which is depraved and imperfect; this day let me quickly ſee the Lord Jeſus.* And ſo in a certain and aſſured hope of everlaſting Happineſs, he reſigned his Spirit into the Hands of his Redeemer; dying *Anno Chriſti* 1571. and of his Age Fifty!

The Death of Zegedine.

HE was driven by Popiſh Cruelty, from ſeveral Places, but where ever he went, he took ſo much delight in breeding up Youth in Religion and Learning, that he called it his Recreation. Many hardſhips he endured in his Travel; for being taken Priſoner by the *Turks* he was made an Object of their Fury, for refuſing to abjure the Chriſtian Religion; yet God delivered him out of all his Trouble, and he died in Peace. *Anno* 1572. aged 67.

The Death of John Knox.

FAlling Sick, he gave order for his Coffin, and being asked whether his pains were great, he anſwered, That he did not eſteem that a pain which would be to him the end of all Troubles, and the beginning of Eternal Joys. Often after ſome deep Meditation, he uſed to ſay, *Oh ſerve the Lord in fear, and Death ſhall not be troubleſome to you. Bleſſed is the Death of thoſe that have part in the Death of Jeſus.* One praying by his Bed-ſide, asked him if he heard the Prayer? *Yea*, ſaid he, *and would to God that all preſent had heard it with ſuch an Ear and Heart as I have done*; adding, *Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit.* He ended this Life 1572. Aged 62.

The Death of Peter Ramus.

HIS Fame grew ſo great that he was choſe Dean of the Univerſity, and Studied the Mathematicks, wherein he grew exquiſite. The Civil Wars now breaking out, he left *Paris*, and fled to *Fountain-bleau*; but not being ſafe there, he went to the Camp of the Prince of *Conde*, and from thence into *Germany*. When the Civil Wars was ended he returned to *Paris*, and remained the King's Profeſſor in Logick, till that horrible Maſſacre happened on *St. Bartholomew's* day, wherein Thouſands were ſlain by the bloody Papiſts. He was then Lock'd in his own Houſe, till thoſe furious Villains brake open his Doors, and in his Study ran him thorow, and being half dead threw him out of the Window, ſo that his Bowels iſſued out

on

on the Stones, then they cut off his Head, and dragged his Body about the Streets in the Channels, at last they threw it into the River *Sein*, *Anno* 1572. Aged 57.

The Death of Henry Bullinger.

MR. *Bullinger* fell Sick, and his Diſeaſe encreaſing, many Godly Miniſters came to Viſit him, but ſome Months after he recovered and preached as formerly, but ſoon Relapſed; when finding his Vital Spirits waſted, and Nature much decayed in him, he concluded his Death was at hand, and thereupon ſaid as followeth.

'If the Lord will make any farther uſe of me and 'my Miniſtry in his Church I will willingly obey 'him, but if he pleaſes (as I much deſire) to take 'me out of this miſerable Life; I ſhall exceedingly rejoice that he will be ſo pleaſed to take me 'out of this miſerable and corrupt Age, to go to 'my Saviour Chriſt. *Socrates*, (ſaid he) was 'glad when his Death approached, becauſe he 'thought he ſhould go to *Heſiod*, *Homer*, and other 'Learned Men deceaſed, and whom he expected 'to meet in the other World; then how much 'more do I joy, who am ſure that I ſhall ſee my Saviour Chriſt, the Saints, Patriarchs, Prophets, 'Apoſtles, and all Holy Men which have lived from 'the beginning of the World. Theſe (I ſay) I 'am ſure to ſee, and to partake with them in Joy; 'why then ſhould not I be willing to dye, to enioy 'their perpetual Society in Glory?

And then with Tears told them. *That he was not unwilling to leave them for his own ſake, but for the ſake of the Church.* Then having written his Farewel to the Senate, and therein admoniſhed them

to

to take Care of the Churches and Schools, and by their Permission chose one *Ralph Gualter* his Successor, he patiently resigned up his Spirit into the Hands of his Redeemer, dying *Anno Christi* 1575. and of his Age 71.

The Death of Edward Deering.

DRawing near his end, his Friends requested something from him for their Comfort and Edification: The Sun shining in his Face, he replyed, 'There is but one Sun in the World, nor 'but one Righteousness, and one Communion of 'Saints; if I were the most excellent of all Crea-'tures in the World, if I were equal in Righteous-'ness to *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, yet had I rea-'son to confess my self to be a Sinner, and that I 'could expect no Salvation but in the Righteous-'ness of *Jesus Christ*; for we all stand in need of 'the Grace of God; and as for my Death, I bless 'God, I feel, and find so much inward Joy and 'Comfort in my Soul, that if I were put to my 'Choice, whether to die or live, I would a thou-'sand times rather chuse Death than Life, if it 'may stand with the Holy Will of God. He dyed 'Anno 1576.

The Death of Peter Boquinus.

THE Popish Party being incensed against him, sought all means to destroy him, so that he was forced to fly to *Heidelberg*; where, upon a Lord's Day, visiting of a Sick Friend, he found his Spirits fail, and said, *Lord receive my Soul*, and so quietly departed, *Anno* 1582.

The

The Death of Abraham Bucholtzer.

HE was full of Self-denial, Humble, and an Enemy to Contentions.

He used often to meditate upon Death, and used this Expression, 'it hath always formerly been my 'Care, in what Corner soever I have been, to be 'ready when God called, to say with *Abraham*, 'Behold, my Lord, here I am; but now above 'all other things, I should be most willing so to answer, if he would please to call me out of this miserable Life, into his Glorious Kingdom; for truely I desire nothing so much as the happy and blessed Hour of Death. He dyed *Anno* 1584. Aged Fifty Five.

The Death of Gasper Olevian.

A Mortal Sickness seized upon him, and preparing himself for Death, he expressed to a Friend, 'That by that Sickness, he had learned to 'know the greatness of Sin, and the greatness of 'God's Majesty, more than ever he did before. The next Day he told *John Piscator*, 'That the day 'before, for four Hours together he was filled with 'ineffable Joy, so that he wondered why his Wife 'should ask him whether he were not something 'better; whereas indeed he could never be better. 'For (said he) I thought I was in a most pleasant 'Meadow, in which, as I walked up and down, 'methought that I was besprinkled with a Heavenly Dew, and that not sparingly, but plentifully 'poured down, whereby both my Body and Soul 'were filled with ineffable Joy. To whom *Pisca-*

'tor

'tor ſaid, 'That good Shepherd, Jeſus Chriſt, led 'thee into freſh Paſtures. Yea, ſaid *Olevian*, to 'the Springs of Living Waters. Then repeating ſome Sentences out of *Pſalm* 42. *Iſa.* 9. *Matth.* 11. *&c.* he ſaid, 'I would not have my Journey 'to God long deferred; I deſire to be diſſolved, 'and to be with my Chriſt. In his Agony of Death, *Alſtedius* asked him, 'Whether he was ſure 'of his Salvation in Chriſt, *&c.* He anſwered, *Moſt ſure*; and ſo gave up the Ghoſt, *Anno* 1587. Aged 51.

The Death of John Wigandus.

HIS ſtrength decaying, he fell ſick, and preparing for Death, he made his own Epitaph.

In Chriſt I liv'd and dy'd, through him I live again;
What's bad, to Death I give, my Soul with Chriſt ſhall reign.

So praying, he reſigned up his Spirit to God who gave it, *Anno* 1587. Aged 64.

The Death of John Fox.

MR. *Fox* together with his Wife and ſome others, went to *Antwerp*, and ſo to *Baſil*, which was then a place of free reception of poor diſtreſſed Fugitives, who were forced to leave their Countreys for the ſake of the Lord Jeſus, and his Everlaſting Goſpel. And here he undertook to correct the Preſs, and at ſuch leiſure times as he could ſpare, he wrote *part of the Acts and Monuments of the*

the Church, a Work Famous to all Posterity. And in this station he continued till the death of Queen *MARY*, whose death he had a little before foretold. Upon certain notice of which, he, with several Pious and Learned Men returned into *England*, and were kindly received by Queen *Elizabeth*, where Mr. *Fox* prosecuted his Work begun at *Basil*, and so laboured therein, that he soon brought it to a period.

He finishing this great Work in Eleven years space, searching all the Records himself.

He now growing in years, and by reason of his former Hardships, his great Study, Travel and Labour, he was reduced to a very weak Condition, he laid down the troublesome Cares of the World, to prepare himself for Death.

He resigned up his Spirit into the Hands of the Father of all Spirits, dying *Anno Christi* 1587. in the 70th year of his Age.

The Death of George Sohnius.

HE was full of Humility, Piety and Patience, falling sick, he bore it with much Patience, and with fervent Prayer, often repeated, 'O Christ! 'thou art my Redeemer, and I know that thou 'hast redeemed me. I wholly depend upon thy 'Providence and Mercy, from the very bottom of 'my Heart, I commend my Spirit into thy hands, and so dyed *Anno* 1589. Aged 38.

The Death of James Andreas.

THE year before his death he would say, He should not live long. That he was weary of his

this Life, and much desired to be dissolv'd, and to be with Christ, which was best of all.

Falling sick, he sent for *James Heerbrand*, saying, 'I expect that after my death many Adversaries will rise up to asperse me, and therefore I sent for thee, to hear the Confession of my Faith, 'that so thou mayest testifie for me, when I am 'dead and gone, that I dyed in the true Faith. The night before he dyed, he slept partly in his Bed, and partly in his Chair. The Clock striking Six in the Morning, he said, *My Hour draws near.* When he was ready to depart, he said, *Lord into thy hands I commend my Spirit.* He dyed *Anno* 1590. Aged 61.

The Death of Hierom Zanchius.

ZAnchy being grown old, had a liberal Stipend setled upon him by Prince *Cassimir*; and going to *Heidleberg* to visit his Friends, he fell sick, and quietly departed in the Lord, *Anno* 1590. Aged 75.

The Death of Anthony Sadeel.

HE fell Sick of a Pleurisie, which he Propherically said, would be Mortal; and withdrawing himself from the World, he wholly conversed with God. He dyed *Anno* 1591. Aged 57.

The Death of William Whitaker.

FAlling Sick of a Fever, a Friend asking him how he did? he replyed, *O happy night! I*

have not taken so sweet a sleep since my disease seiz upon me. But being in a cold Sweat, his Frie told him, That Symptoms of Death appeared o him; to whom he answered, *Life or Death is w come to me, which God pleaseth; for Death shall be advantage to me; for I desire not to live, but only far as I may do God and his Church Service.* He d ed *Anno* 1595. Aged 47.

The Death of Robert Rollock.

HE said, *I bless God, I have all my Senses enti but my Heart is in Heaven*; and, *Lord Jes Why should'st thou not have it? It hath been my C all my life long to dedicate it to thee, I pray thee t it, that it may live with thee for ever.* Falling in a Slumber, and awaking, he desired to be dis ved, saying, *Come Lord Jesus, put an end to this m serable life; haste Lord, and tarry not.*

Then some bewailing their loss of him, to the he said, *I have gone through all the degrees of t Life, and now am come to my end, why should I back again? O Lord help me, that I may go thri this last degree with thy assistance; lead me to t Glory which I have seen as through a Glass: O tha were with thee.* Some saying the next day was t Sabbath, he said, *Thy Sabbath, O Lord, shall be my Eternal Sabbath.*

Then he breathed out, *Haste Lord, and do tarry; I am weary both of nights and daies: C Lord Jesus, that I may come to thee: Break these f strings, and give me others: I desire to be dissolv and to be with thee. Haste Lord Jesus, and defer longer. Go forth my weak Life, and let a better ceed.*

One standing by, said, *Sir, Let nothing tr*

you, for now your Lord makes haste; to which he said, *O Welcome Message, would to God my Funeral might be to morrow.* Thus he continued fervent in Prayer till he resigned up his Spirit unto God, *Anno* 1593. Aged 43.

The Death of Nicholas Hemingius.

BEfore his Death he grew Blind, and much diseased; desiring then to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Some time before his Death he Expounded the 103 Psalm to the admiration of all his Auditors. He dyed *Anno* 1600. Aged 87.

The Death of Daniel Tossanus.

D*Aniel Tossanus* falling sick, he Comforted himself with these Texts of Scripture, *I have fought the good fight of Faith*, &c. *Be thou faithful unto the Death, and I will give unto thee a Crown of Life: We have a City not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens*; many other places he recited. He dyed *Anno* 1602. Aged 61.

The Death of William Perkins.

HE was Born at *Marston* in *Warwickshire*, and was Educated at *Christ's* College in *Cambridge*.

He wrote many rare Treatises; which for their Excellency were Translated into most Languages. All he wrote was with his Left Hand, with which he stabbed the Romish Cause, as one well exprest.

Though Nature thee of thy Right Hand bereft,
Right well thou Writeſt with thy Hand that's Left.

In his laſt Fit, a Friend ſtanding by, prayed for a mitigation of his Pains; to whom he ſaid, *Pray not for an eaſe of my Torments, but for an encreaſe of my Patience.* He dyed *Anno* 1602. Aged 44. He was Buried at the Charge of *Chriſt's*-College with great Solemnity. Dr. *Mountague* preached his Funeral Sermon upon this Text, Moſes *my Servant is dead.* His Works are Printed in Three Volumes in *Folio.*

The Death of Francis Junius.

BUT being at *Lions*, he eſcaped an Imminent Death, which made him acknowledge God's Providence in his Miraculous Deliverance, and to confirm his Belief, he earneſtly deſired to read over the *New Teſtament*, of which he gives this Account: 'When I opened the *New Teſtament*, I firſt met 'with St. *John*'s firſt Chapter, *In the beginning was* 'the Word, &c. I read part of it, and was preſently 'convinced that the Divinity and Authority of the 'Author did excel all Humane Writings: My Body 'trembled, my Mind was aſtoniſhed, and I was ſo 'affected all that day that I knew not what I was. 'Thou waſt mindful of me, O my God, according 'to the multitude of thy Mercies; and called'ſt 'home thy loſt Sheep into thy Fold. And from that day he wholly bent himſelf to Pious Practices.

He dyed *Anno* 1602. Aged 57.

The Death of Thomas Holland.

BEing Ancient, he employed his Time in Prayer and Meditation, and often used to sigh forth, *Come, O come* Lord Jesus, *thou Morning Star. Come* Lord Jesus, *I desire to be dissolved and to be with thee. He* dyed *Anno* 1612. Aged 73.

The Death of James Granæus.

IN the midst of his Pains he used to say,

As Death's sweet, so to rise is sweet much more,
Christ as in Life, so he in Death is Store.
On Earth are Troubles, sweet Rest in the Grave,
Fth' last Day we the lasting'st Joys shall have.

He dyed *Anno* 1617. Aged 77.

The Death of Robert Abbat.

ABbat drawing near his End, he desired to make a Confession of his Faith, but being faint and weak, he referred his Friends to his Writings, saying, 'That Faith which I have published, and defended in my Writings is the Truth 'of God, and therein I die, and so departed *Anno* 1618. Aged 58.

The Death of John Whitgift.

THE Queen had a great Eſteem for him, and was pleaſed to be ſo familiar, as to call him *Her Black Husband*; at her Death he was preſent, and adminiſtred to her what Comfort ſhe deſired; when King *James* came to the Crown, he much reverenced the Archbiſhop, and when he fell ſick, King *James* viſited him, and laboured to chear him up; but he had laid the Death of Queen *Elizabeth* ſo much to heart, that in a few days he departed in the Lord *Anno* 1603. Aged 73.

The Death of Theodore Beza.

HE often uſed the Apoſtles ſaying, 'We are 'his Workmanſhip created in Chriſt Jeſus 'to good Works. And that of St. *Auguſtine*, 'I have lived long, I have ſinned long, bleſ-'ſed be the Name of the Lord. Alſo, Lord per-'fect that which thou haſt begun, that I ſuffer not 'Shipwrack in the Haven: And that of *Bernard*, 'Lord, we follow thee, by thee, to thee; we ſol-'low thee, becauſe thou art the Truth; by thee, 'becauſe thou art the Way; to thee, becauſe thou 'art the Life. He dyed upon a Sabbath day, when riſing in the Morning he prayed with his Family, and finding himſelf weak, he deſired to go to Bed again; but ſitting down on the Bed-ſide he departed without the leaſt Sigh or Groan *Anno* 1605. Aged 86.

The Death of William Cowper.

FAlling Sick, he uſed to ſay, *My Soul is alwaies ready in my Hand, ready to be offered to my God. Where, or what kind of death God hath prepared for me, I know not; but ſure I am, there can no evil death befall him that lives in Chriſt, nor ſudden death to a Chriſtian Pilgrim, who (with* Job*) waits every Hour for his Change: Yea (ſaith he) many a Day have I ſought it with Tears, not out of Impatience, Diſtruſt or Perturbation, but becauſe I am weary of Sin, and fearful to fall into it.*

In his Sickneſs he uſed theſe private Meditations. *Now my Soul be glad, for at all Parts of this Priſon, the Lord hath ſet to his Pioneers to looſe the Head, Feet, Milt and Liver are failing; yea the middle ſtrength of the whole Body, the Stomach is weakned long ago. Ariſe, make ready, ſhake off thy Fetters, mount up from the* Body*, and go thy way.*

I ſaw not my Children when they were in the Womb, yet there the Lord *fed them without my knowledge: I ſhall not ſee them when I go out of the Body, yet ſhall they not want a Father.*

Death is ſomewhat Driery, and the Streams of that Jordan *between us and our* Canaan *run furiouſly, but they ſtand ſtill when the Ark comes. Let your Anchor be caſt within the Veil, and faſtned on the Rock Jeſus; let the End of the Threefold Cord be buckled to the Heart, ſo ſhall you go through.* He died, *Anno* 1619.

The Death of Andrew Willet.

GOing from *London*, his Horſe threw him, and by the Fall broke his Leg, which was preſently ſet by a Bone-ſetter; and being confined to his Bed, he would meditate upon *Hezekiah*'s Sickneſs and Recovery, *Iſaiah* 38. eſpecially on the 9, 10, 13, and 15 Verſes. Hearing a Bell Toll, he peradventure had apprehenſions of Death, which occaſioned him to diſcourſe with his Wife concerning Death, and our bleſſed Hopes after Death, and the mutual Knowledge the Saints have of one another in Glory. Then he repeated the firſt Verſe of the 146 *Pſalm*, and ſaid it was a moſt ſweet *Pſalm*; but ſtirring to eaſe himſelf, he fell into a Trance: his Wife crying out, he looked up, and uſed theſe laſt words, *Let me alone, I ſhall do well: Lord Jeſus* ——— and ſo departed, *Anno* 1621. Aged 59.

The Death of David Pareus.

AT *Anvilla* he wrote his Body of Divinity, which having Finiſhed, he ſaid, *Lord, now let thy Servant depart in peace, becauſe he hath Finiſhed that which he deſired.* He earneſtly beſought God that he might lay his Bones at *Heidleberg*, which not long after he returned thither ſafely, where he was received with much joy; but his former Diſeaſe of a Catarrh returning upon him, being ſenſible of approaching Death, he frequently opened his Mind to *Henry Alting*, and others, and ſo quietly departed, *Anno* 1622. Aged 73. His Works are in 3 Volumes.

The

The Death of Robert Bolton.

MR. *Bolton* falling sick of a *Quartane-Ague*, and finding himself weaker and weaker, he contemplated upon the four last things, *Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell*, and being asked if he could be content to live, if God would permit him: He said, I grant that Life is a great Blessing of God; neither will I neglect any means that may preserve it, and do heartily desire to submit to God's Will; but of the two, I infinitely more desire to be *dissolved, and to be with Christ*. When the Pangs of Death were upon him, he breathed out; I am now drawing on apace to my dissolution; hold out Faith and Patience, your Work will quickly be at an end. He died, *Anno* 1631. Aged Threescore.

The Death of William Whately.

IN his Sickness he comforted himself with that Promise, *Psalm* 41. 1, 2. *Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble, the Lord will strengthen him upon the Bed of languishing, &c.* A little before his death, a Friend praying with him, That God would be pleased, if his Time were not expired, either to restore him, or put an end to his Pains: He lifting up his Eyes towards Heaven, one of his Hands, in the close of that Prayer gave up the ghost, shutting his Eyes, as if he was fallen into a soft Slumber, *Anno* 1639. Aged 56.

The *Death of* Anthony Wallæus.

HE was much troubled with the Stone in the Kidneys, and Hypocondraical Wind, which ſtill encreaſing upon him, he called his Family, and exhorted them to fear God; then taking his leave of them, he fell aſleep, out of which he never awaked, only ſtrived a little when his Pains came upon him; ſo on the Sabbath-day at a Eleven of the Clock he reſigned up his Spirit to his Maker, *Anno* 1639. Aged 66.

The *Death of* Henry Alting.

HE fell ſick at *Groning* of a Catarth and Feaver, accompanied with great Pains in his Back and Loins, which cauſed often Faintings. The day before his death he ſang the 130*th*. *Pſalm* with great Fervency: In the Evening he bleſſed his Children, and exhorted them to fear God, and to perſevere in the Truth of the Goſpel. Being ſenſible of the time of his Departure, by his Prophetick Spirit, he accordingly died, about Three of the Clock, *Auguſt* 25. *Anno* 1644. Aged 57.

The *Death of* Frederick Spanhemius.

HIS laſt Sermon he preached at *Eaſter*, upon *Phil.* 3.24. *Who ſhall change our vile Body, that it may be like his glorious Body, &c.* He prayed earneſtly to God to continue his Bleſſings to his Family, and never ſuffer them to be ſeduced to Popery; he prayed likewiſe that in the Pains of Death, he might

might with all his Soul breath after God, and migh before-hand have ſome taſte of the Glory of Hea ven. Having ended his Prayers, his Voice and Strength failed him, and ſo about Sun-ſetting he quietly departed, aud ſlept in the Lord, 1649. Aged 49.

The *Death of Sir* John Oldcaſtle.

HE was ſent for before the Council; when the Biſhop proffered to abſolve him, he replied, *He had never treſpaſſed againſt him, and therefore had no need of his Abſolution.* When they told him unleſs he would recant, they would condemn him as a Heretick. He bid them do as they thought beſt; for, ſaid he, *I am at a Point, that which I have written, I will ſtand to it to the death.* Then kneeling down, he lifted up his Hands towards Heaven, and ſaid, *I ſhrive me here unto thee, O Eternal and Ever-living God, in my frail Youth I offended thee, O Lord, by Pride, Covetouſneſs, Wrath, Uncleanneſs, and many Men have I hurt in my Anger, and committed many other horrible Sins, for which good Lord, I ask thee forgiveneſs:* And ſo with Tears in his Eyes, he ſtood up, and turning to the People, he ſaid, *Lo, good People, for breaking God's Laws and his holy Commandments, they never yet accuſed me; but for their own Laws and Traditions, they handle me moſt cruelly, and therefore they and their Laws, by God's promiſe ſhould be utterly deſtroyed.* Then they proceeded farther to examine him, but he returned ſuch Anſwers to their Queſtions, as made many wonder at his Wiſdom; yet they proceeded to read the Bill of Condemnation againſt him as a Heretick. After which, he lifting up his Eyes towards Heaven, ſaid, *Lord God Eternal, I beſeech thee of thy*

thy Infinite Mercy, to forgive my Perſecutors. After that he was ſent to the *Tower*.

The Sentence againſt him was, *That like a Traytor, he ſhould be drawn through the Streets of* London, *to the Gallows in St.* Giles *in the Fields, and there hanged, and afterwards burnt upon the Gallows as he hung.*

The *Death of* Thomas Cromwell, *Earl of* Eſſex.

HIS Enemies durſt not bring him to a Tryal, but procured an *Act of Attainder*, whereby he was Condemned before he was Heard; yet the King after his death, repented this Haſte, and wiſhed he had his *Cromwell* alive again. Being mounted the Scaffold, he made an humble Confeſſion, and begged the Prayers of all thoſe which were preſent; then in a pious Prayer he recommended himſelf into the Hands of the Almighty, and at one Blow his Head was ſevered from his Body, *Anno* 1541.

The *Death of the Lady* Jane Grey.

THE Morning before her *Exit* from this World, her Husband, the Lord *Guilford Dudley*, was conveyed to a Scaffold on *Tower-Hill*, where he penitently ended his Life; his Head and Body being laid in a Cart all bloody, was brought to the Chappel, and expoſed to the Sight of this ſorrowful Lady; a Spectacle more diſmal than the kneeneſt Axe of her Death. And now her own part is to be acted upon a Scaffold, erected upon the Green within the *Tower*; where being mounted with

with a chearful Countenance, ſhe looked upon the People, and with great Conſtancy, directed her ſelf after this manner: *That ſhe was come thither to die for an Offence which was committed by a Device, not of her own ſeeking; then wringing her Hands, and proteſting her Innocency, ſhe deſired them to take notice, that ſhe died a good Chriſtian, and requeſted their Prayers.*

Then kneeling down, ſhe repeated in Engliſh the 51 *Pſalm*; after which, her Gentlewoman helped her off with her Gown, and the Hangman on his Knees asked her forgiveneſs, which ſhe forgave him freely, and prayed him to diſpatch her quickly. Looking upon the Block, and kneeling, ſhe ſaid, *Will you take it off before I lay it down?* No, Madam, replied the Executioner; then ſhe tied a Handkerchief before her Eyes, and feeling for the Block, ſaid, *What ſhall I do? Where is it? Where is it?* Being guided, ſhe laid her Head upon the Block, and giving the Sign, ſhe ſaid, *Lord, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.* Then receiving the Fatal Blow, ſhe ended this Life, *Anno* 1554. Aged 16.

Her Death was much lamented, but did not go unpuniſhed, for the Judge which paſſed her Sentence, ſhortly after fell diſtracted, crying out continually, *Take away the Lady* Jane *from me.*

The Lady *Jane Grey* had a curious Vein in Poetry: In her Troubles ſhe compoſed theſe Lines.

Think nothing ſtrange, which Man cannot decline,
My Lot's to Day, to Morrow it may be thine.
If God protect me, Malice cannot end me:
If not, all I can do will not defend me.
After dark Night,
I hope for Light.

This Epitaph was also made on her.

My Race was Royal, sad was my short Raign;
Now in a better Kingdom I remain.

The *Death of Sir* Philip Sidney.

SIR *Philip* lay for the space of 25 Days, enduring his Pains with admirable Patience, and at length resign'd up his Spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, *October 16. Anno* 1586.

Upon him was made this Epitaph.

Apollo *made him wise,*
Mars *made him stout;*
Death made him leave the World
Before his Youth was out.

The *Death of* Galeacius Carracciolus.

SIckness the Harbinger of Death, seizing upon him, which proceeded from abundance of Rheum: this was produced by his long and wearisome Journeys, which he had formerly taken by Land and Sea, for his Conscience sake: His Physicians despairing of his Cure, he wholly sequestred himself from all Worldly Cogitations, and taking his Farewell of his Wife and Friends, saying, *He would lead them the way to Heaven.* Then he desired God to receive him, and acknowledge him for his own, and so quietly departed, 1592. Aged 74.

The

The Death of Katherine Bretterg.

ONce she took the Bible in her hand, and joyfully kissing it, said, *O Lord, 'tis good for me to be afflicted, that I may learn thy Statutes. The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.* Then she desired her Husband to beware of Popery, and to let her little Girl be brought up in the Fear of God, saying, *So shall I meet her in Heaven, whom I must now leave behind me on Earth.*

Once she was very dull in Prayer, and when she came to, *Lead us not into Temptation*, she said, *I may not pray, I may not pray, for Satan interrupts me*; yet her Friends left her not till she had gained the Conquest.

She repeated often, *We have not received the Spirit of Bondage to fear again, but the Spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* The Verse of *Psalm* 13. *ult.* she often repeated chearfully.

Many Pious Meditations she used, but the last was this; *My Flesh and my Heart faileth, but God is the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion for ever. He that preserveth* Jacob, *and defendeth his* Israel, *he is my God, and will guide me unto Death.* Then she departed this life without any motion of Body, *May ult. Anno* 1601. Aged 22.

The Death of John *Lord* Harrington, *Baron of* Exton.

FRom the First Day of his last Sickness, he apprehended the approach of Death, and so readily prepared himself for it; he made Confession

ſeſſion of his Sins, and oft confeſſed his Faith, and undoubted hope of Salvation in Chriſt; and when Death approached, he breathed out, *O my God, when ſhall I be with thee?* And in the midſt of theſe longing Deſires, he departed *Anno* 1613. Aged 22.

The Death of Phillip de Mornay, *Lord of* Pleſſis Marley.

BEing diſplaced from his Government of *Samur*, he betook himſelf to a Private Life, and made his Will for the peace and good of his Family; being ſeiz'd upon by a continual Fever, and no hopes of Recovery, he would often ſay, 'I 'fly, I fly to Heaven, and the Angels are carrying 'me into the boſome of my Saviour: then would he repeat the words of *Job*; 'I know that my Re-'deemer liveth, I ſhall ſee him with mine eyes, 'and I feel, I tell what I now ſpeak. He dyed in the 74th. Year of his Age.

The Death of John Bruen, *of* Bruen-Stapleford, *in the County of* Cheſter, *Eſquire.*

FAlling Sick, the morning before his Death, divers Friends took their leaves of him, and hearing ſome make motion of Blacks, he ſaid; *I will have no Blacks, I love no Proud nor Pompous Funeral, neither is there any cauſe of Mourning, but of rejoicing rather in my particular.* Immediately before his Death, lifting up his hands, he ſaid: *The Lord is my portion, my help, and my truſt, his bleſſed Son Jeſus Chriſt is my Saviour and Redeemer,* Amen.

Amen. *Even ſo ſaith the Spirit unto my Spirit; therefore come Lord Jeſus, and kiſs me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, and embrace me with the Arms of thy Love, into thy hands do I commend my Spirit, O come now, and take me to thy own ſelf. O come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly, O come, O come, O come.* So his Spirit fainting, he yielded up the Ghoſt in *January*, *Anno* 1625. Aged 65.

The Deaths of the KINGS and QUEENS of *England*, ſince the Reformation, to this preſent.

The Death of King Henry *the* VIII.

KING *Henry* being grown Fat, fell into a languiſhing Fever, and by Will appointed his Succeſſor and Council. did on the 28*th.* of *January* 1547. in the 56 Year of his Age, and 38 of his Reign; leaving Iſſue by Queen *Jane*, Prince *Edward*; by his firſt Wife *Katherine* of *Spain*, the Lady *Mary*; and by *Ann* of *Bullen*, the Lady *Elizabeth*, who all Succeſſively came to the Crown.

The

The Death of King Edward VI.

ABout three hours before his Death, his Eyes being closed, thinking that none heard him, he made this Godly Prayer.

Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched Life, *and take me amongst thy Chosen: howbeit, not my Will but thy Will be done*; Lord, *I commit my Soul to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet for thy Chosen sake, send me* Life *and* Health, *that I may truly serve thee: O my Lord God, bless thy People, and save thine Inheritance; O Lord God, save thy Chosen People of* England. *O my Lord God, defend this Realm from* Papistry, *and maintain thy true Religion, that I and my People may praise thy Holy Name for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake.* Then turning his Face, and seeing some by, he said; *Are you so nigh? I thought you had been further off.* Many fervent Prayers he made, but his last Words were these, *I am faint, Lord have Mercy upon me, and take my Spirit*; and so committed his Pious Soul into the hands of his Heavenly Father. He died *July* 6. 1553. in the Seventeenth Year of his Age. He Reigned Six Years, Five Months, and Eight Days; he was the one and Fortieth Sole Monarch of *England*, and was Buried at *Westminster*.

The Death of Queen Mary.

HER Husbands absence, and the disappointment of proving with Child, brought her into a Sickness, whereof she died, *November* 17. 1558. having Reigned 5 Years and 4 Months.

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Cardinal *Pool*, dying the day before, but ſometime before ſhe declared to him; 'That if when ſhe 'were dead they would look into her Heart, they 'would find *Callis* her great Diſtemper. In her Reign there ſuffered 5 Biſhops, 21 Divines; and in all 277 Perſons.

The Death of Queen Elizabeth.

1594. *Lopez*, a *Jew*, Phyſitian to the Queen, was Executed for attempting to Poyſon her. In 1600. the Earl of *Eſſex* having incurr'd the Queens Diſpleaſure in *Ireland*, and more by ſcandalous Speeches, and a kind of open Rebellion at his Houſe in *London*, being condemned by his Peers, is Beheaded. On the 24th. of *March* 1602. died Queen *Elizabeth*, having Reigned above 44 Years in as Troubleſome times as any, yet full of Honour, and moſt happy in the Love of her People. She was Interred in *Henry* the Seventh's Chappel at *VVeſtminſter*.

The Death of King James, *the Firſt.*

THis King was Interred at *VVeſtminſter* with great Solemnity; his Queen was *Ann*, Daughter of *Frederick* the Second, King of *Denmark*, by whom he had two Sons, *Henry* and *Charles*, and three Daughters, *Elizabeth*, *Mary*, and *Sophia*, the two laſt dyed young.

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The Death of King Charles, *the First.*

HE was led through the Park to the Scaffold before *VVhite-Hall*, where having declared that he died a Martyr for the Laws and Liberties of his People, he made a Confeſſion of his Faith, aſſerting, that he died a true Son of the Church of *England*; then he betook himſelf to his private Devotions, and ſo patiently ſubmitted his Royal Head to Martyrdom, from the hand of a diſguiſed Executioner. His Body was put into a Black Velvet Coffin, and afterwards wrapt in Lead, was on the 7th. of *Feb.* following Interred at St. *George*'s Chappel, at *VVindſor*, in the ſame Vault with King *Henry* the 8th. in preſence of the Duke of *Richmond*, Dr. *Juxon*, and others; but the manner appointed in the Liturgy could not be obtained to be uſed, nor had he any Epitaph affixed, but only on the Sheet of Lead, ou a thin Plate faſtned on the Breaſt, this plain Inſcription ——————— King *Charles* 1648.

The Death of King Charles, *the Second.*

ON *Monday*, *Feb.* 2. 1684. the King was ſeiz'd with a violent Fit of an Apoplexy, which deprived him of his Senſes, but upon ſpeedy Application of Remedies, he returned to ſuch a Condition as gave ſome Symptoms of his Recovery, till *VVedneſday* Night, and then the Diſeaſe was ſo violent, that he lay in a languiſhing Condition until *Friday*, *Feb.* 6. and then expired. He had Reigned Thirty ſix Years, and Seven Days, and was in the 55th. Year of his Age. He was Interred in *Henry* the

the Seventh's Chappel, being the Forty-sixth Sole Monarch of *England*.

The Death of Old Mr. Eliot, *of* New-England.

WHILE he was making his Retreat out of this evil World, his Discourses from time to time ran upon, The coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the Theme which he still had Recourse unto, and we were sure to have something of this, whatever other Subject he were upon. On this he talk'd, of this he pray'd, for this he long'd, and especially when any bad News ariv'd, his usual Reflection thereupon would be, 'Behold some of the Clouds in which we must 'look for the coming of the Son of Man. At last his Lord, for whom he had been long wishing, 'Lord come, I have been a great while ready for 'thy coming! At last, I say, his Lord came, and fetched him away into the Joy of his Lord.

He fell into some Languishments, attended with a Fever, which in a few days brought him into the Pangs (may I say? or Joys) of Death: And while he lay in these, Mr. *Walter* coming to him, he said unto him: 'Brother, Thou art welcome to my 'very Soul. Pray, retire to my Study for me, 'and give me leave to be gone, meaning, that he should not, by Petitions to Heaven for his Life, detain him here. It was in these Languishments, that speaking about the work of the Gospel among the *Indians*, he did after this Heavenly manner express himself. 'There is a Cloud (said he) a dark 'Cloud upon the Work of the Gospel, among the 'poor *Indians*. The Lord revive and prosper that 'Work, and grant it may live when I am dead. It

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'is a work, which I have been Doing much and long 'about. But what was the word I ſpoke laſt? I 'recal that word, My Doings: Alas, they have 'been poor, and ſmall, and lean Doings, and I'll 'be the Man that ſhall throw the firſt Stone at 'them all.

It has been obſerved, that they who have ſpoke many conſiderable things in their Lives, uſually ſpeak few at their Deaths. But it was otherwiſe with our *Eliot*, who after much Speech of and for God in his Life-time, uttered ſome things little ſhort of *Oracles* on his Death-bed; which, 'tis a thouſand pities, they were not more exactly regarded and recorded. Thoſe Authors that have taken the pains to Collect, *Apophthegmata Morientium*, have not therein been unſerviceable to the Living; but the *Apophthegms* of a Dying *Eliot* muſt have had in them a Grace and a Strain truly extraordinary; and indeed the *vulgar Error* of the ſignal ſweetneſs in the Song of a *Dying Swan*, was a very *Truth* in our expiring *Eliot*; his laſt Breath ſmelt ſtrong of Heaven, and was Articled into none but very gracious Notes; one of the laſt whereof, was, *Welcome Joy!* And at laſt it went away, calling upon the ſtanders by, to *Pray, pray, pray!* which was the thing in which ſo vaſt a portion of it had been before Employ'd.

This was the peace, in the end of this *Perfect and Upright Man*; thus was there another Star fetched away to be placed among the reſt that the third Heaven is now enriched with. He had once, I think, a pleaſant Fear, that the old Saints of his Acquaintance, eſpecially thoſe two deareſt Neighbours of his, *Cotton* of *Boſton*, and *Mather* of *Dorchester*, who were got ſafe to Heaven before him, would ſuſpect him to be gone the wrong way, becauſe he ſtaid ſo long behind them. But they are

now

row together with a Blessed Jesus, *beholding of his Glory*, and celebrating the High Praises of Him that has *called them into his marvellous light*. Whether *Heaven* was any more *Heaven* to him, because of his finding there so many *Saints* with whom he once had his Delicious and Cœlestial Intimacies, yea, and so many *Saints* which had been the Seals of his own Ministry, in this lower World, I cannot say; but it would be *Heaven* enough unto him, to go unto that *Jesus*, whom he had lov'd, preach'd, serv'd, and in whom he had been long assured there does *All Fulness dwell*. In that Heaven I now leave him: but not without *Grynæus*'s pathetical Exclamations, (*O beatum illum diem!*) 'Blessed will be the Day, O blessed the Day of our Arrival to the glorious Assembly of Spirits, which 'this great Saint is now rejoicing with!

Bereaved *New-England*, where are thy Tears, at this Ill-boding Funeral? We had a Tradition among us, 'That the Country could never perish, 'as long as *Eliot* was alive. But into whose hands must this *Hippo* fall, now the *Austin* of it is taken away? Our *Elisha* is gone, and now who must *next year invade the* Land? The *Jews* have a saying, *Quando Luminaria pœtiuntur Eclipsin, malum signum est mundo*; but I am sure, 'tis a dismal *Eclipse* that has now befallen our *New-English* World. I confess, many of the Ancients fell into the vanity of esteeming the Reliques of the *Dead Saints*, to be the *Towers* and *Ramparts* of the place that enjoy'd them; and the *dead Bodies* of two Apostles in the City, made the Poet cry out,

A Facie Hostili duo propugnacula præsunt.

If the Dust of *dead Saints* could give us any protection, we are not without it; here is a Spot o

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American Soyl that will afford a rich Crop of it, at the *Reſurrection of the Juſt.* Poor *New-England* has been as *Glaſtenbury* of old was called, *A Burying-place of Saints.* But we cannot ſee a more terrible Prognoſtick than Tombs filling apace with ſuch Bones, as thoſe of the Renowned *Eliot*'s; the whole Building of this Countrey trembles at the fall of ſuch a Pillar.

For many Months before he dyed, he would often chearfully tell us, 'That he was ſhortly going 'to Heaven, and that he would carry a deal of good 'News thither with him; he ſaid, He would carry 'Tidings to the Old Founders of *New-England*, 'which were now in Glory, that Church work was 'yet carried on among us? That the number of our 'Churches was continually encreaſing: And that 'the Churches were ſtill kept as big as they were, 'by the daily additions of thoſe that ſhall be ſaved. But the going of ſuch as he from us, will apace diminiſh the occaſions of ſuch happy tydings.

What ſhall we now ſay? Our *Eliot* himſelf uſed moſt affectionately to bewail the Death of all uſeful Men; yet if one brought him the notice of ſuch a thing, with any Deſpondencies, or ſaid, 'O Sir, 'ſuch a one is dead, what ſhall we do? he would anſwer, 'Well, but God lives, Chriſt lives, the 'Old Saviour of *New-England* yet lives, and he 'will Reign till all his Enemies are made his Foot-'ſtool. This, and only this conſideration have we to relieve us; and let it be accompanied with our addreſſes to the God of the Spirits of all Fleſh, That there may be *Timothies* raiſed up in the room of our Departed *Pauls*, and that when our *Moſes*'s are gone, the Spirit which was in thoſe brave Men, may be put upon the ſurviving Elders of our *Iſrael.* Thus died the firſt Preacher of the Goſpel to the *Indians* in *New-England.* Aged 86.

FINIS.